

























JOHN O'BRIEN;

OR,

THE ORPHAN OF BOSTON.

A Tale of Real Life.

35  
BY

✓  
REV. JOHN T. RODDAN.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PATRICK DONAHOE,

No. 23 FRANKLIN STREET.

1856.





JOHN O'BRIEN

PZ3  
R612J

THE ORPHAN OF BOSTON.

A Tale of the Olden Time.

REV. JOHN T. RODDAN.

BOSTON.

PUBLISHED BY T. B. BAKER.

No. 21, RAILROAD STREET.

1850.

1850



# JOHN O'BRIEN.

## CHAPTER I.

SHOWING HOW JOHN'S EARLY IDEAS BEGAN TO SHOOT.

He is lost! He will fall!

I tell you no! Be quiet, there! Bring some blankets, and let stout men hold them by the corners. We may save him yet.

What is the matter?

Why in Cross Street, Boston, year of our Lord 1819, on a fine May morning, there was a great crowd; and they were staring at something that was resting upon the gutter of a four-story house. It was an overgrown monkey, with an infant in its ugly arms.

Baby seemed to like the sport as well as Jocko did. The animal had often seen nurse fondle the infant, and he tried to outdo her in her own business. He would pat baby; sing—no, chatter to it; and now and then he would give it a little toss in the air, to the unspeakable fright of the people below, who opened their eyes as if they meant them for blankets; and their mouths, as if they were so many soft places to catch the little thing that was going to fall.

It gave uncrowable delight to baby, though. We don't have to wait until we are weaned before we have some notion of the peculiar sweetness of stolen waters, and baby seemed to know that something good was going on, that wouldn't last a great while. It didn't feel afraid to fall, and it took quite kindly to its ugly nurse.

What is the reason, James, that all children, from Romulus



and Remus to the hero of this story, have liked ugly nurses better than handsome ones?

I deny the fact, says James; *I* didn't.

Well, I'll go on with my story.

Some wise fellows in the crowd were going to set up a shout, hoping that the animal would be frightened, and run back into the house. Their well-meant effort was nipped in the bud by an old salt, who had been at Ape's Hill, on the African coast. He said that the creature would drop his charge at the first alarm. Other considerate men wanted to go to the top of the house, and give chase to Jocko. The sailor had provided against such an attempt. A few friends guarded the interior of the house, and tried as well as they could to calm the distracted mother. As for nurse, she had gone quite mad. She had set her clothes on fire twice; she had scratched and bit herself; and now she was tugging at her hair, which gave way, because it was a wig. She wanted to be laid in the same coffin with her darling John.

Meanwhile, men were ready on the sidewalk, with blankets. Every precaution was taken, and there was nothing for it but to wait the pleasure of the monkey. He was evidently disposed to play at something else; besides, baby was heavy; it weighed sixteen pounds. So he clambered up the roof, got into the house, and left baby in the cradle, whence he had stolen it. He looked as if he had done a good action. It was his last, though, for he dined on a short allowance of wind, brought about by a bit of rope, and nothing to stand upon.\*

I am glad that Jocko did not let me fall. This story would not go on well without its hero.

I have my parents' authority for saying that I was the most wonderful baby that ever lived. Nurse used to cry, sometimes, and say, that such a bright child wouldn't be long for this world. I have thought since that I was no better than other babies. One of the first things I remember was a scolding I got from mother. I recollect she said that the evil one *must* be at my elbow, telling me what mischief to make next.

I will tell you something that I *think* I remember. I must have been very little, and I had almost fulfilled nurse's proph-

---

\* This incident happened at the time and in the place described. Baby, now a man, is well known to the writer.



ecy, by dying of the dysentery. It was warm, bright weather; and, O, how good the breezes felt to me, after I had been made to lie still in a dark room, and take nasty physic so many times! It seems like a dream to me now; and when I go in my sleep to better lands, I always feel those breezes coming back. Well, I saw some fruit across the way, and it looked good. I was scarcely able to talk, but I made mother understand that I *must* have some of that fruit. And I had my own way about it. Mother tried very hard to make *me* understand that it was not good for me; she thought that she would gain her point by giving me other goodies that would not hurt me; she promised me all the pretty toys that were ever made; but it was of no use. I wanted the fruit, and nothing else. Well, she gave it up. She thought that fretting would hurt me more than the melon would; and besides, "natur don't crave any thing for nothin'." This last was suggested by the nurse. I ate as much of the fruit as I wanted, and in three hours I was sick enough.

What is the matter with John? said my father, when he came home, in the afternoon. He was getting along finely this morning.

Why, he wanted a piece of melon, and he begged so hard, that I was afraid to vex him in his present weak state.

Foolish mother! I am afraid that he will never eat another melon. And father ran for the doctor, without saying another word.

Many days passed before I was as well as I was when I asked for the fruit.

The sickness passed away, and I quite forgot it. But I remembered that *I could have my own way with mother*. This little piece of knowledge was of great use to me; at least, I thought so in my childish days. I only had to coax and tease her, and I almost always got what I wanted. I was her only child, and she could not bear to see a shadow rest upon my face for a moment.

It *seems* to me that I *knew* that I would have that melon, young as I was. Perhaps I had often gained my point before. I don't know.

Gained your *point*, you great fool! What *point* could *you* have to gain, at that age? Were you not a little *animal*, wanting nothing but what was necessary to support animal life? It requires reflection and calculation to gain any point. How could you calculate *then*?



Now, that is just what I deny. My father had a theory about children, and he almost always acted to suit it. I have thought of his notion since, and I like it somewhat.

It was not long before my father died, and he was talking with a gentleman who had called to pass a quiet evening with us. Father was just beginning to let me sit in the room when he had evening visitors, and I liked it well; for I thought that I was partly a man, when I was not sent to bed at sunset. I remember how I gained this favor. One afternoon, when he came home, I went to him, and looked straight into his eyes, as I had seen him do, when he wanted to say something very important.

Well, my son?

Father, am I a *hen*?

Why, no, my boy.

He never called me a fool, no matter how strange my questions were. He answered them as gravely as if they had been put by wise old men.

Well, father, am I a *rooster*?

My dear child, no! Why do you ask these questions?

Because I heard mother saying that *they* ought to go to bed at sunset. Now I think that I can tell you why I should not be sent to bed when they go.

Well!

They are not *driven* to roost. They go because they want to. Now, I have to go to bed very often when I had rather not. I always try to mind you as well as I can; but sometimes I feel as if I would rather go without my supper, than be sent to my room so early. I cannot always get to sleep, because I try to think what you and mother are saying, when you are all alone. Do you think that I would *tell* any body what you say, father?

Father and mother looked at one another. I thought that I knew what that look *meant*, and I was pretty sure that I was going to get what I asked for. By this time I had come very near to him, and I was looking earnestly into his eyes. I always thought that my face looked better there than in a glass.

My boy, I *know* that you never did such a mean action. Have you any thing more to say?

How proud I always felt, when he used to say that he *knew* I would not do this or that bad thing! He said it very often. How many times it kept me from doing a naughty



action! I said to myself, Father *knows* that I will not do this thing, and I will not. I did not exactly understand how he knew it; I thought that perhaps my guardian angel told him my thoughts. I could not see how he could find them out so many times as he did in any other way.

Yes, father, there *is* another thing. I cannot see that the fowls do any thing but eat. Now, when it is dark, they cannot find any worms, so they go to sleep until the light comes. Now, father, I was made for something else than eating and drinking. You told me so, a great while ago. I want to read and hear you talk.

Father whispered something to mother. I don't know what it was; but he told me that I need not go to bed that evening until nine o'clock. I cannot tell you how glad I was, for I knew that Mr. and Mrs. Sandford were coming to our house that evening, and I could scarcely eat my supper for joy. I wanted to have the tea things cleared away in a hurry, because I was afraid that they would come before we were ready to sit down and talk.

John, bring your chair, and sit beside me. I did so. Do you know why I have done what you asked me?

I suppose that it was to humor me, father.

No, my son, it was not. I never humor you, when you ask for any thing which you ought not to have. When I can see good reasons for doing as you wish, I always like to do it, when I can.

So you saw good reasons for letting me sit with you to-night?

You gave them, my boy. Do you know what a logician is?

No, sir.

Well, no matter. You have proved to me that you are not a fowl, and that, in some things, you ought not to be treated like one. You gave *good reasons* for what you said, and I believed them.

Then a logician is a man that gives good reasons for what he says, is he, sir?

Something like it. Do you remember how you wanted to walk out with me last Thursday?

Yes, sir. It was a fine afternoon; the sun shone so brightly, and every thing looked so pleasant, that I wanted to take the air. You would not let me go.



Why not? Did you give me any good reason for your wish?

Father, I only said that I wanted to walk.

Well?

And you told me to look at a little black cloud that was in one corner of the sky, towards Roxbury. You said that there would be rain before night.

And you did not believe me.

Father, that is saying too much. I did not know what to think. Every thing looked so beautiful! I was sorry when you went away without me.

Were you sorry all the afternoon.

O, no, sir. I stood at the front door, watching that little black cloud. It began to grow bigger and bigger, until at last it seemed to be coming this way. I was so busy looking at it, that I forgot all about my disappointment. And then the whole sky grew black, and some big drops of rain fell upon my face. I shut the door, and went to the window, where I watched the people scampering every way to get out of the storm. I was glad that I was at home. Then it began to thunder and lighten terribly.

Were you frightened?

No, sir. I used to be afraid of lightning, until you told me what it was. You made it so plain to me, that I knew all about it. And then you took me to Dr. Farnsworth's house, and made him show me the machine for making lightning. He showed me how to turn the crank, and make it, too. I was never afraid of lightning after that. Ha, ha, ha!

What are you laughing at?

Why, father, my dog Carlo. You know I turned the crank, and made him put his paw on the wire. How he jumped and yelled! And O, I forgot to tell you how I got a beautiful new book, this afternoon, on your account.

On my account! How was that?

Why, father, Mr. Upton and the school committee came to see us to-day. Miss Parmenter told us that they were coming, and she bade us do her credit. What a dear, good mistress she is! Well, Lydia Kimball had kept the head for a week, and I was glad of it, although I wanted to be at the head too. When we said our lessons, this morning, she happened to make a mistake. She knew the lesson well enough, but she was thinking about something else then. At any rate, Miss Parmenter asked me, and I knew the answer.



—so I went to the head. The committee came, as I told you, and you know that there was a little shower this afternoon. Mr. Upton spoke to us. Children, do you know what thunder and lightning are? James Gardner stood up.

Well, my little fellow, what is it? said Mr. Upton.

When it thunders, God is talking!

Father, what do you think of that answer? There was something good in it, but it did not seem right.

My boy, you have just said it. I think that you know nearly as well as I can tell you; only you cannot explain your notion properly. Why do you think that James Gardner's answer had something good in it?

Why, father, I do not know; that is, I cannot tell exactly what I mean. God made the thing that thunders, that is certain. Then it is *his*. The thunder is a noise that comes out of the clouds, towards heaven, where God is. You might call it a kind of a voice, only you cannot understand what it says, any more than I could understand what you were saying yesterday to that Frenchman. Besides, thunder is the loudest noise I ever heard, and I suppose that if God were to talk, he would make such a noise. And then I remember that God came down in fire on Mount Sinai, and when he spoke there was thunder and lightning. You know that you carried me to Boylston Hall, last Sunday evening, to hear the "Creation." When they were singing God's words, a man near the organ banged the drum, now and then. You told me that it was meant for thunder. I thought that it was queer thunder, and so did the man, I think; for he did not look very solemn about it.

Very well, my son, now tell me why the answer did not seem right to you.

O, that is easy enough. There is a question in the Catechism, Has God a body? and the answer is, No, he is a pure spirit. Now, if God has not got a body, he has no tongue; so he cannot talk, as we do.

Very well, John. Now, do not you think that it was better for you to study out the matter for yourself, than to hear me explain it? I should have told you, in other words, what you have said just now.

Perhaps you would, father. Sometimes I think that I know some things, but when I try to explain myself, I do not always know how to do it; and sometimes I talk such nonsense that I begin to think that people are laughing at me;



and then I begin to stammer, and sometimes I cry like a little fool. But I never feel so when I am talking with you. You ask just the right kind of questions, and they seem to *learn* me how to give the answers that I want to give. It is a nice way of teaching, father. You ask me a question that puts me in the way of knowing things, and you make me think all the time that I have found them out myself. But I am not *quite* satisfied, yet.

What do you want to know?

Why, the Catechism says that God has no body. But, in the Old Testament, he *talks* about his body; and he used to speak *words* to Moses. How is that?

My dear boy, have I not told you often that there are many things which no one in the world can understand?

Yes, sir. I remember, the other day, that you puzzled me a great deal when you asked me why I lifted my arm when I wanted to. You said that it was as strange to you as it was to me, although I never thought before that there was any thing about it hard to understand.

Well, you believe that you can lift up your arm when you want to?

Father, I *know* that I can. See here!

And you do not understand how it is done?

No, sir.

Well, what lesson do you learn from that?

I thought for a moment. I suppose it is, that there are a great many things which are very true, and which we cannot understand, for all that.

Quite right. Remember this when any body asks you a question about something in the Catechism which looks strange to you.

Then you cannot tell how it is that God has no body, while he says that he has.

Softly, my boy; you are getting on too fast. God does not say any where that he has a real body. You think that he may have one, because some things he says *sound* as if he had a body. Is it not so?

Yes, sir.

Very well. I have often told you about your guardian angel. Do you not think that he can do any thing that you can, and better than you can, too? Is he not much more powerful than you are?

O, yes, father.



Well, he can speak, then ; and he can do things which make him appear as if he had a body. Did you ever read about angels doing these things ?

Yes, sir. Abraham, and Jacob, and some other good men, were very familiar with angels. But did not these good spirits deceive men, when they made them believe that they had bodies, while they had not ? I know that this is a wrong question, but it looks very strange.

Do you remember the story you told me about John Wilson ?

Yes, sir.

Well, tell it again.

Why, father, John Wilson looks just like Charles Carpenter ; you can hardly tell them apart. Well, John's father bought for him a suit of clothes that looks exactly like Charles's suit. So, Monday morning John came to school, and every body, almost, called him Charles Carpenter. I was almost going to call him so, too. Well, John made a mistake in his lesson. I believe it was the first he *ever* made.

Stand out in the middle of the floor, Charles Carpenter, says the master.

After lessons were over, the master took out his cowhide. Now, Charles Carpenter, you are *always* lazy. You never get your lessons properly. I will teach you to do better than this, if I can. And then John got a terrible beating ; but he did not say a word.

Now, Charles Carpenter, go to your desk. I wish you were as good a boy as John Wilson is !

Then some of the boys burst out laughing. The master asked what it meant. One of the biggest stood up, and said, Master, you have been beating John Wilson all this time.

Why, it cannot be ! said he. Come here, sir. Why, so it is ! John Wilson, why did you not tell me that you were not Charles Carpenter ?

Because I like him, and I didn't want him to be whipped.

You are a noble boy, said the master. I will make some amends to you for this.

There is the story, father. How we all loved John Wilson after that !

Very well, John. Do you remember our talk, last summer, about the round tower, and the crooked stick ?

Let me see ! O yes, I remember. You took your stick



and put it into the water, and I was sure that it was broken. It did not look like the same cane. And when we were a great way out in the country, you made me stop when we had got to the top of a hill, and you asked me whether a monument, which we saw a great way off, were round, or square. Father, I knew that it was square, but it *looked* round *then*, that is certain.

Well. Now you said just now that it seems as if the angels deceived people, because they appeared to have bodies, like ours.

Yes, sir.

Did John Wilson deceive the master? Did the stick make you think that it was crooked? Or did the monument make you believe that it was round?

I thought for a minute. I begin to see into it, father. The master did not stop to look sharply at John Wilson; and I was in too great a hurry in making up my mind about the cane and the monument. So I judged too hastily, when I said that it seems as if angels deceived people, sometimes did I, father?

You did, my son. Now think well, and tell me what lesson is to be learned from all this?

It means that we ought not always trust to appearances, I think. But if the cane and the monument did not deceive me, how is it that my copy book says, "*Men are often deceived by appearances?*" I wrote it out in coarse hand to-day at school.

My boy, we are very proud creatures. We make mistakes, and then we blame any thing, and any body, but ourselves. Now that we have seen what ought to be thought of James Gardner's answer to Mr. Upton, when he asked what thunder and lightning meant, let us hear what happened next. When he said that the thunder is God's voice, what answer did he get?

Father, Mr. Upton smiled, and asked his name, how old he was, and where he went to meeting. Then he said to James, Your answer is partly right; but I think that we can get nearer to the truth. Does any one else wish to answer?

Jane Hill stood up. Well, my little girl? said Mr Upton.

Thunder and lightning is made to strike little boys and girls when they tell lies.



We all laughed at that, but Mr. Upton looked very sober and he stopped us. Who told you that? he asked.

My mother told me so a great many times, said Jane. Father, was not that a very silly answer? I have known a great many boys and girls who tell lies, sometimes, and none of them were killed for it; so it must be a lie. What a horrid thing it is for a father or mother to tell lies to their boys and girls. I know that *you* could not tell me one, father.

Father then turned to my mother, and began to talk about it. It is very wrong, he said, for parents to say these things, and they are punished severely for it, sometimes. I think that men and women who are afraid of thunder and lightning, almost always have to thank their parents, or some ignorant nurse, for it. I remember how a beautiful little girl in Ireland was ruined by this foolish custom of frightening children into good conduct. Her name was Annie O'Connor, and she was about seven years old. She had told a lie, it seems, and her mother caught her in it; for she was not a finished liar, so she did it in a bungling way. Her mother forgave her, for that time, but told her never to tell a lie to any body again; if she did, the lightning would strike her surely.

About a month after, Annie did not come home from school at the usual time. Two hours passed, and she came, when her mother asked her why she was so late. Annie said that the mistress had kept her for not learning her lessons well. This mistress was the parson's sister, for Mr. O'Connor was a Protestant.

You were rightly served, said her mother. You were reading that story book all the morning, instead of getting your lesson.

Now Annie had told a lie. There was a vulgar daughter of a drunken squireen, who was a perfect nuisance to all that knew her. She would swear as badly as the worst boys; indeed, she kept scarcely any other company. She always took great pleasure in tormenting the other girls, but she seemed to like Annie; indeed, no one could help doing so, for she was very pretty, and very gentle, too. Annie was strictly forbidden, by her parents, to keep company with Ellen Dwyer, but Ellen gave her no peace until she would be sociable; and Annie, seeing how hard she tried to please her, thought that her parents must be wrong in being so very strict about it; so their intimacy grew every day. On this



afternoon, Ellen persuaded Annie to go with her to her house, indeed, she had often urged her to go there, telling her that she would show her a great many fine things that she had never seen before, and above all, a new dress, that had come from Dublin only the day before. Annie at last agreed to go with her, and they went together to the hall. But Annie was uneasy, for she knew that she was doing wrong, and she did not know what to tell her mother when she would go home. Ellen made up the lie for her, and Annie told it, as I said before.

Not long after she got home, the sky suddenly grew dark, and there was the heaviest shower I ever saw. The thunder was very grand, and the lightning very sharp. A barn was struck, and it made a great fire. The storm lasted almost two hours.

That storm ruined poor Annie. When she first heard the thunder, she was very uneasy; but as the lightning grew sharp and near, she was in an agony of terror. Then her mother knew that she had told a lie, but she had forgotten her foolish prophecy, until Annie clung to her, with her eyes wild, and her features distorted with uncontrollable fright; and as she clutched her mother's clothes, as a man that is drowning will seize a rope, she begged for life; she prayed that the lightning might not strike her, and she would never tell a lie again. The lightning came nearer and nearer, and Annie ran through the rooms, from cellar to garret, like a mad creature, as indeed she had really become. When the barn, which was near her father's house, was struck, she sprang up in the air, and then fell to the ground senseless. It would have been well for her if that moment had been her last; but it was not the will of God. Pretty Annie was an idiot, and she is one now. The wretched mother was awfully punished for her lie to the poor little girl.

The plan is thoroughly bad. Children soon learn that they have been deceived, and the end of it is, that they lose all respect for their parents, and they do more bad actions than ever, for they are not afraid of punishment that never comes.

Father, Mr. Upton told us that it was not true. He said every lie would be punished in some way, but not always so that we could see it.

Well, what happened next?

Why, he asked who the boy at the head of the school was. I stood up, and told him my name.



Can you give us an account of thunder and lightning?

Father, I remembered all that you told me about it, and I repeated what I knew. Then he asked me if I knew what an electrical machine was. I told him about the one we saw in Dr. Farnsworth's house. He asked me some questions, and I think that he was quite satisfied with me. At any rate, he gave me this book, and told me to keep it as his gift, and to read it carefully. Is it a good book, father?

My father looked at it. It was the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He looked very grave, for a minute, but at last he said that I might read it.

And now, said he, I have given you leave to sit in the room to-night. I may do this often, if you deserve it. But remember, that when it will be time for you to go to bed, I shall tell you; and do not force me to speak twice. If you do, you will be likely to lose your new privilege for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford were then knocking at the door, and I passed an evening which has always seemed to me one of the best in my life.

But what a story-teller you are! Did you not say, a little while ago, that your father had a theory about children? You began to tell it, and you have been talking about your school, and about lightning, and about a great many other things besides. Out with the theory, do.

Well, as for these digressions, I only have to say, that I am now telling about my childish days, and children are very apt to fly off in this way. If you do not believe me, try it yourself. Begin to tell a story to five or six children, allow them to ask all the questions they please, and see how long it will take you to tell your story. Children want to understand every thing as they go along. They seem to know that you have in your mind a great many little things, that would help them to understand the story better, and they want to know what these things are. If they do not know you well enough to ask you familiar questions, they will listen patiently enough; but they would like to stop and ask you what this hard word means, why such a one acted so, and what this or that thing has to do with the story. I remember that my father once began to tell me a beautiful story. He began in this way:—

In France, about the time of the wicked revolution in



that country, General Bonaparte treated the holy father very badly.

Father, where is France? I knew that Bishop Cheverus had gone there, and I thought that it was across the Charles River, near Cambridge. Children have odd notions about distance. Well, father began to tell me about France, and I asked so many questions about it, that the whole evening passed very pleasantly. The next day, after he had finished his writing, and seemed to have nothing very particular to do, I went to him, and put him in mind of the story he was going to tell. But, said I, you said something about a wicked revolution. What is a revolution, and why was it wicked?

Then he told me some awful stories about wicked Frenchmen that made me feel very badly. Father, said I, will not God punish the French people for all this one of these days? These stories about the revolution took three or four evenings before father was done telling them. Then I remembered the story he had begun to tell. I asked him who was the holy father. Was he God? Then another evening was taken up with telling all about the Pope of Rome. It was a fortnight before father got through with his story.

As for my father's *theory* about children, I have told it to you already. I have repeated that long talk with him to show you what it was; for he always acted to suit it, as I told you before. If you had paid some attention to his way of treating me, you would know all about it.

He was talking one evening with a gentleman who had come to visit us, as I said a little while ago. I could not understand much of what I heard, for they were talking about the soul. The gentleman was telling father about foolish men who pretend that people have got no souls. They talked about the awful death of Tom Paine, in New York. I remember some things they said to this day. Some words they used were too hard for me; but here and there an expression, for some reason or other, would remain in my mind, and I would catch myself repeating it like a parrot, without knowing what it meant. It is curious that scarcely a month passes, even now that I am a man, but something happens that brings to my mind a word said, or a thing done, in my presence, which I did not understand at the time, but which is all made clear at last. Here is an instance: on the evening of which I am speaking, I heard the



gentleman say, Learning often makes us mad, when we do not seek it in the right spirit. Some learned professors of science seem to grow more brutish, the more they learn. Many a boy that only knows his Catechism is really more learned than some professors are. It is a common piece of knowledge that God made the world: these fellows dispute the fact. When you ask them for proof, they shake in your face an o.d bone. You ask what it means, and they say that the old bone was alive before the world was made. To prove it they think that it is enough to give the bone an old rusty Greek name. Men will shake hands with the monkey by and by, and call him brother.

I wanted very much to ask him who these foolish fellows were, but I was afraid to interrupt him. The idea of shaking hands with a monkey seemed funny enough. But when I read Monboddo's essay many years afterwards, this conversation returned to my memory. I read that it is all a mistake about our being born of Adam and Eve. Our fathers and mothers were monkeys, says this brute in human shape, and very ugly monkeys, too. And then I thought how true it is, as that gentleman said to my father years ago, many a boy, that only knows his Catechism, has more real knowledge than these wise professors have.

I made a man very angry by saying so once. My father's paper had not been left at the door for three or four days, and I was sent to the office with a note. There were two or three gentlemen there, and one of them called me to him.

My boy, what is your name?

John O'Brien.

What is your father's name?

Thomas O'Brien.

How old are you?

Seven years, sir.

Can you read?

Yes, sir.

Where do you go to church?

I go to the Catholic church.

The gentleman looked for a minute as if he were frightened. At last he said, —

I am sorry for that. Don't you know that it is a superstitious belief?

I don't know what that means, sir

Well, do not Catholics get their sins pardoned for money?



No, sir. Our Catechism says that a man cannot be forgiven unless he is truly sorry, and determined to sin no more.

Why, if you ask the priest, won't he give you leave to lie and steal?

I never heard such things before! I heard a priest preaching last Sunday, and he said that if we commit sin, and don't repent of it, we shall go to hell.

Can't you get your images to pardon you?

I do not know what you mean, sir.

Why, you worship images and pictures, don't you?

I thought that he was making fun of me, and I laughed.

No, sir, said I, I believe that you are making game of me. The first commandment says, "Thou shalt have no other Gods but me;" and the Catechism says that we are taught by this to serve, love, and obey the one, true, and living God.

Come here, my little fellow, said another man. Who made you?

God.

Who is God?

He is Maker and Lord of all things.

Did you ever see God?

No, sir.

Did you ever feel or hear him?

No, sir.

Then there is no God.

O, how I looked at him! I had heard about such people, but I never saw an infidel before. I was going away, but he went on, and said, If you can't see, hear, or feel God, there is no such thing.

But stop, said I; God has no body; he is a pure spirit.

Where is God? he asked.

God is *nowhere*.

What do you mean by *that*?

I remembered father's explanation of this part of the Catechism. Why, I mean that he is in no particular place, as every body is.

Who told you that there is a God?

My father.

Who told *him*?

I don't know; his father, perhaps.



And *he* must have had some one to teach him. Where did the first boys find out that there is a God?

They learned it from the Catechism.

Who made the Catechism?

The Church.

And who told the Church that there is a God?

Jesus Christ.

Who is he?

The Son of God.

How did he find it out?

Why, *he* is God.

Had he a body?

Yes, sir.

See what foolish things you say! Didn't you tell me a little while ago, that God has no body?

I began to get a little angry. He is both God and man. As God, he has no body: as man, he was born of the Virgin Mary. I learned *that* in the Catechism.

Does the Catechism say that a man can be white and black at the same time?

No, sir.

Well; and so one cannot be God and man at the same time either.

I did not know what to say to that. The other things were easy enough, for they were all in the Catechism. He saw that I was puzzled, and he began to talk the most dreadful stuff I ever heard. I could scarcely understand a word of it; but I could make out that he was trying to make me believe that there is no God. I got so angry that I did not know what to do. Then he advised me not to tell my father any thing about what he had said. Keep these things to yourself, said he; you are a bright boy; do not let people impose upon you with these foolish stories. By and by you will get to be wiser than your father is. All the great men think as I do about these things.

Mister, said I, I always tell my father when any body says wicked things to me; and I wish he knew your name, for he would find you out to-morrow, and give you a good thrashing. I am sorry that I am so little I cannot do it. And I tell you that a boy that knows his Catechism is wiser than all your great men. They are a pack of fools. For it is the fool that says there is no God. And I ran home as fast as I could. I was wrong in saying so much, but I was so mad.



You know that I was sent to Europe, four or five years ago, as managing clerk of Galloway, Strain, & Co. I had to visit Rome, and I was glad of the opportunity, as you may guess. Well, while I was there, I met a young gentleman whom I had known in Boston ; his name was George Cleveland. We were walking down the Corso, and talking about the people of Rome.

It is of no use to talk to me, said George ; of course educated Catholics do not believe these nonsensical things. I suppose that *you* do not believe them, for you are an American, and your church is very different there. You pare off its worst features to suit the ways of the people, and to make converts ; but these ignorant peasants are idolators. I am certain of it. I have read it a thousand times. I have heard men say it who would rather die than tell an untruth. It is the unanimous opinion of wise and learned men. I believe that learned Catholics think so too, but they dare not teach the people, because, if they were once enlightened, they would never be Catholics. In fact, John, I divide your members into three classes : there are the priests, who are mostly infidels ; there are intelligent laymen, like yourself, who have mixed so much among Protestants that they are more than half Protestant themselves ; then there are the low Irish, and the people of all Catholic countries, who are as superstitious as they can be. They pay the priest for pardoning their sins, for getting them out of purgatory, and for allowing them to commit murder, and every other crime. These are notorious facts, and you cannot deny them. They worship images : don't you see them in every shop, and at the corner of every street, with candles burning before them : *that* is proof enough. As for the Virgin, why, they think that she is greater than God. Your prayer-books show that plainly.

Very well, said I, I will not say any thing, for in your present state of mind, you would not believe me ; but suppose we try the matter practically.

How ?

Why, let us stop the meanest looking person we meet, and see what his notions may be about religion.

Agreed ! only let me be the spokesman. I will wage any thing that he will turn out a priest-ridden idolator.

I am not much afraid of it, said I, only give him fair play. Remember that the people are Italians ; so do not take



advantage of their style of speaking. We are of a colder nature, and their language sometimes appears to us full of exaggeration.

We had not far to go before we found a person suited to our purpose. It was a beggar, and apparently one of the poorest of her class. She had a little girl with her, and as I saw what she was doing, I told my companion to step noiselessly, so that we might hear what she said. She stood at the corner of a retired street, where there was a large image of Mary. She was teaching the little creature how to pray. Clasp your little hands *so*, said she. Now look at the image as if it were alive, and you wanted her to come down and kiss you sweetly. There now, repeat after me: Mother of my God, delight of my heart, love of my soul, *my* mother, hear us. Put it into the heart of good people to give us something to carry to poor, dear, starving father Amen, amen.

I told you so, said George.

The woman started when she heard the voice, and she instantly asked for alms. When she had done talking, her lips went on moving, and she looked again at the image. It was easy to know what she was whispering so softly. Italian pantomime is full of expression. *My* mother, put it into their hearts to give something for the poor father of my child.

George gave her some money, and he got a dozen blessings for every copper.

My good woman, you are very poor, said he.

Yes, sir, one of the poorest of the poor. I was never any thing else; but thanks to God and to the Madonna, I have got along so far without starving.

Is it not very trying to you to be so poor?

It is, sir; but then our Lord was poor, the Madonna was poor, and so was St. Joseph. We are in good company, for they teach us how to bear our troubles as we ought. The Madonna help us, we do not always profit by the example.

Well, my good woman, do not you envy these princes, who roll about in carriages, and have nothing to do?

The poor princes have trouble enough. I should not know what to do with so much money. And then I would be afraid of losing my soul.

Do you expect to go to heaven?



I do not deserve to, I know. But my soul is *bought*. I hope that I shall find mercy.

Well, why do you not go straight to Christ?

I do not understand.

I mean, why do you worship the Madonna, as if she were God?

Sir?

Do you not think that she is greater than God?

Heavens! are you a *Jew*, sir?

I have heard people say that you Italians adore the Madonna, which is against God's commandment.

Are you in earnest, sir?

Never more so.

Sir, I learned the Catechism when I was a child, and my little girl knows it too, — she will tell you. Come here, Teresa. Is there more than one God?

No; there is but one God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom be glory forever.

What is the Madonna?

She is the mother of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Is *she* equal to God?

Why, no, there is but *one* God.

Can she do any thing she pleases?

Yes; she asks God, and he does all she asks him to do.

Can she do any thing that does not *please* God?

Why, no, she cannot do it; she is too good; she always wishes what God wishes.

Who made her?

The same God that made us.

Are you satisfied, sir?

Then you really do not worship that image up there? Why, I heard you praying to it just now: what good can it do *you*?

Sir, said the poor woman, do you love your mother?

George's lip quivered; his eyes filled with tears at this sudden question. His trip to Europe was partly undertaken to divert his thoughts, for his mother had died not long before.

My good woman, I *did* love her dearly.

The Italian mother's quick apprehension enabled her to understand the whole. Tears started to her eyes as she begged pardon for speaking of such a thing.

No offence, good woman, said George; I like to think of her, and talk about her too.



Then, sir, excuse me. I see that your brooch is a miniature : perhaps it is *hers*.

It is.

Will you let me spit upon it, and stamp upon it?

Woman! woman! what do you mean?

But the picture cannot *feel* any thing. Your mother will not be hurt when I stamp upon her image.

Pshaw! said George, turning away.

My dear young man, do you think, then, that I will let you ill treat this image of my mother in heaven? She is *yours* too, if you would but own her! Sir, where is your mother now?

She is in heaven.

I hope so. Now, do you think that she loves you yet?

No doubt of it.

Does she know what you are doing now?

Very possibly.

Well, do you believe that she wishes you to be happy too, and that she is ready to do all that she can for you yet?

It is quite likely.

Sir, is it not possible that people in heaven *pray*, as well as praise God?

It is.

For whom do they pray, then? Not for themselves surely. Then they pray for us. How can good souls do otherwise? They have suffered what we suffer, and they wish that we may enjoy God with them.

George was silent.

Now, my dear young man, do not be angry at what I say. I am a beggar, it is true, but I am a woman, and a mother. You honor that image of *your* mother: shall not we honor the image of her who carried the infant Christ in her arms? You think that your mother yet knows you, loves you, and prays for you, in the way that good spirits pray; so you love her still. Now, *our* mother knows us; she loves us; she prays for us. Must we not love her dearly? Dear young man, the blessing of Christ be upon you, for your charity. May a drop of the blood that ran out of his heart fall upon your soul, and make you know his mother, and yours, and mine.

Ah, said I, how true what my father said years ago. The child that has learned its Catechism knows more than all the wise ones of the earth. What say you, George? Are



the poor Papists priest-ridden idolators? You have read it a thousand times; you have heard men say it who would rather die than tell a fib. It is the unanimous opinion of our learned men.

Who would have expected such things from a beggar?

Well, I hope that you will not echo such foolish calumnies again without taking some pains to examine them.

Say no more, John; the old woman has made me feel quite dull. By Jove, there is another image of Mary, and I was just taking off my hat without knowing it.

\* \* \* \* \*

John, I wonder when you will get to your father's theory about children. Your story puts me in mind of Southey's doctor.

I have been telling it to you, ever since I began. I have told it to you a dozen times, in different ways. If I had related it simply, you would not have understood it half so well as you will now. My object was to make you like his idea, before you had heard it told in set terms.

Well, let us hear it now.

I told you that my father was talking with a gentleman about things which I did not understand very well. I told you that some of the words and expressions I heard remained in my memory like invisible ink on a piece of white paper, until by some chance it became heated, and then there were readable characters.

The common idea about children does not please me, said my father; children are little *men*. They are commonly treated as if they were little *animals*. The notion is that they *are* animals, until they come to a certain age, and then the understanding, the image of God, the soul, is added, by some miracle or other, to the creature, and it begins to be a man. And so the little child, that has an immortal soul, and *feels* it, some how, without distinctly knowing it, is talked to as if it were a kitten or a puppy. How angry I have been sometimes, when I heard parents stuffing their children with baby talk. I have longed to say to them, *Do* treat your child as if he had a *little* spark of reason. You might as well be the father of a monkey, if you deal thus with him. Do you not see his eyes open, and open, when he sees any thing new? Don't you see a note of interrogation in every twinkle? Do you not hear him asking *questions* at every step? His soul is asking for bread, and it is



cruel not to give it to him. Do you not notice that *his* questions are a thousand times more sensible than the ones you put to *him*, in baby talk. Ay, and oftentimes he puts questions which would puzzle wiser men than you or I.

These people generally see their error only when it is too late. Their children are *not* animals, and they will not be, even when they are treated as if they were. They will get tired of hearing so much nonsense. They will at first wonder, and then be angry, because they cannot get their parents to understand them. They will leave off asking questions that are never answered; and within doors, they will seem like the soulless things their parents pretend to believe they are. They will ask father and mother for nothing but bread and butter, kites and marbles; but when they get tired of playing and eating, — and the most thoughtless children *will* sometimes, — they get into a brown study, and it is easy to see that their young minds are laboring with great thoughts.

It is painful to see a child puzzling himself with what are, to *his* mind, great mysteries; which a sensible parent might clear up for him, with a very little trouble. Trouble! God forgive me for saying it; as if it *could* be a trouble to watch a living image of God, and see it grow more and more like the original every day!

These children *will* be inquisitive, and if their parents will not satisfy their curiosity, some one else will. The doors of the storehouse are wide open, and whether it be filled with wheat or with tares, depends upon who comes first. Parents often have to rue their neglect in this matter. It not seldom happens that the child gets from unwholesome sources certain ideas which are never eradicated. Plants take deep root in virgin soil. Try to make your little girl go into a dark room after nurse has stuffed her with stories about ghosts! Try to make your boy pay you a *loving* obedience, if your neglect has made the company of bad boys pleasant to him!

Children who get any thing like proper training always respect their elders. My boy respects me mainly because he knows that I can *do* what he cannot; and he thinks that this greater power comes from the fact that I *know* more than he does; you will see it at school. No king of the earth reigns half so absolutely over his subjects as some boys do over their fellows in all childish matters. The schoolboy



envies the lad who is at the head of the same class ; he respects the best boy of the next higher division ; and as for the boys of the first class, he looks upon them as prodigies of learning ; and he wonders if *he* will ever be so wise. It is the same in the primary school, in the grammar school, and in the college. The great boys maintain their ascendancy over the smaller ones by *talking* to them frequently. Now, a father can make himself the greatest, if not the only object of these reverential feelings ; and he can do it with little trouble. He has only to win his boy's entire *confidence*, as well as his love. The child will then ask his father the thousand questions he puts to the other boys ; and he would rather do it, because he knows that they will be answered better.

My neighbor, Mr. Jones, has a fine boy who is being ruined fast. Mr. Jones is one of those men who think that the whole duty of a father lies in feeding and clothing his boy ; in providing some amusement for him occasionally, and in whipping him, generally when he does not deserve it. For he knows nothing of the real sins of his boy William ; he never talks rationally with him, never tries to win his confidence ; and he does not suspect that the boy has given it to companions who are teaching him how to walk the first steps of the weary road to the prison, or to the scaffold. Both parents treat him as if he were an animal ; the father, by keeping him at a distance ; the mother, by petting him, or beating him, as the humor may be. Now, this is the way to rear a favorite puppy, but boys are not dogs. I verily believe that the young ones know more than they get credit for from any of us. The infant that is not yet weaned knows when it has its own way with mother. The child begins to talk ; and he is allowed to pout, to fret, and to cry, and they say, " O, don't cross him ; let him have what he wants ; it will be time enough to check him when he gets older. Bless your soul, what is the use of putting him in harness *now* ? He can't understand what you want to do with him."

And so the child grows up, and the astonished parents find that they have lost all government over him. They never had any. They lay the blame upon his stubbornness, upon any thing but their own negligence. The young soul has been opening all the time, and it was unnoticed, uncared for, because its existence was unknown. And it has received the strongest impressions it ever will receive ; it has learned



things which it will remember when later lessons are forgotten. No wonder that all government of it is lost.

A few months ago, I was clipping some plants that grew under the wall which separates Mr. Jones's garden from mine, and I heard footsteps and voices on the other side. William Jones and another boy came and sat against the wall, and continued their conversation without thinking that any one was near.

I say, Jim, I'm going to play truant.

Where are you going, Bill?

Do you know old Marm Bates's garden?

Yes.

Well, them peaches are about ripe, I guess. I mean to know how they taste. Will you go with me?

I don't know. What makes you go to *her* tree? She's a nice old woman; she tended my mother last winter when she was sick, and she wouldn't take any money for it. There's Jim Baxter's garden; he can spare a peach better than the old woman. Why don't you try him?

His peaches ain't ripe. I was looking at 'em this morning. They'll have to suffer some when they be. I've got a spite against marm, too.

Why, what's the matter?

Day before yesterday, I stood at her gate, looking at the peach-tree. She came out of the house, looking dreadful angry, and she told me to go along to school. She called me a thief, and she said that she would have me taken up by the constable if she caught me hanging about her house again. I mean to give her something to fret about; I'll learn her to call me a thief. Now, you've got to go with me, that's a fact.

But I'm afraid to play truant now, father'll find it out.

You see if he does. Didn't you see me very busy writing this morning?

Yes.

Well, here's what I was doing. I was writing a note of excuse from my father to the master.

MR. ROBINSON: Please excuse my son William from attendance at school this afternoon. His mother is sick, and he must stay at home. Yours truly, WILLIAM JONES.

Now, here's yours:

MR. ROBINSON: My son James is obliged to stay at home this afternoon, and you will excuse him, therefore.

Yours, &c., JOHN LYON.



Now you know that our master is a new one, and he doesn't know my old man's handwriting. By the time he sees another note, it will be all forgotten. I'm great at writing notes; don't you see how nicely I've imitated a man's hand?

Yes, that'll do for master; but how are you going to get the peaches while the old woman is in the house?

O, that's all fixed: she won't be at home. I was standing in Hayward's door yesterday afternoon, and she met another woman right on the sidewalk. She didn't see me. Well, the other woman asked her to drink tea with her this afternoon. O no, thank you, says she; I'll come some other time. I have just booked my place in the stage to Milton to-morrow, and I shall stay there till next day. So you see that the old woman won't be there, and the coast will be clear.

But I don't want to go this time, Bill.

You must: I can't get along without you. If you don't go, I'll manage to let your father know about them fifty cents you took from Nute's grocery store last week.

Well, I'll go; but it is too bad to cheat Marm Bates out of her peaches. And what will your father and mine say if they find it out?

Pooh! they'll never know any thing about it. And I'll tell you what it is, Jim,—I don't care much if my old man *does*; I'm tired of living at home; and if father whips me again, I'll run away. I'm almost twelve years old, and younger fellows than I have gone to sea. Father hardly ever takes me any where, and he never talks to me as if I knew any thing. I've asked him things, many a time, about different countries, but I never got any answer; and that makes me mad, because he knows enough. I've heard him talking to other men about 'em, just as if he always lived in them. I haven't tried to get any thing out of him this good while. As for mother, she don't know how to talk about any thing, excepting the neighbors. He might have made me like books if he had a mind to. I used to like 'em once, but now I hate 'em, all but sea stories and novels. I've read more than fifty novels this year, and I've learned some precious funny things, I can tell you.

How did you manage it?

O, easy enough: I took the books out of circulating libraries; but I looked out not to give 'em my own name, or



the place where I live. I got Henry Baxter into a scrape once. I took Charlotte Temple out in his name, and I lost it ; so I never went near *that* library again. Well, the owner went to old Baxter's house to get the book. The old man didn't know any thing about it, and to be sure, Henry didn't. The library man showed old Baxter the name and place, written in his book. He paid the bill, and Hen. got a good hiding. I heard him telling the other fellows, next day, and I was as tickled as a hog eating beans, for I owed him a spite, and so did you. It was he that told master that we put pins in his seat.

Where did you get the money ?

Hooked it from mother, fourpence at a time. I came pretty near being found out two or three times, but I put a good face on it. I can make mother believe any thing. I would get up early, and read ; and many's the book I've read at school, while you fellows were scratching your heads over objective cases and the rule of three. You see I covered the novels with blue paper, like my geography and grammar. I've read 'em right in the room with father and mother, and they used to tell me not to study so hard. They never looked at my books, so I was safe enough. I'll tell you : father and mother belong to the Baptist church, you know, and they have prayer-meetings in the house once in a while. I've made father believe that I'm getting religion, and he's going to brag of it to-night at the prayer-meeting. It's *nice* to cheat the old ones so. They think that they know a good deal, but we're a match for 'em sometimes. It used to be hard at first, but I soon found out that they cheated themselves more than I did them. If they'd take pains to study my face, and my words, they'd find me out easy enough ; but they never did, and now it isn't much use. I'm as old as they are, and they think I'm an innocent little saint.

The boys went away, and I heard no more. Next day, after dinner, I met Mr. Jones. I felt that it was my duty to open his eyes a little, although I was afraid that it would not do much good, for the boy is far advanced in wickedness, as his own confession shows. Then Mr. Jones is a stiff kind of a man, and I did not know how he might like my interference.

Stop, Mr. O'Brien, said the gentleman to my father ; here is your little boy, listening with all his ears. He



knows Jones's son, doesn't he? Will he be tempted to talk about this thing to other boys?

I colored up, and I felt very angry with him for thinking such a thing. My father looked at me, and smiled.

No, sir, said he. I know my son, and he knows me. John, did you ever repeat what you have heard in the house about other people?

No, sir, only twice. You know how it was that I talked then. I'll not be caught so again, I guess.

I remember. Well, you had some excuse for it.

And I came and told you all about it, sir, as soon as you got home.

You did.— Well, sir, continued my father, I stopped my neighbor at his door.

Good morning, Mr. Jones.

O, Mr. O'Brien, how do you do? Good evening, you mean. It is past two o'clock.

You are right. Where is your son, Mr. Jones?

Why, he is at school. He started a quarter of an hour ago.

Are you sure that he is there?

Sure? Why, didn't I see him go? What do you mean?

Mr. Jones, are you *very* busy this afternoon?

No, sir. Why do you ask?

I have some reason for believing that your boy is not at school. Now, if your business be not pressing, I would advise you to walk to the school-house, and ask for him.

Mr. O'Brien, I do not like this. Why suspect my Willy in this way? He is the most studious boy I ever saw. Willy would not deceive *me*, either. He would rather cut his hand off, as he says himself.

Well, Mr. Jones, I am serious. I beg you to look into this matter; it is more important than you think. If you do not find him at school, perhaps the widow Bates will tell you where he is. Good afternoon, sir.

The poor man came to me the next morning, almost heart-broken. Mr. O'Brien, said he, I ask your pardon for my gruffness yesterday. Alas! it was all true. I thought at first that I would take no more notice of it than to question Willy, in the evening; so I went to the store. But I felt uneasy; and at last I turned, and walked to the school-house. The master came to the door.



I wish to see my son.

What is his name?

William Jones.

William Jones! Why, he is not here, sir. He brought me a note of excuse for this afternoon. It was signed by you.

A note, signed by *me*?

Yes, sir.

Sir, I wrote no letter.

Will you favor me a moment, sir? He went to his desk, and came back with a letter. Is this writing yours? he asked.

It is a little like mine, but I did not write it. So my boy gave you this, as coming from me?

He did.

He has deceived us both. Will you do me the favor to punish him severely to-morrow, and to watch him closely henceforth?

I will, sir. I have had my eye upon him for some time. I am afraid that he will give you some trouble, sir.

Why, he is always at his books, when he is in the house.

Is he? Well, he never knows his lessons here.

That is strange! Well, sir, I am going to find him. I shall exact a severe account for this. Do not spare him, to-morrow.

I will do my part, said the master. Good evening.

I was going to the widow Bates at once; but I met a man with whom I had business to transact, and he was going to New York in the packet which was about to sail. So I had to pass the afternoon with him. God knows that my heart was heavy.

When I went home at night, I tried to study Willy's face; but I saw no signs of guilt. He was busy at his studies, as I thought.

William, you are hard at work, I see.

Yes, sir.

Studying, William?

Yes, sir.

What book is it?

My geography. I've got a *real* hard lesson to get for to-morrow. This afternoon I walked nearly up to the head in the geography class, and I mean to go above 'em all to-morrow, if I can.

There was no change in the boy's countenance when he



said this ; and that frightened me, for I thought that only very old liars knew how to hide their feelings so well. *Could* he be so hardened ? Or is it *possible* that he does not know the guilt of lying ? If he had turned pale, if he had blushed, I would have been relieved somewhat. But no ; his own smile was upon his face, and he looked at me *so* truthfully, that I began to doubt whether I had not dreamed the whole affair. O my God ! my God ! I am afraid that I *have* been dreaming a great while, and my only son going to ruin in my very sight ! And the poor man wept, as only heart-broken parents can weep.

I pitied him from my inmost soul. I had often talked with him about children, but he always called me a dreamer. Alas ! his boy's soul has got its character almost formed for evil, and the wretched man has only now learned that the boy has a soul at all ! He went on.

William, I have been thinking about what passed at our prayer meeting, last night.

And so have I, father.

You know that I mentioned to the brethren that you had become serious — that you had begun to cry out, What shall I do to be saved ? You remember how we prayed over you ?

Yes, father, it was a blessed season. I felt so comfortable. When do you think that I can be baptized ?

And he said this with the same truthful face ! I looked into his eyes, and tried, for the first time, I believe, to read his soul. I had always thought that a glance would be enough to tell the workings of what little mind children have. I thought that he who ran might read. And as I looked intently, I saw a mocking devil in his eyes.

William, bring me that book you are reading.

Yes, sir. And he got up very composedly, and walked towards me, with the book in his hand.

O father, he said, when he was half across the room I had forgotten ! This afternoon, when school was over John Hathaway asked me to go with him to his father's house, and get some peaches in the garden. I knew that you and mother would like a good peach ; so I went with him, although you don't like to have me go with any boy, without asking you first. But John Hathaway is a good boy, and he never swears. How I hate to hear boys swearing, father ! Well, John's father made me eat as many as I wanted, and



then he filled my handkerchief, to carry home. I had forgotten all about them, father — they are up in my room. I'll go and get them. They are the finest peaches I ever saw, almost. And he turned to run up stairs.

William, come back!

He turned at the door. Father, just let me show you them. You don't know how good they look.

William, bring me that book. Do not let me have to speak again.

Then his countenance changed. There came over it a sullen expression, such as he had often put on in his younger days, when he wanted to do something, or have something, against our wishes. He had very often gained his point on these occasions. He lingered at the door for a minute, and then, without raising his eyes to mine, he actually turned to go up stairs. I was stupified.

William, I am thunderstruck. Come back, this instant, or I will whip you to death!

Then there came another expression over his countenance, such as I had never expected to see *there*. There was no mistaking it — it was downright defiance. He glared at me for an instant, and then he shouted, *I won't!* And he ran up stairs.

I rushed after him, and dashed his door open just as he was going to lock it. I seized him by the collar with one hand, and I tried to get the book with the other. But he was too quick for me; he threw it out of the window, and then he laughed in my face. I dragged him down stairs, while his mother ran out and secured the book, which she had seen as it fell into the street. And then the boy began to swear! Gracious God! his horrid oaths made my blood cold, cold in my veins.

I fastened the doors. Now, sir, said I, we have an account to settle. Where were you this afternoon? Speak, sir!

I'll be d——d if I do.

What a desperado! Do you know this letter? I asked, holding up his note.

He looked at it, and said nothing. What were you doing at the widow Bates's?

At this moment there came a loud rap at the door. My wife went to open it, and she came back to tell me that Mrs. Bates and Constable Reed were outside. I looked at my boy,



and I saw that he was beginning to be frightened. 'Let them come in,' said I to my wife.

They came in, and sat down. Mr. Jones, said the widow, I am sorry to come on such an errand. But I think that your boy's pranks ought to be stopped in some way. He has got a bad name in our part of the town, and I have heard a man say that he would have complained of him three months ago, if it wasn't for your sake. But I think that it is time you should know something about him, or he will soon be where he can't get out when he may want to. I was at Milton to-day, and I came home early this afternoon. I've a good peach-tree, you know, and this year it got along nicely. There were some of the best peaches you ever saw upon it this morning. I was going to pull a few yesterday, but I thought I'd let 'em stay a day or two longer. Well, when I came home, this afternoon, lo and behold, half my peaches were gone. I sat right down, and cried like a child; for I had made fifty calculations about them, and I knew just what I would do with every peach. They had been bespoken by Dr. Parkman, every one of them, almost; and I didn't want to disappoint such a good customer, I can tell you. When I had sat and cried a spell, a little girl came in and said that Miss Strong, a sick lady over the way, wanted to see me. I went, and she told me how she was sitting at her window, and saw your boy and another go into the garden, and carry off two great baskets full of my peaches. She was all alone in the house, and she wasn't able to go down stairs; so she couldn't do any thing. I went right to Mr. Reed here, and told him all about it. I wanted to have your boy taken up. Excuse me, Mr. Jones; but it's too bad for poor folks to be treated this way. Mr. Reed heard my story, and, says he, Mrs. Bates, I know that you are a kind-hearted woman, and you would not get any one into trouble, if you could help it. Now, I've had my eye on that boy a good while, and I think that he would do better if he hadn't such bad companions. I know Mr. Jones; he is a good man, and I should be sorry to do any thing against him.

So should I, Mr. Reed. But what about my peaches?

Mrs. Bates, if you get all your peaches again and if Mr. Jones promises to look after his young scamp, wouldn't you let him off, this time?

Well, I will, Mr. Reed, since you ask me.

Very well, then. I will go with you to Mr. Jones. He look me first to old Farthingale's grocery. I didn't know



what for, until I looked at a basket in the corner ; and behold it was full of nice peaches, just like mine.

Mr. Reed, says I, how comes it that, when any thing is stolen, you always seem to know just where it is ?

Mr. Reed winked, and spit, just as he does when any thing is in the wind, but didn't answer. Mr. Farthingale, says he, did you not get these peaches from young Jones ? Well, I guess I did, Mr. Reed. They belong to Mrs. Bates. The boy stole them, this afternoon. Do tell ! Yes, sir. Of course, you'll send them right back to her house to-night. But I've paid for them. That's nothing ; they belong to her. But I think I can secure to you the money. Will you send 'em, on them terms ? Mr. Farthingale agreed to it, and so we have come here. You've got the whole story now, Mr. Jones ; only I'd advise you to look sharp after that boy, for it isn't every one that would let him off so easily.

I paid Mr. Reed the money for the peaches, and thanked them both for their kindness. After they went away, I turned to William. Now, sir, you are found out. You are a finished liar. You are a thief. You are a hypocrite. What a character you have earned for yourself already ! What have you got to say ? Here my wife broke out. Husband, says she, you don't know all. Don't you remember how I've missed little sums from my drawer, all along this last year ? Well, you know that we suspected Nancy, and I hinted it at her so often, that she got mad, last week, and went away, you know. Now, I'd put by ten dollars to pay for my bonnet, and it's gone. I'm afraid that awful boy has taken it. He'll break my heart, that's what he will. Here is the geography he was studying so hard. What do you think about his reading such books as these ?

I took the volume, and what do you think it was, Mr. O'Brien ? It was a vile novel, one of the worst of its class. To think that he could read such books in my very sight ! I stripped him, and gave him such a flogging as he never had. I treated him to another this morning. To punish him more, I put his sister's clothes on him, and tied him to the bed-post. He felt that more than he did the cowhide, I believe. I have promised him a beating every morning and night for a week, and he shall have it. Now, Mr. O'Brien, how did you know, yesterday, that he was not at school ?

Then I told him all about the conversation I had heard



between the boys, and I begged him to consider well the remarkable words of his son, about the treatment he had always got at home. Now, Mr. Jones, I have tried to persuade you often. You begin to believe me now. I have always told you that your boy had not only a soul, as your dog there has, but also understanding. It is the understanding of a child but it *is* understanding, withal. You are now reaping the bitter fruit of your neglect. — Then I told him what I thought was the best way to manage the boy, and he went away, wretched enough.

Three days after, he came to me, weeping like a child. He could scarcely speak to me ; but after a moment he managed to say, My boy has gone !

Gone ! where ?

When he became a little calmer, he told me that he could not tell. He had sent him to bed, as usual, and during the night the boy had gone. He could not get out by the door, for it was locked on the outside ; so he tied his sheets and blankets together, and escaped by the window.

I promised the miserable father that I would do all in my power to find his son ; but it was not until four days had passed that one of our men came to me, about nine o'clock at night, and told me that a boy answering the description had been seen that day at a sailors' boarding-house, in Ann Street. I sent for Mr. Jones, and we started off. We made strict inquiries at the house, but we could not get much news. A boy of that appearance had certainly been there that day. He was in company with other sailors, and he was a little drunk. That was all we could ascertain. The next day, Mr. Jones went to all the shipping offices, and, towards night, he found that two boys, one quite answering to William, had sailed the evening before, in the brig Comaquad, bound for Genoa. Further information might be had at the office of Lyon & Co., Long Wharf. Mr. Jones flew to the office.

Did the Comaquad sail last night ?

It did.

Was there a boy named William Jones on board ?

The clerk looked at a list. No, sir, there was not.

Mr. Jones could learn nothing more. This happened about four months ago. Yesterday, Mr. Jones received this letter, which he sent me to-day, that I might read it. He makes no secret of the matter, so I can let you know what is written in it. Here is the letter : —



WESTERN ISLANDS, Oct. 1, 1826.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I am in for it now, and I can't help myself. When I ran away that morning, I went right down to Long Wharf, for I meant to jump on board some vessel, if I could, and sail off, before you could catch me. I met Bill Jenkins there; he is a fellow I used to know, and he ran away from his father, too. I told him what I wanted, and he said that there was a first-rate chance. His captain wanted a boy, and he would sail in a week, or less time. So he took me to his boarding-house, and kept me there till we sailed. I saw the captain, and we told him that I was an orphan boy, with nobody in the world to take care of me, and so I wanted to go to sea. Bill and I made up that story together. The captain asked a good many questions, but finally he believed me, and agreed that I should go with him. Bill took me to some curious places, two or three nights, and I didn't behave very well, for they made me drunk. I'm sick of my bargain, but I cannot help myself. The captain is good, but I have to work, and do not get good things to eat. I wish I was back again at home. Father, I know I have done wrong; but I believe that I would not have been so bad, if you had looked sharper after me. I found that I could cheat you and mother in a good many little things, and so I was led on from one thing to another. But it is all over now.

I must stop, because our boat is going to the other vessel that is going to America. O, if I could go in her!

WILLIAM JONES.

Poor Mr. Jones has sown the wind, and he is reaping the whirlwind. There are parents who swear before their children, and then wonder how it is that their little ones curse. They take no pains whatever to bring up their offspring, and then they expect that the boys and girls will grow into good men and women. They set them every bad example, and beat the children for doing what they see their parents do. If they have flowers, they will water and weed the beds; but they let their young ones grow up without any care; and when the father begins to suspect that his boy is going to have a soul pretty soon, and that it is time to begin a course of training for it, the boy has found, long before, that he has one, and he has used his knowledge in a way that would



make the father stare, if he only suspected it. It is a bad thing for a child to learn this fact before his father does.

No, man is created a living soul. And the education of that soul can hardly begin too soon. The first lessons are easy to be taught, and they are never forgotten by the grown man.

But there is some danger of falling into the opposite mistake, which lies in treating a child as if he were all soul. It is true that there is a spiritual substance to be educated, but there is also an animal nature to be trained. It is a great error to neglect either of them. Attend only to the first, and your child will grow up a brute; think only of the second, and he will be a sickly plant, that was not meant either for heaven or for the earth. You know Mr. Watkins, don't you?

I am slightly acquainted with him.

Well, he is trying to raise a plant of this kind. He says that his boy is only six years old. The child's stature tells the same story; but the expression of his countenance is that of a man of forty, who had come into this world by mistake, and was heartily tired of it. Mr. Watkins brought the boy to my house, not long ago, to show him off, I suppose. He began to talk about children, and my boy here listened with all his ears, just as you see him listening now. Young Watkins paid no attention to us; he stared about the room with a lack-lustre eye, as if he knew that he was not in his right world, and would thank some one who could tell him where he did belong.

Charles, said Mr. Watkins.

The little fellow got up, and stood before his father, with folded arms.

Let Mr. O'Brien hear how much you have learned the last week.

My boy looked at him, and at me, with a confident smile, that seemed to say that I need not be afraid. When I looked at the little sickly creature, with a face now screwed into a laughably wise expression, I thought of what bears have to suffer before even heated iron can make them dance.

Charles, what is the capital of China?

Pekin, squeaked the automaton; and then he told what were the capitals of many other countries. I ventured a question.

Charles, what is the capital of Massachusetts?



A pause, a puzzled look at father, and a squeak. Nescio ! I don't know. My boy, here, was staring hard at him all the time. Then Mr. Watkins touched another key.

Charles, what are the boundaries of Persia ?

A prolonged squeak, pitched in double G sharp, and running like the alarm of a clock, without any pause, and all in the same tone. Persia is bounded on the north by Tartary, the Caspian Sea, and Georgia, on the south by the Arabian Sea, on the east by Hindostan, and on the west by the Persian Gulf and Turkey in Asia.

His father asked him some more questions, all of which he answered in the same way. My boy then stopped looking at him, and stared at me, to know what it all meant, and why *he* did not know as much as a boy younger than himself by a year.

Charles, said I, what are the boundaries of Boston ?

A whine. — Nescio ! I don't know.

You mean that you have forgotten, said his father.

'Then Mr. Watkins thrummed on the natural theology key. Charles, I want to ask you a very hard question.

Charles looked like Solomon in petticoats.

Prove to me that God exists.

And Charles whistled, — If any thing exists, it must be an effect, and it must have a cause ; but something does exist, and therefore there must be a first cause, which is God ; therefore God exists.

When he finished a sentence, he brought up with a jerk, like the sound of an upper key of an organ when the wind is suddenly stopped. And he said all these things with just about as much knowledge of their meaning as the organ has of its own tones, and his face was as soulless as the face of a wall would be if somebody were to whistle the same words through a crack in it.

Charles, said I, who is God ?

Charles looked at his father doubtfully. Then, as if he thought that I had not heard him, he repeated his answer. If something exists, —

My boy had now got close to Charles, and was looking into his mouth as if he were trying to see the wheels of this talking machine. When he heard me ask the last question, he looked relieved, as if he understood, at last, a little of what was going on. I asked him if he knew who is God.

He is the Maker and Lord of all things.



Now, Charles, said Mr. Watkins, prove that the soul is immortal.

Again the crack in the wall opened, and whistled,—The desire of immortality is natural and invincible, but a natural and invincible desire has a real object; therefore the soul is immortal.

Charles, I asked, what must we do to save this immortal soul?

The crack did not open; the wall looked blank. Answer this question, said I to my boy.

We must worship God by faith, hope, and charity; that is, we must believe in him, hope in him, and love him, with all our heart. John looked at me long enough to answer this, and then peered again into the other's mouth, to see what *was* inside.

Charles, one question more. What is the definition of man?

*Est animal rationale!* He is a rational animal.

My John then passed his hand gently over Charles's face, to see if he could feel any thing strange. Then he drew nearer to me, and whispered, Father, ask him if a *boy* is a rational animal.

What do you think of my son? asked Mr. Watkins. Does he not promise something?

I think that he does. He promises to fill an early grave, or to have nothing left worth living for. He is a hot-house plant, and it is plain that his growth is forced. I beg you to remember his last answer. It is true that man is *rational*; but it is just as true that he is an *animal*. You will not let Charles be an animal: nature insists that he shall be, and it is plain that she is even now having her own way. She will hurry him out of the world, to save trouble to all concerned. I do not blame you for treating your child as if he had a reasonable soul, but because you give his young understanding food fitted only for educated intellects. The food of the body varies with the age of the eater. Every body eats; but the child wants milk, while the man craves meat. And then Mr. Watkins went away a little angry at my plain talking.

It was getting late, and the gentleman who was spending the evening with my father went away. It was a pleasant evening to me, and I was very thankful to father for letting me enjoy it. Now I have told you about my father's theory



concerning children, and I have shown you how he put it in practice. I will not ask you what you think of it, because you are getting sleepy, and men in that state are apt to be cross. A cross critic is my horror ; so, good-night.

---

## CHAPTER II.

JOHN'S IDEAS TAKE A WRONG DIRECTION.—HE GETS ACQUAINTED WITH DEACON MILLS.

My father was an Irishman. He came to America in 1816, bringing with him health, honesty, and a little money. He landed at Halifax, and there he saw my mother, who was a native of that place, and married her. Shortly after, he removed to Boston. He soon succeeded in getting a good situation, and he held it until he died. He saved his money, and before long was noticed as a man who promised to do well in the world. I wish that he had never saved more than enough to keep him out of debt ; for then he would perhaps be living now.

I have told you about some of his ideas so far as they concerned me. Before I speak of his death, I must notice some other ways and notions of his, because they have exerted a very considerable influence over my thoughts, my sayings and doings.

I have been a bad boy, but I believe that I never swore by the holy name of God. I do not think that I ever broke the second commandment, in its first and direct sense. I have to thank my father for so much of sin left undone. It is no slight matter, for the almost universal violation of this law does not make the act less offensive before God. Neither is it less wicked, because we commit it without much scruple. We curse daily, and we forget to-day the curses of yesterday. But unless we amend, we shall find each curse written against our names in God's book. Every oath is a stone thrown upon a pile, and when we die, we shall be sorely affrighted to see how great the heap is.

I never heard a profane expression in my father's house



This is one great reason why I have never been addicted to this abominable habit. It is very strange that some parents expect their children to avoid using words which they always hear at home. Let your children hear you pray, and they will pray too. Swear in their presence, and it will be a miracle of grace if they do not outswear you. Why, your children learn their language from *you*. No doubt that language was originally revealed; but, once revealed, we learn it from our elders. And the first words we learn are never forgotten. Solomon said well, that if you train a child in the way he should go, *when he is old* he will not depart from it. It may be that he will forget, for a time, his early lessons. But they are too deeply rooted to be entirely neglected, or forgotten. Not unfrequently the sinner, who has been proof against entreaties, warnings, and threats, is moved by the grace of God arousing and strengthening a remembrance of his early, well-spent years.

So my father's precepts were worth something, because he enforced them also by his example. Then he was very nice about my companions. He selected them for me, and he easily taught me to be as nice as he was. When any body spoke to me, he was sure to know it. He took such pains to make me hate the vice, that I soon came to think that it was the greatest of sins, and as disgraceful to the *man* as hurtful to the Christian. I was once sent by him to carry a message.

What the devil do you want with me? was the first word. I ran home with my eyes starting from their sockets.

What is the matter, John?

O father!

Well?

Such a wicked word as Mr. O'Hara said!

Ah! well, come here, and tell me what he said.

I went to him, and after looking at the roof to see if it was not getting ready to tumble as soon as I said the word, I whispered in his ear, Father, he actually said *devil*!

My father opened his eyes as wide as mine, and spoke in an under tone, as if he were thunderstruck at the enormity. I certainly thought that some judgment would overtake Mr. O'Hara for his wicked word.

I do not know that it was very judicious to encourage such expectations; perhaps it would not answer in all cases; but it did the work for *me*. I have been for years in the society of



swearers; I have herded with men who cursed almost with every breath, but I have never lost the feelings which were carefully aroused and nourished in my soul by my parents. The bad example of twenty-three years has not deadened the force of the combined example and precept given me during the first seven years of my life.

The housemaid one day began to plague me about some little matter, and she quizzed me so unmercifully that I became more angry than I ever was before. Mother was there, and I did not dare to be very saucy, although I was sorely tempted to it; the more so, as I thought that mother ought not to laugh at me when I was so vexed. I fancied that if I could call her *devil*, I would be thoroughly revenged. So I ran up stairs, full of venom; but when I got into my room, I was afraid to say the word there. I went into the street, but even there I dared not breathe it, lest some bird would whisper it in father's ears. It was almost school time, and I started off early; mother thought that I wanted to be first at school; I knew that I wanted to find some lonely place, where I could ease my mind. I went to the common, and ran to the top of the highest hill. Then, after looking carefully about, to see that no living creature was near, I sputtered the wicked word, and then took to my heels as if the spirit I had named were in close pursuit. I felt as if I were thoroughly revenged; so I was satisfied. Going home, I said to myself, Well, I wouldn't be surprised if Mary were sick in bed. She *was* very sober, and looked at me mournfully. O ho! thought I, you have *got* it, then! I found, afterwards, that she looked sorrowful because her pie meat had soured, and she had to make a new mess; and she looked at me so, because she wanted me to help her chop it. If father had looked sharply at me that evening, he would have seen from my face that something great had happened. But he was very busy for three or four days, and by that time I had forgotten the whole matter.

Father! father! I shouted, one afternoon, as I ran to him.  
Well?

Bill Thompson —

Stop, sir. Who is *Bill* Thompson?

*William* Thompson, I mean, father.

Well, you may go on, now.

He's got two rabbits at his house, and he stopped me this afternoon, and asked me to go and see them. He was *very*



civil, and he said he was sorry that I did not choose to play with him sometimes.

What did you say to him?

I told him that I could not, without asking you first. Then he tried to get me to go with him; and he said that you need not know any thing about it. I told him that I could not, and so I came home. May I go and see them to-morrow?

Did you not tell me that William plays truant sometimes?

Yes, sir, he did yesterday; and this morning he got an awful licking for it.

Was not William one of the boys we saw last week, in Hanover Street, as we were going along?

Yes, sir. He was swearing dreadfully, you know.

Did you like the looks of the boys who were with him?

No, sir.

Very well. Now do *you* want to keep company with this William Thompson?

No, sir, I don't; and that is a fact. But, said I, after a pause, I would like to see his rabbits.

That is well enough. But now, answer me truly. Would you like to have him boast that he had got you into his company?

No, sir.

Would he not boast of it, if he could get you to go with him?

Well, father, perhaps he would.

And don't you think that after you have gone with him once, you will find it a little hard to refuse him when he asks you again, as he certainly will?

I said nothing. Father's questions had taught me a new lesson.

Now, John, I think that you understand me thoroughly. And I place so much confidence in you that I will leave it all to yourself. You may go if you think that it is safe.

How proud a child feels, when he is appealed to in this way! Father knew well enough what *I* would answer.

I will not go with William Thompson, sir.

That is right. *Now*, I will tell you some news. A caravan of animals is coming to Boston to-morrow; and next week we will see them. You will be more pleased than you would be with two rabbits.

I have said that father was very nice about my companions.



He always selected them himself. There were only three families where I could visit, and play with the children; and I could never invite any others to come to our house. These were always welcome. Father knew that I could not help meeting other boys at school, and in the street, but he carefully instructed me how to behave on such occasions. I was never to be rude or uncivil; I was to do a kindness whenever a chance occurred, but I was never to make any particular acquaintance. He would not allow me to be very familiar with even good boys, at the school, because he did not know them; and he was afraid that I would not always be able to distinguish between a really good boy, and one who only appeared to be. For the rest, he thought that he could do no more than get me in the way of telling him all that had happened during the day. This was one great reason why he always tried to win my full confidence. When a strange boy, or a bad one, spoke to me, I would always have a story for father at night.

But all the vigilance in the world will *never* make a mixed school quite safe for a Catholic child. Catholic morality gives fixed rules, not only for *actions*, but for *thoughts* and *words*. It teaches that a man can damn his soul for a vile thought, harbored wilfully, as well as for an action which will answer to that thought. Protestant morality, if there be such a thing, is legal — forensic. It pays attention mainly to the outside, to the surface of things. It is possible that some Protestants will say that God will punish bad thoughts, as well as bad deeds. But they have no means of correcting merely *inward* wickedness. Among Catholics, the matter is simple enough. In the first place, the habit or gift of faith, which is infused into the soul at baptism, helps a child to understand that certain thoughts are wrong. Then there is the sacrament of penance, in which sins of thought are discovered, and the proper remedy is applied to them. But the child of Protestant parents enjoys neither of these advantages. If he ever comes to know that he can commit deadly sin by mere wilful thoughts, — and he seldom does, having no one to tell him so, — it is only when he is grown; and then the mind has too often become incurably filthy, — it has become the chosen home of seven devils. He has not the gift of faith, for, as a general thing, he is unbaptized. Then he has no remedy for such thoughts when he does come to the knowledge of their sinfulness; because, against his half-



formed wish to get rid of them, there is a confirmed habit, the want of habitual grace, and the absence of penitential grace, which is not ordinarily given, unless through the sacrament of penance, about which sacrament he knows nothing.

Of course, I do not suppose that this is the state of every Protestant mind. But it is certain that Protestantism, *as such*, gives no security against a like state of the soul. It has nothing of its own which can enable it to meet such a condition of things when it appears, and nothing to destroy the habit, when it is formed. Assuredly a pure-minded Protestant is not so *because* of any thing which he finds in Protestantism. The causes which may enable him to cultivate inward purity are various, but I have no time to speak of them now.

On the other hand, I by no means say that all Catholics are what they ought to be in this matter. But it is certain that the purity enjoined in Catholic morality is very different from a virtue which belongs to merely natural ethics. The Catholic always finds in his Church abundant means for checking this sin of impurity in the beginning, or for destroying it, when, for a time, it has polluted the soul. And experience has taught many persons that the Catholic who mixes most with Protestants is most likely to be led astray in these things. It does not surprise me at all that a Catholic who seldom or ever prays, fasts, or confesses, should be fountongued, or rotten with inward uncleanness. It would surprise me if he should not be. But a Catholic who is attentive to his duties, and who is at the same time a white-washed sepulchre, is a rarity that outdoes any thing else in the devil's museum. A Christian may fall; who doubts it? but he will get up again.

Stop! I would like to ask a question.

Well, James, what is it?

You won't be angry?

No.

Well, what do *you* know about the thoughts of other people? Do men have windows to their souls? Are you judging of others by yourself?

Perhaps I am. And if I be, I can say that I have lived under both systems, and I have some knowledge of their real value. Then human nature is pretty much the same everywhere; since the fall, the heart is corrupt, let your humanists, and your friends of progress, say what they will. By



the way, I believe in progress. The evil tree brings evil fruit. So does the evil root. Take poor human nature, bring out all there is in it, and you will have a progress of wickedness that would tickle the devil, as I have no doubt it does. That is the reason why our age, in the hands of infidels, is so much more wicked than the dark ages. But to return.

Inward wickedness will come out, in some way, and at some time. In fact, it does appear always, only you often let it pass without notice. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Yes, and out of the same abundance, the *face looketh*. A man who carries hell in his heart cannot always prevent its fire from flashing in his eyes, and its smoke from blackening his face. Did you ever notice that children always seem to know who likes them, and who does not? Affected caresses may impose upon the parents, but they seldom deceive the young ones. Now, all this is true of any sin; but it is especially true of that sin which more than any other changes the man into a vile beast.

The Bible was a school-book in my time, and we used to read it at class. Many of my schoolmates can say that they read more Scripture in school than they have since. The fact is, they lost all respect for the holy book. Not precisely because it was coupled in their minds with the idea of a task, although that circumstance went for something. But the sacred volume was treated badly. Every body knows that there are very many passages in it which no Protestant minister would venture to read aloud to his hearers; no father to his family. I say not whether this state of things be right or wrong; I only note the fact. Well, there were plenty of boys who made it their business to pick out these passages, and when it was play time, they would make merry over them. Now, do you think that the state of mind which prompted these children to do these things would stop there, and go no farther? It would be a strange thing if it did; and, in fact, it did not. There was no check whatever, for the children were by themselves: the older boys commonly added fuel to the flame; the master never knew what was going on, and the parents never suspected it. The children would not let their fathers into the secret, of course. Some were malicious, like William Jones; some were ignorant and ashamed; some did not know how to tell it. And so the cancer spread. The young ones were quite familiar with sin; they thought of it;



they talked of it ; as far as they could, they did it ; and they were fully prepared to plunge into it, when the age of perpetration came.

Of course, every sheep was not so infected. But who does not know that one vicious lad will corrupt half a dozen others, almost beyond redemption, before the mischief is discovered. Who does not know that these young sinners are unspeakably knowing in their choice of time and opportunities. Here is a sample of their cunning. Thomas and George were in the same school. One was ten, and the other was twelve years old. They were very fair boys to look at, but they were two apples of Sodom. The eldest could teach wicked gray-beards something new. Now, the master and the parents had ascertained that the boys were sold to Satan, and every precaution was taken concerning them, lest they should corrupt others, or themselves any more. They were accompanied to school by trusty persons, and they were watched when in company with other children. But the eldest had devised a scheme for running away together, and it was a cunning one, only it was very difficult to communicate it to the other. At last he had it. He wrote on a little morsel of paper : *ask for a pen*. He rolled it into a tiny ball, and when the master was looking another way, he threw it across the room.

Presently George stood up.

Master, I want a pen.

Then Thomas started to his feet.

Master, here is one ; I don't want it.

The master took the quill, and carried it to George. The hollow of the quill contained a note, in which Thomas detailed his plan, and told George to make a certain sign if he understood it, and another if he agreed to it.

The next week the two boys disappeared.

George is now in the state's prison. Thomas died even as he lived.

Now, who can say that *his* boy will escape these things ? Who can feel safe, when his child is exposed to such deadly peril ? If he do escape, it is not because his parents have saved him, but it is because an angel of God has blessed the lad.

Mr. Jones represents, in this matter, a very great majority of parents. They think that their children are innocent ; sometimes they look upon them as little saints ; and not unfrequently the innocent little saints, when they get together.



boast how they have cheated the old ones ; and tell how they have learned a precious lot of things, when father and mother thought that they were patterns of goodness and of innocence.

It is easy to see where these things will lead society. It is not improbable that most modern cities, counting even this pious city of Boston, if they were treated with even-handed justice, would become the beds of as many Dead Seas ; they would sink, with Sodom and Gomorrah, into hell. We may guess at the magnitude of the secret wickedness of this city, by the amount of what appears in open day, and by the *boldness* with which it appears. You see it in the loathsome contents of the outside of the so-called independent press. You see it in the crowds that run to hear such filthy monsters as Leahv ; in the sale of his pamphlets, which are brought into private houses because only *men* can attend his obscene lectures. You see it in the rush to our halls of justice when certain causes are before the court ; and in the prominence given them in the aforesaid independent papers. What a lie is that of their independence ! It is like *lucus a non lucendo*. I scarcely know which species of slavery is the most debasing, — slavery to the mob, or slavery to the devil. You see it in the vile books, *as readable as romances*, in which the scientific agents of hell dress up physiology, as they call it, in a shape calculated to make the soul a nest for every unclean bird. You see it when respectable young women say that it is quite right to read these damnable filthinesses, because “ *a knowledge of such things might sometimes save us health and life !* ”

Now, here is a small part of what is done in broad daylight ; and done, too, without the faintest appearance of a blush. The men and women who do these things were school-children when I was a schoolboy. And they learned many of their first lessons at school.

Now, in Protestant schools, all this is inevitable. Catholic parents should know it, and make some provision against the danger. I do not say that every man ought to regard his son as infected ; but I do think that every father who sends his child to these schools ought to know that there surely are in them *some* who are old in crime, while they are very young in years ; and that his boy or girl will surely be exposed to peril, and *may* perish in it. Do not think that they are too young to serve the devil. I have heard ear-splitting blasphemies vomited by boys only five years old. I have heard



expressions from little creatures that almost make common indecencies sound like chaste language. What is worse, these words cling to the memory. I have forgotten all the sermons I ever heard ; I have retained few good words which have been said to me ; but the remembrance of these outrageous things is as fresh as if I heard them yesterday. I have heard persons, while laboring under the insanity frequently induced by typhus fever, vomit impurities that drove every body from their bedside. These were often persons of pure manners and language ; but the vile expressions they had heard in their younger days had cleaved to the memory, and they issued forth when reason had fled.

My father was very particular about his own company, as well as about mine. Here was his great error. Not that he was wrong in selecting our associates with great care, for that was well enough. But these were Protestants, all of them. He was a proud man, and he thought (God help him) that Irish Catholic boys were not the right sort of companions for me. This mistake of his cost him dearly, and it nearly ruined me. He taught me the Catechism, but this was nearly the only Catholic influence which was brought to bear upon my life. I never went to catechism, seldom to church.

I was a pretty good Bible scholar, for my years. I remember that I received quite a premium from Dr. Jenks, after I had read it, from Genesis to Revelation. I read it a second time before I was eight years old. I always went to Protestant Sunday schools, and generally to their churches. The only protest I ever made, as a Catholic child, to anything I heard there, was against their mode of saying the Lord's prayer. When they recited, "forgive us our debts," I said, "forgive us our trespasses." When they went on with, "for thine is the kingdom," I would not say a word. For the rest, I heard sermons against Popery, without caring much about it, and without reflecting that I was nearly interested. I devoured the books in their libraries, and Bunyan taught me to hate giant Pope as well as giant Pagan. Pierre and his Family made me love the poor Waldenses, and get quite angry with their idolatrous persecutors. And so I read stories about wicked and lazy monks living in great convents, and about good Christians roasted alive by awful Inquisitors. The effect which these books had upon my mind is not yet effaced ; and I am sometimes reminded of them in a way that makes me laugh, in spite of my uneasiness and



vexation. I shall have occasion to return to this matter again.

Father, said I, one day, why do you not let me go to Catechism?

He looked at me in a strange way, for a minute, without saying any thing. Then he answered, My son, I sometimes tell you to do things without giving you any reason whatever. Do you not always obey me willingly?

I do, father; that is, I do almost always. Sometimes I think that you tell me to do odd things. I thought so yesterday.

What do you mean, John?

You know I always go to school by the Common. Yesterday you told me to be sure to go to Derne Street, without going within sight of the Common. I minded you, although I wondered as I went along.

Well, have you not heard any thing that explains my order?

No, sir.

Is it possible! Then you do not know that there was a fight on the Common yesterday?

No, sir, I never heard about it.

Havn't you heard the boys talk about the Northenders and Southenders?

I have heard a little about it, sir. I know that there is some trouble between them; but I don't care much about such things, and you know that I do not go with fighting boys.

Well, they met on the Common yesterday; and four boys were nearly killed. I heard that it was going to be, and I was anxious that you should not get into any danger.

So you won't let me go to Catechism for some such reason?

My father took no notice of this; but he went on talking about the boys. I heard more about it, the next day, at school.

When I was a schoolboy there was a bitter feud between the young rowdies who went to the schools at the south part of the city, and those who belonged to the northend schools. I cannot say what was the origin of the ill feeling between them, but it is certain that it existed in my time, and perhaps it does to this day. A southend boy, who was known to be one, would meet with rough treatment in Hanover Street. So would a Northender, if he were caught in Common Street.



This state of things brought about several fights, in which the worst thing that happened would be, that black eyes and bloody noses were carried home. So, when the boys of either district visited the other quarter of the city, they would often go in squads ; sometimes for mutual protection, sometimes for the sake of a fight. The Common was generally regarded as neutral ground, where boys of either section might play without let or hindrance. But even here there was not peace, but an armed truce, and it never required much to get up a fight. Sometimes fifty or so would meet there, by previous appointment, for a general engagement.

The only personal experience I ever had of this state of things was obtained one afternoon, shortly after that talk with my father. I was sent to Warren Street by my mother, and I was returning home, when four boys stopped me.

Be you a Northender, or Southender ?

Neither one or the other.

Where do you live ?

Westend.

That's all the same. Hurrah, hit him in the muns !

My cap flew off, and I believe I should have fared badly, for they were all big boys, had not a gentleman driven them about their business, if they had any.

The dogs of Constantinople divide the city between them in a like fashion. The Turks never harbor the animals in their houses ; it is a part of their superstition. So the dogs live in the streets. They are the city scavengers, and they do the work pretty well. All the offal, and the food thrown into the street by charitable persons, instantly disappears. The strangest part of the thing is, that the dogs divide the city into a number of wards, and the lines between them seem to be generally understood. The dogs of the same quarter do not molest one another, ordinarily ; but when a dog ventures across the line, and walks into a street belonging to another quarter, he is instantly known, and torn to pieces. Travellers have to take great care of their dogs ; in fact, they cannot have an animal with them when they are walking. This custom of keeping dogs in the streets is a very ancient one. David refers to it in one of the Psalms, where he says that certain persons shall wander through the city, and be hungry like dogs.

We lived, at one time, not far from Fort Hill ; and the master of that district used to visit my father occasionally, as



they were acquainted. The master urged him to send me to that school ; but father would not. He said that we were living in that quarter only for a short time, and that we should soon return to our old district. This was true. But he had a weightier reason. Derne Street school was frequented mostly by the sons of wealthy men. Fort Hill school was full of Catholic boys, and he was determined that I should not associate with any of them. Poor man ! it was a terrible mistake. I believe that it was the only great fault of his life, and he paid dearly for it. So have I. I do not know one of my old schoolmates, and my dearest friends are men who were Fort Hillers when they were boys.

It is very likely that they were some boys there with dirty faces, torn jackets, and hard fists ; but their worst was outside : with my own schoolmates, it was the reverse.

I was never near the school on the hill when I was a boy, and my notions about the lads there were about as correct as those of a Chinese about the outside barbarians. I do not know whether they mixed in the North and Southend quarrels, but I had heard that they were terrible fighters. I understood that pugilism was taught there as regularly as grammar. The master seldom took any notice of a fight among them, unless it might be to call up the boy who had been beaten, and thrash him soundly for his ill luck. Here is a story I heard about them.

They have a handsome green fronting the school. I never saw it until I was a lad of fifteen years, and then I thought that it was the finest looking place for a school I had ever seen, and I was sorry that I had not been sent there. This green was kept in nice order by the boys, who prided themselves on its pretty appearance in the summer months. One morning in July, the master called the head boy

John McGunigle !

Sir.

There is a fellow lying on the grass in the square. Just go with my compliments, and ask him to walk off the grass.

John went to the square, and spoke civilly to the man. He was a tall, rough fellow, evidently just from the country.

Sir, the master begs that you will go somewhere else.

How de deu ? Want to buy any marbles ? Got a whistle here — sell it cheap, seein it's *you*.

Will you go away, sir ? The master has sent me.

How many lickins de git a week ? Ain't the master's



cowhides worn out? Tell him I've got some — sell 'em cheap — and I'll give im one for nothin, if he'll promise to try it fust on your hide.

Once more, will you go, or will you not?

You go to grass. Guess I've got as good a right to the pastur as any other hog. You've got darned stuck-up notions, down here.

John went and reported to the master. The old man quietly called four of his *hardest* lads. Now, boys, said he, that fellow must be off. I know that two of you can manage him, but I wish to make sure of it. Speak to him civilly, ask him to go; and if he won't, I leave him to your discretion, only don't break any bones. And mind! if you come up and leave him on the grass, I'll flog every one of you. Now go.

Away they went. Probably they never had an errand that tickled them so. The master gave a recess for fifteen minutes, that the other boys might see the fun.

The eldest of the four was the orator. He began: —

I say, you sir, you've sent up a sarsy answer to master. Now, I tell you that it's no go. We won't put up with any impudence to *him*.

Haw, haw, haw!

Now, you may as well go off quietly, for you've got to clear out.

Well, whippersnapper, how's yer marm? Tell her to take care on ye; sich bright boys ain't long for this world. Wonder ye want dead afore ye was born.

Will you go, or will you not? If you want to fight, say so. I'll lick you with one hand.

Haw, haw, haw!

Here goes! shouted the boys. And brother Ike's hat flew into the air, while two blows, planted with great precision under his ears, laid him sprawling. The hat was full of doughnuts, cheese, and other matters, and the boys had a scrabble for them before Ike had recovered from his astonishment. When he was getting his legs, the doughballs and cheese were eaten, and the young scamps were all ready for him.

Well, I swan to man! Darn yer picters, he sputtered, as he rushed at them.

But the boys had divided their work scientifically. One ran between his legs and tripped him up, while another gave



his shins a kick that would have killed him, if he were an African. The other two closed one of his eyes, and opened the fountains of his nose. Then, when he was down, they began to make mince meat of him.

Will you go?

Gosh hang it, wait till I git up!

Will you clear out?

By the great horned spoons, I'll have yer life!

But brother Ike was getting groggy.

Stop, ye darned catamounts, give a feller a chance, ye blasted skunks.

Will you be off?

Yes; let me git up, and I'll go to Ginney.

Well, go, then. But stop! hold him down, Ned!

Watchew want now?

Ask pardon for sarsin master.

Darned if I will.

Wont you? Take that! And the young rascals began again.

Gor-ri! Stop.

Will you ask pardon?

Yes, any thing to git rid on ye. Uncle Sias told me to look out for Boston notions, and not git sucked in, continued he, muttering to himself. Well, guess I'm gitting a taste on 'em now!

Now, clear out, and mind you, don't give any of your sauce when you're going off. If you do, we'll give you some more of the same.

Brother Ike picked up himself and his hat. He sneaked to the head of Oliver Street, the boys watching him all the time. When he thought he had a good start, he turned and shook his fist at the quartette.

Gaul bust ye to thunderation! let me just catch ye in Hampshire, and I'll take the Boston wrinkles out of ye. Let ——

Away he flew down the street, for the boys had started in chase. They did not get a flogging from the master when they returned to the school.

I was a favorite with the Sunday school teachers, because I always knew my Bible lesson. But there was one thing which sometimes made me wonder a little, and made my teachers a little vexed.

I have told you that I studied the Catechism at home, and



I knew every word of it. Well, the first Sunday school which I attended belonged to a Calvinistic society. I remember that they had a sort of Catechism there, mostly made up of questions which were often answered with some text from the Bible. Very often the answers contradicted our Catechism. This puzzled me, and I asked my father about it several times. He always told me to believe what my own Catechism said. But why, then, must I learn a Catechism that contradicts the true one? I never could get an answer that satisfied me, but I was content to think that he knew best.

One Sunday there was this question: How many sacraments are there? It was my turn to answer, and I said promptly: —

There are *seven*.

My teacher was a young gentleman.

No, Master O'Brien. Think again.

But I know that there are *seven*.

Where did you learn that there are so many?

The Catechism says so.

Why, no. You forget strangely. The Catechism says that there are *two*.

I know that *this* book says so. But *my* Catechism tells a different story.

Why, what Catechism do you mean?

*My* Catechism, that I learn at home.

Master O'Brien, what are these seven sacraments you are talking about?

Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Holy Eucharist, Extreme Unction, Orders, and Matrimony.

My teacher looked up at the ceiling till I could only see the white of his eyes. The other boys in the class had been listening very attentively; but when I said this, they began to titter. At last one of them spoke: John O'Brien, you are a benighted little Papist.

I'd thank you not to affront me, said I. My Catechism says that it is a sin to call others injurious names.

Silence, boys. Master O'Brien, there are only two Sacraments. Do you understand? How many are there?

Two in your book, and seven in mine.

It was the last time that I went to that Sunday school. I told my father all about it when I went home, and he looked very sober. At last he said that he would pick out ano. r



school for me. And so the next Sunday I went to it, and it was one that belonged to the Unitarians.

I never liked to go to these schools, but I cannot even now say why I did not. I always felt uneasy in them, as if I were out of my sphere. The feeling was most likely the work of baptismal grace. I know that I should have been positively restive had it not been for the libraries ; but books always reconciled me to almost any place. I read them greedily ; and, as I said a little while ago, I drank poison from them that will never quite cease from troubling me.

There was a Catechism used in this school, also. I did not like it, because it talked strangely about our Redeemer. But three months passed by before any thing happened to put me very much out of humor with the place.

As I was going there, one Sunday morning, a large boy stopped me.

Where are you going ? he asked.

To Sunday school.

What Sunday school ?

Chauncey Place.

You had better take care ! You are on the road to hell.

What do you mean ?

Is not your father Thomas O'Brien ?

Yes.

Is he not a Catholic ?

Yes, he is.

Well, he is worse than you are. If he lets you go on in this way, he'll have to suffer for it.

I burst into tears, for it was the first time I had ever heard my father lightly spoken of. And I felt that the boy had some reason for saying what he did. Besides, his ways were very civil.

You had better be careful, said I, how you talk about my father. He is a good man.

He don't behave like one, then, said he. He is ruining you forever. Can't you see how it is ?

No, I cannot.

See here, then. Do you believe in the Catholic Church ?

Yes, I do. Isn't it in the creed ?

Well, must we obey it ?

Yes, he that hears you, hears me ; and he that despises you, despises me.

You know the Catechism better than I thought you did.



So much the worse for you, if you don't stop going to these heretical places. Now, is it a great sin to disobey the Church?

Yes, it is.

Does not the Church command us to keep holy the Sunday?

Yes, by hearing mass, and abstaining from servile works.

When did you hear mass last?

I went with father, a little while ago.

It is more than three months, for I saw you that day. Now, you see, you don't obey the Church. Now, tell me another thing. What is penance?

It is a sacrament for the remission of sins committed after baptism, and it has three parts — Contrition, Confession, and Satisfaction.

Well, what is confession?

It is the accusation of our sins to a priest.

When are we obliged to begin to go to confession?

When we have arrived at the use of reason, which happens about the age of seven years.

Well, have you come to the use of reason?

I suppose I have.

How old are you?

Almost eight years.

When did you go to confession?

I never went.

When do you mean to go?

I don't know. I never thought of it.

Well, here you are, disobeying the Church in another thing. But the bells are ringing; I must hurry along. I am going to Catechism, and I advise you to go too. What do you think will become of you, if you go on in this way?

I'm sure I don't know, said I, crying bitterly. I always mind father.

Well, mind one thing. When the Church speaks to us, we must obey her, even if all the fathers in the world tried to hinder us. Good-by.

And I went into the school in a very bad humor with it.

That day the superintendent chose to examine our class, and the lesson was from the first chapter of John. Of course, it was mainly about Jesus Christ. The superintendent called me.

Who is Jesus Christ?

He is true God and true man.



No, my child. Where did you learn that?

"It is in *my* Catechism." I felt ready then to be torn to pieces, rather than yield a hair.

What Catechism is that? asked the superintendent.

The Catholic one.

Here the whole class looked at me, with their eyes and mouths as round as dollars.

I study my Catechism at home, said I, and I believe it better than I do yours.

Then the superintendent made a prayer, and afterwards spoke a good while about Jesus Christ. He said that he was a good man, and nothing else. After he had finished talking, he advised me to read the Bible.

I do read it, said I. I have read it through twice. And I believe in Jesus Christ, the only Son of God. He who denies him before men, will be denied by his Father in heaven. Here the second bells rung, and we went to meeting. I heard some of the teachers say, Poor little Papist!

I saw the superintendent talking to the minister before he went into the church. I thought that he was talking about me. At all events, the sermon was about me; at least, so it seemed then. It was about Catholics, and even I, child as I was, knew that he was telling lies.

The poor Catholics are forbidden to read the precious Bible.

A likely story, thought I, when my father has got two in the house; and I, a poor little Papist, have read it through twice.

The Catholics worship idols, images, pictures, the saints, and the Virgin Mary.

Now, I know better, thought I. The first commandment in my Catechism says that we must worship only one true and living God. Images have no power to hear or help us. I wish I was big enough to get up and say that you are telling wicked fibs.

The Catholics break the commandments of God.

Well, thinks I, I wonder if *you* ever heard a commandment that says, Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor?

The fact is, I seemed to have learned a great deal this morning; but the new lesson was not very pleasant. I felt unhappy, and when meeting was over, I went home, crying bitterly all the way. You may easily guess that I had a long



story for father. He saw that something had happened, and he asked me what it was.

Now, father, said I, when I had finished, why don't you let me go to Catechism?

I never saw him so moved before. He walked up and down the room a while without speaking. At last he said, I will promise you one thing. You shall not go to the Sunday schools and meetings any more. I will think about the other matter, and let you know before next Sunday.

The next day he called me to him.

John, said he, do you know what they learn at the Catholic Sunday school?

Yes, sir. They learn the Catechism.

Well, do you think that they would teach it to you better than I have?

No, sir.

Then do you know what good you would get by going?

Well, I wouldn't hear such things there as I heard last Sunday.

That is very true. But can you guess why I have never let you go to Catechism?

You wanted to keep me away from the *Paddies*.

My father started as if he were stung by a serpent. He had never breathed such a word; but I had hit the truth, only the idea was expressed by a rough word. His eyes filled with tears, and his lip quivered as he went on.

John, said he, where in the name of wonder did you get that word? Did you ever hear *me* use it?

I certainly never did. But it was a common expression among my playmates. I had only three or four; for, to me, play was very simple. I never had a kite, sled, skates, marbles, or balls, and I never wanted them. I never cared for out-of-door amusements; it was enough if I could tell or hear stories, read nice little books, and look at pretty pictures. My companions were the children of my father's friends, and he selected them for me because they lived in large houses, and wore good clothes. It was not often that I heard any thing about our church, but I never heard any thing good said of it. It was always called the Paddy church. My idea of a Paddy was, that he was a low, dirty, and vulgar fellow, who always swore, drank, fought, and couldn't speak plain English. So I laughed at them as heartily as my companions did, without suspecting that my father was as genuine a



Paddy as ever lived. Now, I had never heard him speak of his countrymen slightly; I know that he loved his country well; but he would not mix with them, from what motive I cannot say; but pride and vanity were at the bottom of it, without doubt.

I seldom thought about going to mass, or to catechism; and when I did, it was in consequence of some incident like that which happened on the morning in question. Then I would feel as if I ought to go. But this feeling would soon pass away, and I would laugh with my young friends about the Paddies as merrily as ever.

I think that my Protestant education was nearly completed at the house of Deacon Mills, as he was called. He was a man in whom my father placed entire confidence, and, in a worldly point of view, he was quite worthy of it. I was at his house oftener than at any other not my father's. He professed what is called liberal, or homœopathic Christianity. He was eminently a benevolent man, in the sense which is commonly given to the word. Few distressed persons applied to him in vain. All the philanthropic institutions of the city counted him in the list of their benefactors. The poor knew him well, and they commonly spoke of him in words of praise. He was a most unsparing enemy of intemperance. With him it was nearly a mania, for he counted it as the one deadly sin. If he were Milton, he would have represented the devil as a rumseller, with a barrel for his throne, a bottle for his sceptre, and a tumbler for his crown. Some people doubted his honesty, but I believe without much reason. I am persuaded that he lacked only one thing, but that was the *one* thing needful. Now, this man nearly succeeded in making me renounce my baptismal vows.

He did not attack openly. O, no! If he had shown his colors, he would have been less dangerous. If he had ranted and lied about Popery, as so many ministers do in their pulpits, so many authors in their books, and so many editors in their papers, he might have made blind heretics fall into a darker abyss, but he would have made no impression upon Catholics. A child who knew his Catechism would detect the cheat, as I did on the Sunday I spoke of a little while ago. But Deacon Mills has as sovereign a contempt for vulgar Protestantism as you or I have now. He was sharp-sighted enough to see that the destinies of the nation would



depend mainly upon the character of the next generation, and he had good evidence that in twenty or thirty years the Catholics would be very numerous. He determined to do all that he could to make their number in the next generation less. The perversion of a Catholic child was, in his eyes, the best triumph he could achieve, and when it was to be accomplished, money and labor were not spared. He might have patronized benevolent institutions for their own sake, — it is not unlikely; but they certainly did not find less favor in his eyes because almost every one of them, with proper management, might be made an instrument for the weaning of our children from the Church, and so for decreasing the number of Catholics, which threatened to be too formidable in a few years, let Protestants labor as they would.

He had several associates in this work, and they all played into one another's hands. There was perfect system in their operations, and when one of them had a Catholic child fairly within his grasp, its faith was in the valley of the shadow of death.

Now, it was one of his maxims, that more flies are caught with honey than with vinegar. So he never said any thing against the church, or against her children. In fact, it was no trifling detail of his plan, *never* to allude to the subject. He placed great reliance upon this negative weapon of perfect silence, and a little reflection will show that he acted with judgment.

Then he labored hard to cultivate in children just such a taste as would be offended by things seen and heard in a church frequented by Irish Catholics. All his remarks, his stories, and the books he would read sometimes, tended in this direction. Every scene was from Protestant life, and all the views selected were pleasing to the eye. He never seemed to enjoy himself so much as when he had thirty or forty children around him; and he often gathered them together. I suppose that his theory about children was the same as that of my father; at all events, he put it in practice. He would not only encourage and direct our plays, but he would sometimes gambol and frolic with us as if he were again a boy. This man will appear often in the course of my story. If I am not a heretic, it is not his fault.

My father became sick during the week following that memorable Sunday. While I was sitting at his bedside,



reading the Imitation of Christ, he told me to stop for a few moments.

John, I have been thinking about the Catechism. I promised that you should no longer go to the Protestant Sunday schools, and you shall not. I am afraid that you have been to them too often already ; in fact, I have done wrong, my son, in allowing you to go at all. Now I see my mistake, and I will do all I can to retrace my steps in this business. I will soon have you go to Catechism, and make your communion, and be confirmed. It is true that you are young, but I think that you have been brought up in a way that has made you as ready as are some boys a little older than you are. It is possible that I may die soon ; and if I should, you will know what my intentions are. So you may begin now. You know your Catechism ; you have studied the chapters on penance, but you never went to confession. Get ready to go soon. I will take you to a priest as soon as I get well. God forgive me, — I will try to do that for you which I ought to have done long before.

Poor man ! He had sown good wheat in my soul, but he had also sown tares, and no hand but that of the all-powerful God could tear them thence.

I got another lesson while he was sick. I had often done little items of business for him at stores, and he always tried to send me on errands that would make me think that I was a *man*. His butcher had sold out to another man, and when I went to order provisions one day, I found the new-comer in the store. I told him what I wanted ; he gave it to me, and asked for the money. I told him that I had none. From what I said, he understood that father was an old customer at the store, and was in the habit of paying his bill on the first of every quarter. I suppose he saw that it was all right ; at all events, he asked my name and residence, and gave me what I wanted. Things went in this way for nearly three months, when the butcher called at our house, and asked for Master John O'Brien, saying that he had a bill against the young gentleman. This was when father was sick. The message made both father and mother stare ; as for me, I was frightened out of my wits.

Show him up, said my father. A bill against John ! What can it mean ?

I could not tell ; but the butcher walked in. Sir, said he, your son, here has bought provisions at my store for nearly



three months, and I have made out the bill in his name, for I did not know what yours might be.

O, very well, said my father, quite relieved. But I was not. I had no money; how could I pay it?

John, said my father, you must settle with Mr. Meacham.

Father, how *can* I? I was in great perplexity. I've got only five dollars, I continued, and you know what I'm saving them for. Besides it won't pay a quarter of the bill.

But you can have the money, can you not? Think a moment.

I cannot.

Well, did you not get the provisions for me?

Yes, sir.

And you had my authority for getting them?

Yes, sir, I had.

Well, then, you can call upon me to help you pay this bill. Go to my desk, and take out as much money as is required. Pay Mr. Meacham, and he will give you a receipt; and he will give you meat when you call again, no doubt.

Now, John, said my father, when the man had gone, you have learned a good lesson, if you will only remember it always. You were distressed when you had the bill given you, and no money wherewith to pay it. Never buy any thing if you are not sure that you can produce the money when it is wanted. It is a miserable feeling to have an account that must be settled, without any visible means to meet it. It is a feeling which has driven many men to cheat and to steal. Never get into such a difficulty. It is better to be hungry, but out of debt, than to have plenty, and be afraid to meet people in the street, for fear that they will ask money that is justly theirs, but which you cannot pay.

My father kept his word about my confession. One Saturday afternoon, he took me to the church, and pointed out a box in the corner. Now, said he, the priest is sitting in that box. When your turn comes, you will go as you see the others do. Say what you have to say in as few words as you can. Then, when you come out, say your prayers, and go home without stopping by the way. And he left me to my reflections. They were not very pleasant. I had never spoken to a priest; I had only seen them at the altar, and I did not know that they *would* speak to any body. What will he say to me? What shall I say to him? And I began to grow alarmed.



Suppose that he should scold me, was my next thought. I am not going to tell him any thing good of myself; it will be all bad. Perhaps he will be angry. I wonder if he has got a stick in there, to whip fellows with? And I grew more frightened every minute.

Pooh! thinks I to myself, — as I held my knees tightly to keep them from knocking together, — he won't be cross. Father says they are always good, like Christ, when he went after the stray lamb.

But my turn was near, and I grew more and more unwilling. A new source of disturbance occurred.

What right has *he* to know what I have done? Suppose he goes and tells it to other people? And if I ever see him again, won't he think of it? *I* shall, that is certain. And here all that I had heard and read at those unfortunate Sunday schools, and at other places, seemed to start up at once, and come to my mind as if I had just heard and read them. Among other things, I remembered these words, which I had read in one of the books taken from the Sunday school library :

“The poor Papists live without God. They go to a priest, give him money, and buy pardon for the sins they have done; and, if they have got money enough, they can buy leave to steal and murder.

What silly men these Catholics are! said Eliza.

Yes, and what wicked wretches the horrid priests are! said Jane.

I mean to be a missionary, and convert all these poor Papists, shouted Charles. And if the wicked priests kill me, as they did so many good people that we read about in Fox's Book of Martyrs, I'll be a martyr too, won't I, father?

Mr. Watkins smiled, and laid his hand on the boy's head. Bless thee, my son, said he.”

All this stuff, and much more, came to my mind, and quite unhinged me. So, when my turn came, I was in a spasm of terror, and I dragged myself to the place, I don't know how. I found myself in the awful presence, at any rate; but all recollection had gone, and I stood staring stupidly at the priest, without knowing what to do next. He had on a square cap, and quick as lightning there came the remembrance of a book I had read about the Inquisition. There was a picture, in the book, of the inquisitor sitting in a chair, while a poor Christian was pulled to pieces on a rack.



There were swords and pincers hanging on the walls, and I thought that the man in the chair looked like the priest sitting here. I almost screamed with fright.

Kneel down! he said, sharply. His tone did not calm me at all, but I obeyed mechanically, all the time staring him in the face.

Say the prayer, little boy; I cannot wait all day.

God help me, I had forgotten, almost, what prayer meant. But I felt that I must say something, and the thought of the saws, and whips, and pincers unloosed my tongue, though I made sad work of it.

Our Father, who — No. Hail Mary, full of — I mean, I believe in — Glory to the ghost, amen. Don't pinch me, I whimpered.

What's that you are saying? Stop crying now! Go on.

Please tell me what I must do.

Speak softly. Do? Why, make your confession.

I began to blubber something, and he all the time saying, Less noise! speak easy! At last, he lost his patience. You are too young to come here. Go home, and wait till you learn how to confess.

I started, and got out of the church as quickly as I could, glad to escape so easily. Every thing outside looked as bright and as new to me as if I had been shut up in the Inquisition for a month.

A nice thing is Protestant education for a Catholic child. My next confession was made six years afterwards. I made it in a better fashion; but I was sorely frightened withal. I have made it many times since, but I have never shaken off those disagreeable feelings, and I suppose that I never shall. Of course, my understanding has no part in them, but they cling to me, for all that. A peace that passes all understanding comes after the duty is done; but when it is to be performed, I feel as if I were to be hung, drawn, and quartered. I laugh at my qualms, but that does not drive them away. My early impressions were against confession; and, although they do not affect my judgment, they shake my nerves.

And now I come to the first great event of my life. I was soon to be thrown upon the world, a penniless orphan.

My father trusted few men as he did the head of the house in which he was employed. He often said that he would lend him all he was worth, without a note. He learned to rue his



confidence in the rich merchant. The firm had met with enormous losses, but it was not known. The head contrived to get the names of a few persons to his notes before the state of his affairs was ascertained, and my father was one of those men. The merchant absconded, and his securities had to suffer, of course. It ruined my father, for the little property he had gained was seized. He was an altered man from that day.

What made the matter worse was the sickness of my mother. She had a malignant typhus fever, and her life hung upon a thread. She never knew that we were beggars. My father kept the news from her, and he tried to prevent his face from telling it, which was no easy matter for him. A priest came to the house, and gave her the sacraments. She died; and when she was buried, my father lay down in his bed to die.

He struggled hard with his sickness, for my sake, as he told me. He knew that I would be quite alone in the world, and he knew that I would be penniless. The doctor came again, so did the priest; they told him that he *must* die, but he would not believe it for a great while. The few Catholic friends he had were at his bedside every day, and one of them had promised to take me to his house, and put me in the way of earning my living. The house had been sold, and the new owner only waited to have my father carried out of it, that he might enter. My father had sent me to find what sums were due by him to others, and I was to tell them, that they should be paid when the remains of the furniture would be sold. At last he died, calmly and sweetly. His last words were, John, trust in God, and in His mother. Mind your religion — mind it, John. I have done you great wrong, for through my fault you are not prepared to confess God before men. May our merciful Savior do for you what I should have done. John, you always obeyed me; remember my last commands. Never go near Protestant meetings and Sunday schools. Associate, as far as possible, only with good Catholics. Be sure and go to a priest very soon. Go to Catechism, get ready for your first communion as quickly as you can, for I believe that I shall not rest until it is done. Remember these words, my boy, and now do not forget to pray for your poor father's soul.

He died, and I went from the graveyard at South Boston to the house of my new master.



## CHAPTER III.

JOHN TRIES TO BE A SHOEMAKER. — FORTUNE MISTAKES HIM FOR A FOOTBALL. — HE RESOLVES TO BE A FARMER. — NO FARMER WILL KEEP HIM.

MR. RILEY was a good Catholic. He had lost his wife a year before, and his sister managed his household affairs. He had one daughter, a year younger than I, and he kept her at school. I was to learn the trade which Mr. Riley followed, which was that of a shoemaker; and in a week after my father was buried, I went to the shop. It was to me a change of scene, and for a little time I did not dislike my situation; but I soon grew tired of it. My work was to make threads, and to sew together little pieces of leather; and, for a while, I was interested in watching the workmen in the shop, and in seeing how shapeless bits of leather would gradually take the form of a handsome shoe. But I would sometimes spoil my work, even after I had been repeatedly shown how to do it, and many a scolding I got from the men for my carelessness. Mr. Riley used to ask me how I liked my new place, and I always told him that I liked my work, and that I loved Mary dearly; but that I did not like to be a shoemaker. Well, he would say, I do not want you to learn the trade if you do not like it. But you are only eight years old, and you have time to learn two trades before you are twenty-one. There is no hurry. You can get along in the shop for a while; and when you think of a trade that pleases you, you will let me know it. Did you ever make up your mind what you would like to be?

I want to be a lawyer, said I. Father always told me that I might be, when I would grow up.

Your father had the means of supporting you, my boy, and I have not. I would like to do what he meant to do for you, if I could. But I am poor.

Well, said I, perhaps you might, some time or other, get me into a bookstore. I would like to live in a bookstore, and never go out of it.

We will see, said Mr. Riley. It is plain enough that you



have little or no genius for shoemaking. But you can stay with me, and earn your board, until something better turns up. I shall expect you to open the shop in the morning, and make the fire. You can go home to breakfast at eight, and stay an hour. You may have two hours at dinner, and this will give you a chance to do any little errands that are to be done at the house, and to save a little time for yourself. You may always leave off work and go home at six o'clock. So you will have time enough to study a little, and from what I have seen, I believe that you will not throw it away.

I was very thankful to him, for I believe that few men would have allowed me so much time to myself.

On Sundays I went to catechism, and it did not take me long to get at the head, for I knew it all long before. The priests used to speak to me often, and the one that sent me away from confession often took notice of me. I tried to like him ; in fact, I could not help it, for he was very good to me ; but as often as I looked at him, the inquisitor would come to my mind. There was a great cellar under the church, and I would sometimes peep in, and wonder if people ever were shut up there. My name was put in the list of boys who would make their first communion, and be confirmed the next year. I made few acquaintances, but these happened to be of the right kind. Some of them are my dearest friends now.

One thing struck me forcibly. I had always been with the children of Protestant parents at school, and at play. I told you in the last chapter what sort of language I heard there very often. Here I heard little of it. I did not think of this until one of the boys, while we were going home, used a very filthy expression, and some of the others told him to carry his dirt to some other market.

There were some boys, to be sure, that came without shoes and stockings, and with torn clothes. Sometimes they were rough at play, and now and then there would be a little fight. Then I heard more of the brogue than I ever did before. But all these things went for nothing ; I felt very happy there, because I knew that I was in my right place.

Well, John O'Brien, you have got to be quite a Paddy. This was said to me by the boy who had talked to me so on the last Sunday that I went to the Protestant Sabbath school as they call it.

I laughed.



Well, said he, I am glad to see you where you ought to have been, long ago. Your father ——

Stop, said I, as my heart swelled within me ; don't say any thing against him, if you please. He may have done wrong in that, but he never did in any thing else.

Well, I won't say any thing. You are in the right way now, at any rate. So the fault is made good. How do you like the boys ?

Very well. They act more like brothers than any boys I ever saw. Once in a while they fight, but they laugh at it the next minute.

Have you gone to confession yet ?

Yes. I went once, but I won't go again very soon. The priest told me to go away, because I was too young. I was terribly frightened, I tell you.

Pooh ! you will know better one of these days. You had better try to get acquainted with the priests. The reason why you are afraid of them is, because you have lived like a heretic all your days, and you have picked up all sorts of cock and bull stories at them schools, I dare say.

I soon became attached to my new home. Mr. Riley had a few good books, and I used to read them aloud to the family, sometimes. I always gave two hours a day to my geography, grammar, and writing. Then Mary Riley and I would tell stories, and read together ; and I used to feel very proud when I could teach her any thing she did not know. She was a year younger than I was, but she was a good scholar, and she had a drawer full of rewards of merit. The only thing in which she went beyond me was arithmetic. I hated this study, and so I never tried hard to get along in it. She was at the head of her class in that, as well as in every thing else.

I never had a sister, and I soon began to feel that she was all the world to me. I would sit at work in the shop, making up little stories to tell her at night, and I was always trying to think of something that I could do for her. But I could not, with all my ingenuity, *make* any thing to give her. I tried to make a little box, but when it was finished, it was not fit for any thing but to hold pegs and tacks, in the shop ; and I cut my finger badly too in making it ; but I was almost glad of it, because she bound it up for me.

I could not then have told any one why I loved her so, for I did not, at that age, think much about beauty or grace



and it is very likely that I did not know what they were. But I was an orphan, and there was a wide, wide void in my heart, that wanted to be filled. She soon occupied every corner, and she has kept it ever since.

Yet she was very beautiful, as you can judge, for there she sits ; and she has lost none of her youthful grace. You need not blush, Mary. I would not say this to your face, if I did not know that you were already spoiled by the praises I have heaped upon you.

Why, John, how you *do* talk !

Don't interrupt me. I have been trying for some time to be dissatisfied with something in you ; but I haven't succeeded as yet. Well, I began to grow foolish about her. I thought that I would be a shoemaker, after all, so that I might always make her shoes. I used to swell with anger when I saw any boy speaking to her. One of her cousins gave her a little box, and after *that* I thought that hanging would be too good for him. I wasn't pacified till I spit all my venom in her presence, when she laughed at me until she cried. When she did that, I thought that my cup of misery was full. I burst into an uncontrollable fit of crying and sobbing ; I wished that I was dead, and laid in the grave with my father and mother. That made her sober ; she stopped laughing, and began to cry with me. She flung her little arms around me, and as her warm tears fell upon my face, she begged me not to feel so badly. I would rather hear you tell me one story than have a hundred boxes from any body else.

Would you, though ? said I, brightening up.

Yes, I would. Can't you tell me a story now ?

Yes, I can. Once there was a little boy, that had a very good father and mother. They sent him to school, and always made his home seem to him what the hymn says that Sunday schools are ; that is, a little heaven below. Well, his mother took sick, and went to God, to pray that he might go up there too. Then his father went to bed, and by and by he was carried out of the house, and the little boy saw him put into the cold grave. And he lay down on it, and prayed to God that he might go too, and see his father and mother, and see Christ, who always loved little children that are never wicked, because he was once a good little child. And the boy went with a good man, who promised to take care of him ; but it was *so* different from his own home, and there was no father and no mother ! But there was a good little girl, and



she did not make him forget his parents; no, she could not do *that*; but she made him feel that somebody in the world loved him as *they* used to, in old, happy days. And now he is very miserable, sometimes, because he is afraid that he will lose *her* too.

Here another fit of sobbing stopped my voice. While I was telling my story, Mary had come again to me, and she clung to me fast.

John, are *you* that little boy?

Yes, I am.

Then I am the little girl?

I said nothing. The fact is, I could not. It was quite a scene of childish misery.

But, John, why do you think that you will lose *me*? Am I — am I — going to die?

O Mary, what makes you ask that question?

Well, then, how are you going to lose *me*? Can't we live in the same house always? I don't want to go away.

Mary, it is time to go to school! exclaimed her aunt, from the bottom of the stairs. Make haste, or you will be late!

Yes, aunt, I'm coming.

Then we'll live in the same house always, won't we, Mary?

Yes, we will. Good-by, John.

Good-by, Mary.

Pretty strong courting for a boy of eight years, and a girl of seven.

I think that it was a day or two after, that her aunt scolded her terribly because she broke a plate accidentally. I was very angry with Miss Riley, the more so as Mary began to cry. I did not dare to say any thing to the lady, but I thought that I would console Mary. And I did it after a strange fashion.

Never mind, Mary, said I. You'll be my little wife one of these days!

Mary's neck was as rosy as her cheeks when I said that. Her aunt stood still a minute, looking at me with her great big eyes. At last she snatched up the broom, and ran at me. I scampered off to the shop, laughing all the way at the new idea; and when I sat down to work, I began to make up a story to tell Mary, at night. I spoiled lots of work, and I got a good scolding for it, but I didn't mind 'em; they might as well have scolded the wall.

Mr. Riley was almost always there, and he never allowed



any swearing, or bad language, in the shop. But when he went out, some of them would talk abominably. I did not understand much of what they said, but I knew that they were saying vile things, and I could not help understanding them, sometimes. If men only knew the deep, deep damnation they are drawing upon their own heads, when they poison the minds of children so! Why cannot they have mercy upon these tender creatures, and, if they will not teach them good things, at least abstain from leading them into temptation. The Romans, pagans as they were, sometimes wrote over the doors of places where children were gathered together, "Reverence is due to the young mind. Let nothing be heard in this place which is unfit for the ears of a child." In this matter, many of us are worse than pagans, and they will accuse us at the last day. But our most fearful accuser will be the child whom we have taught to walk in the very broadest and most crowded road that leads to eternal damnation. There ought to be an inscription written in legible characters, and fastened to the walls of every shop where there are men and boys working together—"Woe to the man who shall give scandal to these little ones. He had better have a mill-stone tied around his neck, and be cast into the sea."

Just so. It would be greater mercy to take a child, murder it, and so send it to heaven, than to make its mind a habitation of devils, on earth and in hell.

I spent ten happy months at this house, and then there came a change. Mr. Riley's sister married, and went to Ohio. Mr. Riley busied himself so about the matter, that he caught a severe cold, and neglected it. A typhus fever was the consequence, and in ten days he was laid in the grave. Mary was an orphan, and how well I knew how to weep with her, when all was over!

She was taken to the house of a relation, and I was told that I need not come near the place. She pleaded for me in vain; we had to part.

John, said she, I did not think that your words were coming true so soon. *Now* I know how bad you felt the other day, when you said that you were an orphan, and that you was afraid to lose *me*. John, I have no mother or father, and I am going to lose *you*. I cannot help it. I am a very little girl, and I cannot take care of myself. But I will never forget the good times we have had together, and I will always



pray for you, every morning and every night. Now, you gave me a medal the other day, that your mother wore. Here is a cross that my mother always had on her neck. You take it, and wear it for *me*. It is the best thing I ever had. And then we cried and sobbed, and clung to one another like two foolish children that didn't know what was the matter with us. We know now, don't we, Mary?

John, tell your story, do!

Well, I was homeless again. Not quite, though. One of the men who worked in the shop begged the new foreman to let me stay in it for a week or two, until I could get a better place. The master agreed to it, but not very willingly for he did not like me. My friend was a very poor and sickly man, and the others did not seem to care much about him, for he never drank or swore, and his clothes were mean. He took me with him that night, to his house. It was in Ann Street, and he lived in a garret, in one of the old houses there.

Jane, said he to his wife, here is the boy I was speaking about this morning. I could not leave him in the street, for he might come to harm. We have little room for him, God knows, but I thought that it was my duty to offer him the little we have. May be our children will not be taken care of the less by God, because we have given a bite to the poor orphan. He will find a home in a few days, I don't doubt.

It was a miserable place; I had never seen any thing like it before. There was a bed, an old table, and two or three broken chairs. A dipped candle gave all the light they had in the room, and a little boy, about my age, was sitting on a soap-box, trying to keep warm by the few coals that were going out on the hearth. There was a bed in the corner, on the floor, and a little boy was sleeping soundly in it.

How is John? said the father.

He is better to-night. I am most sure he'd get well, if we could give him nourishing things. But we are poor folks. God make us thankful for the good we get, and patient when we can't have what we want.

Mr. Croan took the candle, and went to the bed. The little fellow was fast asleep, but he was moaning a little, as if he were in pain. His face was very pale, all but two bright spots in his cheeks. Mr. Croan set down the candle, and there, on his knees, he prayed for a few minutes. Then he lifted up the child very gently, and put him in the other bed without waking him up. In the mean time, Mrs. Croan cut a loaf of



bread, and put it on the table, with some slices of cold meat. Then she filled four mugs with something hot, which was ginger tea, as I afterwards found.

Come, daddy, said the boy at the fire. Here's supper on the table, and I'm awful hungry.

The father showed me a place, and we ate our suppers. The victuals were not the best, nor were they plentiful, but we had enough. When I looked at them, at the poor room, at the sick boy, and at the woman, I did not wonder that he used to be so still and sober at the shop. His wife was a sickly-looking woman; she appeared as my mother did, just before she died.

After we were done eating, the mother cleared away the things, and then we all knelt down, while Mr. Croan said prayers out of the manual. Then he told us two boys that we might go to bed. I had made the boy's acquaintance; he told me his name, his age, and where he went to school. I was glad to go to bed any where; so I undressed instantly, and in five minutes I was dreaming of my father and mother.

The next morning, Mr. Croan said prayers, and we ate the other half of the loaf and the rest of the cold meat. Then he asked me if I had hit upon any plan. I can keep you a few days in the shop, said he, and you will earn enough to pay for what you eat. But you cannot stay there long. If I could afford to lose a day, I might find a place for you; but I must work or starve. I will make inquiries, and if I hear of a situation, I will see if it will do for you.

I will go out, said I, and ask some of my father's friends to give me a chance to get my living. I guess that I can get into some one of the stores kept by them; I will come to the shop this afternoon, and tell you how I get along.

Come back here to dinner, said Mr. Croan.

I will, if I cannot get it any where else. And I went out into the world alone.

I went to the stores on Long Wharf, where my father was manager. I asked for the great merchant, but he had failed, and was in a distant country. I could get no employment there; I was too young. No one knew my father; one young fellow thought that I was a thief; another advised me to go to the theatre, where a boy of my appearance might be employed in running errands for the actresses, and in bringing them liquor. Another asked me if I could run fast. I told him that I could.



Then run out of the store ; you are in the way. Clear out with you !

I went out, and sat down upon a barrel, crying bitterly. Presently some one laid his hand upon my shoulder. I looked up ; it was Deacon Mills.

Why, John, my dear boy, what is the matter ? I know that your father and mother are dead, but why did you not come to my house, as before ? My children have spoken of you often. Where have you been all this time ? And what is the matter with you now ?

My heart warmed towards the old man. He had always been very kind to me, and I was happier with him than with any other man, excepting my father. In my present trouble, I thought that he had come to me like an angel from heaven. So I told him all that had happened, and how I was then searching for a place where I might earn my living.

John, said he, I wish that you would go to my house, and stay there until I come home this afternoon. You will take dinner with me to-day ?

Yes, sir, thankfully.

Well, good-by until then.

And I felt a great load taken from my heart, as I walked along. I went to my old shop, and told Mr. Croan of my good fortune. He did not seem to like it as well as I did, for he looked very grave when I told him who had taken me so kindly by the hand.

Well, my boy, perhaps there is no danger. I hope for the best.

Why, what is the matter ?

O, perhaps nothing. I do not want to stand in the way of your advancement. There is no danger, if you will be faithful to God. You know your Catechism, so you know what your duties are. If you will say your prayers, and keep out of those meeting-houses, there will be no great danger.

Well, I will try to do my duty, said I. I am very thankful to you for your kindness to me. I shall always remember it.

Come and see me, sometimes, said Mr. Croan. I shall be very glad to hear how you get along.

As I went away, I heard him mutter, Poor boy, he will lose his soul, I am afraid.

I went to the house of Deacon Mills, and I was met with a hearty welcome. I spent a very pleasant forenoon, reading



a new kind of Robinson Crusoe that had just come out. I had read half of it when the deacon came home.

That's right, John, said he ; you have kept your word, I see. Now we will have some dinner. And we sat down to a better meal than I had eaten for some time. He told two or three stories that made us laugh very heartily. Then he began to speak about drunken people.

I was passing through Cross Street to-day, said he, and I saw a pitiful sight. There was a woman and two little children, both girls, and the woman was drunk. She was sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, and she could not sit very steadily, either. She stared at the carts and at the people passing by, with a drunken look, and her children were trying to pull her up, and get her to go home. Mother, do try to get up, said the eldest, an interesting child of seven years ; see how the people are looking at us. Mammy ! cried the other, mammy ! do come home and give Biddy and me some bread. An officer of police came up, and took the woman into custody. He said that she was an old offender, and he was determined to complain of her that day. The children cried bitterly ; and, as a crowd was gathering, I called a coachman, and got the girls into the carriage ; and, jumping in, I told the man where to drive. On the way I quieted the children, and made the eldest tell me her story. She was sensible beyond her years, and in fact I have often observed the same thing in the young children of drunken parents. I suppose that it is because they are thrown upon their own resources, in a great measure, and are obliged to think for themselves in a great many things which are attended to by parents who are at all worthy of the name.

Their father was dead ; the mother had been going on in this way for some time. I asked the children if they would not like to live in some place where they would be taken care of, have plenty to eat and drink, and to wear, and be taught some good trade by and by, so that they could earn a living, and take care of their mother. The eldest girl said that she would be very glad of the chance. I left them at the house I had chosen, and I arrived at the Police Court in time to hear the judge send the woman to the House of Correction for six months. I told him that I would see to the children, and he said that he was glad to hear it. Then I went back to the house, and told the matron to give them clean clothes, and I would give notice to the Young Ladies' Society that there were



two girls to be provided for, so that they would not remain upon her hands long. I told the children to be good, and the lady would be a mother to them; and that I would call again soon to see them. I was fortunate enough to meet a charitable friend from the country, who at once offered to take the youngest to his house, and adopt her, if she suited him and his wife. He has no children; so the girl is in the road to a good situation, if she happen to please them. The other will be disposed of in a day or two. I have been very fortunate to-day, continued he, glancing at me. The man of sin has lost three subjects, at least.

I wondered who this man of sin was, while the deacon went on. A distressing case happened last night, said he. A man and woman sat down over a great jug of rum. The man got drunk, and went to bed. The woman drank the raw liquor until she could neither drink any longer, nor get to bed. She fell off her chair, and she was found this morning, lying dead on the floor. Her husband got up, and when he saw her lying there, he concluded that he might as well drown his trouble for a while; so he hugged the jug so heartily that in a short time he was lying by the side of his dead wife. A neighbor went in this morning, and found their only child, a fine little fellow, nine years old, sitting on the floor, near the dead body of his mother, and the living corpse of his father, and weeping as if his heart was almost breaking, as I have no doubt it was. I will keep an eye on the boy, for I think that before long I shall have to do something for him.

Are his parents Irish? asked Mrs. Mills.

Yes, they are. So much the more reason for being vigilant.

After dinner, he took me into his study. John, said he, I have been very fortunate to-day, more so than I had any reason to expect. A special Providence watches over you. I have heard of an excellent place; it is in the country. I love the country; don't you? pure air, and, above all, pure water.

I thought a moment. I certainly *did* like it. My father had taken me out into the country a great many times. It was associated in my mind with green fields, pleasant hills and shady woods; with all kinds of fruit; with peacocks, fresh eggs, and new milk. I had often asked my father why he did not live in the country always, it was so much more



beautiful than the city. So I told the deacon that I liked it well, and I would be very glad to go there.

I am pleased to hear you say so, said he. I saw, this morning, a friend of mine, who lives in the country, and who happens to want a boy of your age. He is a Frenchman.

O, I will learn French, said I, clapping my hands.

You will learn French, replied he, smiling. My friend has a large farm, and he will put you in the way of being a useful member of society, if you only do your part of the work. He will be here this afternoon, and if he likes you, he will take you with him in his chaise to Newton.

To Newton? That is not far from Boston.

Only eight miles. But hark! I think that Mr. Lanois is at the door. Yes, that is his voice. Let us go down to the parlor.

He was there. Ah, Deacon Mills, zis is ze garcon what you recommend to me. Ah, ver good boy, ver good boy. But, parbleu, he ver littell small.

Yes, Mr. Lanois, but he is quick for his years. I think that you will be able to put him to some use.

Come to me, small boy. What you name?

Thinks I to myself, if I can't speak French, I can understand it already. John O'Brien, sir.

How old you?

Almost nine years.

Do you like ze contree?

Yes, sir.

And you will go wis me, and be one farmer?

If you will take me.

Ver well, small littell boy. I take you and try you. If I like you, and you like me, we live ver well in my house. Now we go; farewell, Deacon Mills.

The deacon shook hands with me, and told me to be faithful, and I would have a farm of my own in a few years. He promised to call and see me when he passed that way. I thanked him for his kindness, and told him that I would try hard to please my new master. And so we rode off.

My first hour's experience of farming life was very pleasant. It was a ride through the beautiful environs of Boston. I had often passed through them before, but I never took so much notice of them as I did this day, because I was going to live there. When we passed a pretty house, I would ask my master if it were not ours.



No, my littell small boy, we see my maison ver soon.

Your *mason*, thought I ; then you are building a brick house I do'nt like a brick house in the country as well as a wooden one, said I. The wooden houses always look so white and clean.

Ver true.

What makes you live in a brick house, then ?

Comment ? what you say ? I no live in de breek house !

You said *mason* ——

O, you make one mistake. Maison is ze French word for house.

A figure of speech, thought I ; the builder for the thing built. It is a queer language.

By and by, we stopped at an old, large, red house.

Zis is my house.

Down went all my air castles about pretty white houses, with nice green blinds, and a garden of flowers at the front. Out came two women, three girls, and four boys, all of these last much smaller than I. And then there was a great jabbering, of which I could not understand a word. A man came and put the horse into the stable.

Jean, take zat bucket, and fill it wis water at ze well. Zen go into ze stable, and you will find one sponge, and one brush. You will clean off all dirt from zis shay. Do you comprehend me ?

I did, and I went about the work at once.

Ver well. Now you come into ze house. Small littell boys must eat, and grow big. You not do more work to-night.

I was very glad of it, and at an early hour I went to bed, and fell asleep, resolving that when the house would be mine, as I fully determined it should be in the course of time, I would paint it white, and hang to it green blinds, and plant flowers all along the front.

Jean, small littell boy, it is time to rise out of ze bed.

I hurried down stairs ; it was a fine morning in April. We went out of the house, and walked towards a large field, where there were several men at work. Now you begin to be one farmer to-day, said he.

My notions of farming were about as accurate as those of a boy who is in love with sea life are about the ocean. I liked to shake fruit from the trees, shell and parch corn, and chase the gobblers and peacocks, when there were any. These



were the pleasures, the poetry of farming; now I began to learn the *rudiments*, and they were not more pleasant to me than the pestle and mortar *rudiments* were to Timothy Oldmixon. When I went to Mr. Riley's shop, I wondered how I could learn to make shoes by sewing together little shapeless pieces of leather, and making threads. I found that the rudiments of farming were more disagreeable than those of shoemaking. They consisted in picking up stones in the furrows, and in heaping them in piles. Before night I made up my mind that I would not be a farmer.

Sunday came, and I had to work—a thing which was quite new to me. It was not necessary work, either, else there would have been some excuse. The horses and the other animals must be fed, and the poultry must be taken care of on Sundays, as on other days. But on this Sunday, everybody worked. I was sent to an old cabbage plot, to root out the stumps. Every stump seemed to pull hard, as if it meant to be rooted out only under protest.

The next Sunday, and almost every Sunday after, we went to *meeting*. I was very unwilling to go, for the place brought back to my mind the last time I went to Sunday school, and the confession of my father that he had done wrong in sending me there. I told my master that I did not want to go.

Not want to go! Why, you one small, littell bad man. Why you not want to go?

My father and mother were Catholics, and ——

You not mention that name to me ever once more! You say it, and I beat you wis big stick. Ze Papiss are ze hogs, ze goats, ze brutes. Zey worship one image; zey hang, burn, and kill all good Christians. Very bad men. You not mention ze name again.

So I had to go to meeting. I kept in my heart an ill-feeling towards it, but this slowly wore off. The minister never spoke of our faith, so I had nothing but my baptism, my father's last words, Mr. Riley's good offices, and my recollections, to help me keep the resolution I had made never to go to meeting again. Mr. Croan was right; my soul *was* in danger here.

I was walking to the house with master, one morning, and I asked him to give me a little piece of ground for my own. This was in the first week of my country life.

What will you do wis it?

I want to plant some flowers.



Why you not plant some good to eat?  
 I would rather have flowers, if you will let me plant them.  
 Well, I like to see flowers. You shall have one piece, and I will give you ze seed.

I was very glad, for I wanted to raise a bunch of flowers, and send them to Mary. So I gave every spare moment to the little plot he marked for me, in one sunny corner of the field. In two months the bed looked very pretty, as I thought. I had planted a nice border of pinks, and in the centre I sowed seeds that would spring up, and form the letters I. H. S.; with a cross resting on the bar of the letter H. The whole concern looked like a triumph in the art of gardening, and I watched its growth with pride, taking good care to remove every weed and stone, and I kept a bright lookout for caterpillars. On both sides of the I. H. S., I planted other seeds, which grew, and made two names. On the right end, the plants made the name of John. On the other, there appeared MARY. I did not know whether it ought to be for Mary in heaven, or for *my* Mary. Finally I compromised the matter by dedicating the figure to Mary above, and devoting the flowers to my little Mary on earth.

My master seldom went that way, but he came along one morning, with a light hoe in his hand. I had just been watering my plants.

Ah! you be one small, littell gardener. I like to see you doing such good work. You bed very handsome. I tell my family zey must come and see it. Ver well! ver well!

I looked at him gratefully, but as I looked, there came a change over his face that scared me. It grew black; his eyes shone like two half-alive coals, and he shook for a minute as if he had a fit of ague.

*What zat, what zat?* he sputtered, as soon as he recovered his breath. *Ze cross! ze cross!! sacre! dam!* And he flew at my poor plants with his hoe, and he did not stop until the bed was a scene of ruin; and all the time he talked violently to himself. When he had done, he turned to me, and cuffed me until I was almost blind.

I teach you insult me wis plant cross in my land! What you mean, you fool? Will you do one rascal trick again?

When he had vented his spite, he told me to go and weed the onions. I went without saying a word, for I was afraid that he would kill me. I thought that I could kill *him* with a great deal of pleasure. But in an hour or two, these bad thoughts went away.



There was an old man that worked on the farm, standing by, and looking on all the time. While my master was hoeing up my flowers, he laughed till he cried again. While I was weeding the onions, he came to me, and asked me how I felt. I told him that I felt very sorry.

Well, I reckon ye do, for ye took lots o' pains with that are bed. But I kinder guessed that the boss would kinder flare up, when he see it, though I didn't b'lieve he'd act so tarnal mad. I thought heaven and airth was coming together when he made the hoe fly. Don't you know what ailed him?

No, I'm sure I don't.

Well, you ain't been here long, and tain't no wonder if you wasn't up to it. But it's because you planted them gim-cracks and folderols.

Which do you mean?

Why, them figgers and letters in the middle of the bed.

Why, that was the cross of Christ.

Well, I do' know. But I reckon that Christ, if there ever was sich a man, didn't die on a cross made out of pinks and hawkseye daisies. I was into Bosting, once upon a time, and I went to the Catholic meetin to see the raree show. Then I went to hear Fanny Wright in the arternoon. I went to them two cause we've got all the others out here, and I could see em, most any time; though I reckon I've seen em as often, about, as I ever want to. Well, I took notice of every darned thing I saw in the Catholic meetin, just as if I was goin to hold a vandue there, next day, to sell off the stock. I heerd the old priest singin hi cockolorum, and the choir sung amen to it, jest as if they understood it. I thought the priest had too much riggin about him; what with ropes and swadlin clothes, he looked like a baby in a manger. Praps that's what they meant him for. Then, every once in a while, they'd raise a darned smoke, to cure the smell of the place, I spose. I thought 'twas a great waste o' God's critters to burn candles in the daytime; but that's to light the souls out o' purgatory, I've heerd. I took notice that there was crosses all about, and on the front of the table there was a figger, much like that are one of yourn in the middle of the bed. I guessed by that that you was a Catholic boy, and, says I to myself, Here'll be a rumpus, when the boss sees it. So I kept as close as I could, to see the fun, and, by George, wasn't he hoppin mad!



But what did he have against the cross? There is no harm in it. We would have been in a bad way, if it wasn't for the cross?

Didn't you know that the old man was a Catholic in his young days?

No. Was he?

I reckon he was. Though you couldn't have heerd tell on it, cause you ain't been here long, and there's few knows it besides me. I never spoke to him about it in my life; if I did, 'twould be the last day's work I'd ever do on his farm. But there was an old preacher, that died here bout two year ago, and he knew boss when he wasn't knee high to a toad. He told me that boss was a Catholic boy once; but he got tangled in the great bust up they had in France, when the king and queen and the priests was killed. Somethin or other he did there made him kinder hate the Catholic church, and it's growed with him, so he despises the very name. The old man that died twitted him about it, one day, and I thought that boss would kill him right on the spot.

Now you know all about it, I hope you won't blab; though 'twouldn't be healthy for you, for boss would be the death of ye, if he heerd ye talking about it.

I promised that I would not, and I went to the house, as it was growing late. Master came out of the barn and met me.

You small rascal, you shall go from me in one hurry. I no have you in my house any longer. You bring bad luck in it, if you stop here.

But what have I done? I have always minded you. You can't tell Deacon Mills that I've been a bad boy.

I will keep you until I get one place for you, and zat will be to-morrow, I hope. Now you go. I no want to see you in my sight. Ze cross! sacre, dam!

He went away in his chaise the next morning, and came back in the afternoon with an old man in a wagon. Then he called me.

Here, Mr. Willard, is ze boy. You can take him now, and I ver glad to do zis service for you.

My boy, said the old man, I am a farmer. Will you go with me, and work on my farm?

I liked his face; it looked good natured. Yes, sir, said I. Where is the place?

It is in the farthest part of Roxbury, only a few miles from



here. You'd better get ready, then, and jump in. We won't get home much afore sundown.

In a few minutes I was on my way to my new place. We arrived about sunset, and it was a very old house; but I liked the change; for, although it had never been painted, and was very dingy, it looked better than that hateful red barn. There was a kind-looking old woman in the house, Lusy getting the supper ready, and we three were the only inhabitants.

Wife, here's the boy that mounseer was talking about, this morning.

Ain't he *little*, James?

Well, he *is*; but you can't expect a boy nine year old to be a giant. I reckon he's hungry; I know *I* be. What ye got for supper?

Rareoformeddlers and johnny cake.

Well, let's go at em! Come, John, eat and grow fat.

He looks a little like our Willy, don't he, James?

Do' know. You think that every boy you see looks like our Willy. I wish we had him now; he'd be a great help to us. But what can't be cured must be endured.

Well, he *does* look like Willy, the more I look at him. What's your other name, little boy?

O'Brien. And I answered her string of questions by telling her what had happened to me; and she took a great interest in my story. On the whole, I was very glad of my change of quarters. These people appeared to be kind and sociable; and I thought that they would talk with me sometimes. Now, at the Frenchman's house, I felt lonely very often. The family kept to themselves, and I had to keep company with the workmen. They would not say much to me, and when I asked them questions, they did not seem to know always how to answer them. Sometimes their talk was so nasty that it almost made me sick; and I used to run up stairs, and sit all alone, to get rid of such hogs as one or two of them were.

One evening, they were talking about French people, and they had a dispute about the French revolution. Some said it was a good thing, because the people were freed. Some said that it was a bad thing, just because the people were made slaves. When there was a pause in the dispute, I spoke.

I think that it was a very bad thing, because wicked men



killed the king and queen, and a great many priests and good people, and said that nobody should worship God in France, if he didn't want his head cut off.

Hillo! what a young preacher! Go it, little game cock.

I took no notice of the interruption. I have heard my father talk about the revolution, said I, and I learned these things from him. He told me one or two stories about Bonaparte. Now, I should like to hear some more about him, if one of you will please to tell me.

Well, I'll give you a notion about what he was, said one; and you'll know him if you see him in hell, walking about. You see he was a great giant, about a hundred feet high, and he used to wear blankets made out of the clouds, cause he couldn't find cloth enough in the country to make him a suit of clothes. The reason why he made war with the Italians was, that he wanted the cupola of St. Peter's church for a hat, and the pope wouldn't give it to him without he'd get a streak of lightning to put into it for a feather. So he —

And I ran up stairs, to get rid of such stuff.

But my new friends seemed to be different people. I had become shy in putting questions, because I had so often got either no answer at all, or rough and foolish answers. But I asked one or two questions of these old people, and they spoke so kindly, that I was glad; and when bed-time came, I was not very willing to go.

The next day, I asked the old man to give me a little spot of ground, that I might cultivate it at spare moments. He agreed to it very good naturedly; but when I asked him for seeds, he said that he did not have many; I was welcome to all that I could find in the house, and I might go to the neighbors, and beg a few. In this way, I collected enough for my purpose, and I tried to reproduce my old bed of flowers.

My duties here were like those of the old place, only there were no stones to be picked up. One part of my work was to feed the poultry, and I took a strange pleasure in tormenting them, in fifty ways; such as getting the chickens in situations inaccessible to the hen, and then watching how the little things clamored to get down, and the parent to get up. An old goose cured me of the habit of practising upon her relatives, by nearly breaking my arm. The dog got his share of teasing; the cat, after having her feet shod, her nails pared, and her body wrapped in a strait jacket, fairly



ran wild in the woods. I was a terror to the dumb tenants of the farm, and they all ran at my approach. The cows shook their horns at me; even the horse would not forgive me so far as to eat from my hand. The old man gave me many scoldings; but the humor for mischief was too strong in me, and his live stock had no peace while I was about.

Some afternoons, I had nothing to do but sit down near the vegetable beds, and drive the cows away when they happened to stray near the turnips and other things. On these occasions, I always had a book in my pocket, and I read, in season and out of season. I soon had nothing to read in the house, for its stock of books was not great. The Bible, an odd volume of plays, some old almanacs, and papers were quickly disposed of. Then I visited every house in the neighborhood, and got all the books, one after the other, and read them. Some of them were good, some bad, some did not deserve either qualification. I read them at every moment when my work was not required, and sometimes when it was. The old man never *see* sich a crittur. Neither did the old woman. He would have checked my literary propensities very often, for they cost him something, occasionally. I would go to the field to keep the cows from the turnips; and when I got there, I began to read. As I read, the cows would come up and eat whole rows of turnips. They were obliged to me, but the farmer was not. One afternoon, he came up and saw me reading, and the cows making great havoc among the beds. A smart cut from his whip kept me wide awake the rest of the day.

The old lady sent me, one day, with a great plate of her new pork, nicely roasted, to a neighbor, with the usual compliments. I went with a book under my arm, and when I got there, I was in a brown study about something I had read in it. A little girl came to the door, and I gave her the book, with Mrs. Willard's compliments; — she had just killed a pig, and hoped that Mrs. Holden wouldn't be affronted at her sending a mess of it. Then I went home with the plate of pork.

Why, goodness, gracious, *me!* exclaimed the old lady, — what's the matter with Miss Holden? Is she sick? ain't she at home?

Why, nothing is the matter.

What did you bring back the plate for, then? Wouldn't she take it?



The plate! Why, what have I done? And I ran back with the pork, but the lady was angry, and she wouldn't let me in. After I had knocked a good while, the window opened, and the book was thrown at me with such good aim that it knocked the plate out of my hand, and broke it. The house dog seemed to be the only one that enjoyed it at all. Mrs. Holden did not speak to my mistress for a great while. A likely thing to do, she said to her neighbors. *Me!* a professed Christian, in regular standing for fifty year, to git a mess o' pork that wasn't nothin but a nasty novel, things I never read, as every body knows; and that to be Charlotte Temple! My stars and garters!

But my old mistress would not let her husband deprive me of my books. She would have it that I looked like her dead boy, and she was disposed to be very good to me. So I went on doing my work, sometimes in a careless temper, sometimes in a mischievous one, seldom as it ought to have been done. The old man, at last, said that it was time for me to think of something else to do. I am sartin that you was never made for a farmer. Ef you had an independent fortin, you might be a book farmer, and have ten or twenty men to try all sorts of jigamarees with God's innocent soil; but you've got your money to make, and you won't make it by working on a farm; that's clear as daylight. At most, you'd be one of those poor, miserable, good-for-nothin tools that go from farm to farm, lettin themselves out to do the worst kind of work, and never gettin ahead in the world the leastest mite. What do you think, yourself?

Well, sir, I am pretty sure that I shall never be a farmer. I don't like it very well.

That's it; speak right out. I don't want to drive you out of the house, continued the kind-hearted old man, but 'tain't fair to keep ye ollers here, knowin that you'll have to try your hand at another business sooner or later. So I thought I'd have a talk with ye about it, and have it off my mind. I guess you was made for better things than toiling and moiling on a farm. If you showed any turn for it, I'd a kept ye here, as I've got no children, and I might a put ye in the way of pushin through the world. But you've got to be a minister, or a lawyer, or some other justice of the peace, or else I've missed my guess. Now it's all understood. I would poke you off on some other farmer, as the mounseer did on me, but that wouldn't be treatin them or you fair. Besides



I do' know as every body would let you have your own way as I have.

I felt that this was true, and I told him so. O, no matter for that, said he; you're an orphan, and I kinder felt for you. Didn't you tell me that Deacon Mills found the place for you?

Yes, sir.

Well, I'm goin in to Boston next week, and I'll see the deacon. I know somethin about him, and I guess that he'll find a place that'll suit you better. So you can do your work as well as you can till I see about it, and then I'll let you know.

The old people were not church-goers; so one source of annoyance was spared me. There was no meeting in our part of the town, and we never went during the three months of my stay with them. Master would read a chapter of the Bible in the morning and in the afternoon; and then both would busy themselves about domestic affairs. I studied or read; for on Sundays I had little work to do, besides feeding the animals. One Sunday morning they both strolled over the farm, and when they came home, they were very curious about my bed of flowers. It looked nearly as well as the first one did, and they had a great deal to say about my taste in gardening.

But I'd like to know what them figgers means, said the old woman. There's the name of John at one eend, and I spose that's you; ain't it?

Yes, it is.

Well, who's Mary? Is it that little gal you tell about there in Bosting, that ain't got no father or mother, jest like you?

I laughed, and said nothing.

But that are figger in the middle beats me out. What do them letters stand for?

Jesus, the Savior of mankind.

Law! do tell! Why, you're a real little minister. I spose hen that cross is one of your Popish images; ain't it?

It's meant for the cross on which Christ died.

O, I see. Well, it's a pity that sich a bright boy as you are should a been brought up in that way. What makes you worship images and the Virgin Mary? What makes you give the priests money for pardoning your sins, and gittin your souls out of purgatory?

We never do any such thing. It's all a heap of lies, said I, indignantly.



O, don't tell *me*, for I know better. I've heerd our old minister preach about it, and he made it all as plain as daylight. You needn't talk to me about it, for he was a good man, and he's gone to heaven; so *he* wouldn't tell a lie.

I've heard ministers say so too, said I. And I've heard most every body talk about our religion in a very silly way. But all that don't make it true. I've got my Catechism, and that has got no such stuff in it.

Well, hain't you got the cross out there in the garden? and don't that prove what I say? Ef the priests would only jest let you read the Bible, you'd find out all these things for yourself in a little while.

I laughed outright. I don't worship that image, said I. It's nothing but flowers, and they are made by God, as we are. I'll tell you what we mean by loving the cross, said I, eagerly, as one of my father's stories came fresh to my memory. Jesus Christ died on the cross for us; and the minute we look at it, it brings to our mind what he suffered that we might go to heaven at last. There were ten good priests in China, trying to convert the Pagans there. It is against the law to be a Christian; and when they catch a priest, they kill him, if he won't turn, and worship idols. Well, these ten priests were taken to the governor, and he told them that they must trample on the cross. They said that they would sooner die; and he told them that they should have their own way about it. So he had them whipped till they were almost dead; and then they were tied to great guns, so that their heads stopped the mouth of the cannon, and they were blown to pieces — all but one, because the gun didn't go off. The governor was standing by; and he called out to the soldier to stop, just as he was going to touch the powder again. Then the governor went up to the priest, and asked him to look and see what was under his feet. The priest moved his feet, and there were two chips of wood under one of them, and they were side by side.

Do you see those chips?

I do.

Well, do me the favor to put your foot on them again. Are you unwilling to do it?

The priest put his foot back in the place it was before, so that it covered the chips.

Now take it off again, said the governor.



The priest did so. Then the governor stooped, and laid the two chips crosswise, so that they looked exactly like a cross. Now, said he, trample upon those chips again, and I will let you go.

The priest looked down, and saw the cross. No, said he. I have told you a hundred times that I will not do it. I can tread on chips, because they are only bits of wood. But you have made them represent the cross, and you want me to insult Christ, who died for you and for me. Kill me, if you will, but you cannot kill my soul.

Fire away, soldier, said the governor.

The man fired, and the clothes of the people standing near the gun were spattered with blood and brains.

Now you see what we mean. It isn't exactly the cross that we love, but it is the cross of Christ. We ought to love him too well to make light of any thing that belongs to him ; and when we insult his cross, we insult him.

As to what you say about our not reading the Bible, I believe that you are only joking. You know that you've many a time said that I knew more of the Bible than you do. You've seen me read it, very often. I know a good deal of it by heart, and I can tell a great many stories out of it. Look here !

And then I took my own Bible, and read a piece to them. My father had a Catholic and a Protestant Bible in the house, as I told you before ; and I used to read one of them as much as I did the other. He had no right to keep the Protestant Bible, as I found out when I was at Mr. Riley's house, because it is full of corruptions. When he died, I was allowed to take a very few things with me, and one of these was our own Bible. So I read to the old people the story of the ark when it was taken by the Philistines, in the time of the judges ; and how the Philistines suffered so dreadfully because they had it in their houses ; and how one man was struck dead on the spot, just for touching it ; because it was against the law for any body to touch it, excepting the priests and Levites. Then I turned to another place, that tells how the ark was made, and I asked them if it wasn't wicked for the Jews to pay so much honor to this wooden box, even if God *did* tell them to.

O, that was in old times, said my mistress. We ain't Jews.

Well, said I, idolatry is always idolatry. If we worship



the cross, and other images, then the Jews worshipped the ark, and the images that were in it; and so God told them to worship idols. That's pretty talk.

I had read all this in a book at Mr. Riley's house, and I remembered every word.

Go it, Johnny, said the old man. You put it in in a way that ain't slow. You'll be a minister one of these days, that's sartin. But see here! You're only a little boy, and you don't know every thing. When you went to school, you used to think that the big boys knew lots; and as for the men, you couldn't touch their larnin with a ten-foot pole. Them feelins was natur, cause old folks ollers know more'n young uns. When you git to be a man, you'll think that you were a little fool when you were ten year old. Now look here. You've been gulled by the priests, who don't let you into half the secrets of their wicked ways. I've heerd stories about em that's made my hair stand on eend. I'm a peaceable man, and I like to mind my own business; but when I see a priest come out here to come his fiddlededees over an Irish gal that lived at Colonel Johnson's, when she was sick; and when I *knowed* that all he wanted was to cheat her out of her arnins afore she died; and when I thought what wicked didos they're ollers cuttin up, — I tell *you* my dander *riz*; and I itched to fly at him, and shake him so bad that he'd melt and run out of the toes of his boots. They're ollers low Irish, them priests; you wouldn't git a Yankee to foller sich a dirty trade. Now you're a boy, and you say one thing. But there's every body agin you, and what every body says *must* be true.

I had heard a man say worse things to Mr. Riley, in the shop, and I remembered the answer.

Did Jesus Christ *deserve* to die? There was nobody to say a good word for him. Every body said that he was a bad man; and, according to your rule, what every body said was true.

Git aout! Do you mean to say that your priests are as good as Jesus Christ?

No, I don't, said I, after a little pause. In fact, I was puzzled; for I thought that this argument would make him stop; and, somehow, he didn't seem to understand it. I have often and often wondered how it is that Protestants, in talking about religion, don't seem to *comprehend* the force of a reason that a Catholic child will master with ease. I do



not wonder at it now ; for, in the first place, most of them never received baptismal grace ; and, of course, they lack the gift of faith. With a true Christian, faith is the substance of things hoped for. With most heretics, it is the shadow of things presumed upon. Confused ideas generate confused language, and if people do not know what religion is, they cannot talk about it reasonably. I shall have to notice this thing again, before I finish my story.

You needn't think you can come Paddy over *me*, in that way. I know your priests like a book.

Did you ever talk with a priest ? I asked.

No, I have'nt. I'd like to catch one speaking to *me*. I'd reel off a piece of my mind to him ; if I wouldn't, there ain't no snakes.

Did you ever read a Catholic book ?

No, I hain't got time to waste on sich. I never see a Catholic book ; and I did'nt know as you had any, till I looked at that concern that you call a prayer-book ; and I got enough of it arter looking at a page where you call the virgin sich outrageous names as mornin star, and a whole lot of others. I'd a pitched the book in the fire, if 'twan't for hurtin your feelins. Though I don't see what you want of books amongst ye. The Catholics are mostly low Irish, and Spanishers, and Italians ; and they don't know how to read, any more'n my puppy dog.

But, said I, if you never talked with a priest, nor read a Catholic book, how *can* you know any thing about them ?

How ? Why, you don't spose our ministers don't know as much as your priests, do ye ?

Isn't Mr. Bolles, our neighbor, a great enemy of yours ?

Yes, I reckon he'd pizen me an Martha, if he could. I'm ollers afraid about my barn, these dark nights. But what's that to do with it ?

Does he ever speak well of you ?

Faith and clams ! *that* he don't.

Now, if any body that don't know you wanted to make inquiries about your character, would you like to have him go and ask Mr. Bolles ?

Gorri ! I guess the character I'd get from him would take me to the state's prison in a jiffey, sposin 'twas true, which I defy man or beast to make out. But what *are* ye drivin at ?

What makes you go to *our* enemies to get our characters ?

Whew ! *That's* it, then. Well, I glory in your spunk.



Stick it out ; never say die ! I ollers said you'd be a minister, or some other justice of the peace. But you won't make a Papist of me, that I can tell *you*. And away he went. I walked out to look after my flowers.

The next week he went to Boston, and when he came home, at night, he told me that my business was done.

I see Deacon Mills, said he ; and he told me to bring you in next time I went to the city. That'll be in a week or two. I told him all about you ; and I gin you a good character ; all but your want of genius for farmin, and your readin books when ye ought to be mindin the cows ; and a little turn for deviltry you've got. I told him about your flowers, and our talk, last Sunday. He grinned like a chessy cat. He said that 'twas all owing to the kind of company you kept ; and that the society of proper persons would gradually eradicate them notions out of your mind. Deacon 's a nice man.

The next week came, and the old man told me to put on my Sunday-go-to-meetins, and pack up to start. I got ready, and then I went to say good-by to a few of the neighbors, and to our animals and poultry. Then I went to the bed, and made three large bunches of flowers. The best one was for Mary. Then I went to the house, and gave the good woman one bunch, asking her to forgive any thing wrong I had done. She began to cry, and wonder how she'd feel if her Willy was going into the wide world, like me.

In a few minutes we were on our way, and by one o'clock I was at the house of Deacon Mills, where I was received kindly by the children, who had all sorts of questions to ask about the country ; and wondered how I had become so brown. The old man shook hands with me, and wished that I might get along better in my next place. And so I began another chapter of my life.



## CHAPTER IV.

THE DOCTOR DISOWNS JOHN, AND THE WIDOW IS ASHAMED OF HIM. — HE BEGINS TO KNOW HOW POOR PEOPLE LIVE.

JOHN, said the deacon to me, after dinner, when we were together in his study, I regret that you are not fitted for a country life. You would live longer, and you would enjoy your life better than in the city. Besides, my good friend, farmer Willard might have been of great service to you, in future years. But it cannot be helped. I suppose that Mr. Lanois found that you would never make a good farmer, and so he sent you to Mr. Willard. He intimated as much to me, the last time I saw him. But he seemed to be disturbed at the mention of your name. Did any thing unpleasant happen?

I told him the story about the flowers, and the deacon laughed heartily at it. He is a foolish man, to make such an ado about nothing. But now to business. I have tried to get you a place, but you are too young, as yet, to hold any responsible situation. In three or four years you might begin to qualify yourself for a clerkship. But in the mean time, you must earn your bread; and I see no better way of doing it than by going into some respectable family as errand-boy. If you are fortunate enough to find the right sort of person, and if you do your duty faithfully, he will help you to obtain a good situation, without doubt. I have seen a gentleman who wants a boy; it is Doctor Stillingworth. You will find him a good father, and I hope that you will be faithful. You must study in your spare hours, which will not be few; for remember, that a man's chance of rising in this country is almost always measured by the amount of what he knows. I have one strong recommendation to make. It is, that you will associate with no person without the doctor's knowledge. You know that your father was very cautious in this respect. Always keep his precepts in mind. I shall expect you to visit me every other Sunday afternoon, after meeting, when your duties do not require you to be at home. That is all, I believe. Will you go with me this afternoon, or would you like to wait until to-morrow?



I thought of Mary. Sir, said I, I would like to wait until to-morrow, if you will allow me.

Very well. I will tell the housekeeper to prepare a bed. You can amuse yourself this afternoon as you like.

I had given one of my bouquets to the deacon's youngest daughter, and now I started off with the best one for Mary. I went to the place where she was taken when her father died, and knocked at the door. It was opened by her aunt.

What do you want, little boy?

I want to see Mary Riley. She lives here, don't she?

Yes, but you can't see her now. She is at school. What do *you* want with her?

I saw that she did not remember me. I did not care about telling her who I was; for I recollected how snappishly she spoke to me the day Mr. Riley was buried, and how she said, "You need not come near the house where we live." So I said, Here is a bunch of flowers sent to her from the country by one that used to know her and her father. Will you give them to her?

Yes, hand them to me.

I gave her the flowers, and went away, very much disappointed because I could not see Mary. I knew that she would see my hand in the bouquet, for I had written my name and hers on a piece of paper tied around the stalks. So I started off, hoping for better luck next time.

The following day I went to my new place. The family consisted of the doctor, his wife, two fine children, and two female servants. My work was to carry messages, to wait upon the table, and to make myself useful generally. The doctor allowed me about four hours, every day, for study; and he exacted a good account of my time; so that I could not waste it, even if I were so disposed, as I was not. The other hours were taken up with my several duties; and so the time passed swiftly on.

The doctor was very particular about my company. He never allowed me to make or receive visits. He watched me very strictly in this matter; in fact, it was the discipline of my father, and long habit had made it easy for me. So I made no acquaintances in the street, or any where else.

Sunday came, and the doctor called me to his office. I had quite a reverential feeling for this room; for there were some very large books, a huge electrical machine, some apparatus, of whose use I knew nothing, and several casts of



queer-shaped heads. As soon as I saw these things, I made up my mind that I would certainly be a doctor, one of these days. Once, when he was pretty sociable, I told him so. He smiled, and said that I had to travel a *very* long road, but that it was not impossible. If I would be faithful to my duties, I might become a doctor in good time.

Well, he called me the first Sunday morning, after breakfast, and said that I must go to *church*. I felt very glad, and as much surprised when he said so, for I had no idea that he was a Catholic. I thanked him with tears in my eyes.

And you must go to *catechism* every Sunday morning at nine o'clock, he continued. I shall expect that the little work you have to do will be finished by eight o'clock, always. You will be sure to find yourself at the school by nine in the morning, and when the first bells ring in the afternoon. I shall excuse no breach of this rule.

I will not break it, said I. I am *very* glad to have you tell me these things. I cannot tell you how glad I am. And I burst into tears. I have been in the country for more than six months, I sobbed; and part of the time I had to go to a Methodist meeting, part of the time I had to stay at home. And I can prepare for *communion* pretty soon, can I, sir? I think that I am about old enough, and I know my Catechism pretty well.

Yes, if you are found worthy of kneeling at the *altar*, you will do so shortly. Your teachers and the *priest* will be the best judges of that matter.

And I can be *confirmed*, too?

Yes, I see no objection, if you be approved by your teachers. The *bishop* will administer *confirmation* in a few months, and I have no doubt that you can prepare yourself by that time.

Thank you, sir; you are very good. The first bells are beginning to ring: had I not better run along, and be in time?

But you do not know the way.

O, yes, sir, I do. I have been there before.

Indeed, said the doctor. Well, you may go, then, and tell the superintendent that I sent you. I will be there in a few minutes. And away I went.

We were playing at terrible cross purposes.

I flew along, feeling *so* light, and moving so fast, that I began to think I really had wings. What a good man he is!



thought I. How strange that he is a Catholic ! It is *too* good luck for me.

In less than five minutes I was at the church in Franklin Street, then the only church in the city. I reported myself to the priest, who was the one that heard my first and only confession.

Well, my fine little fellow, what do you want ? said he, patting me on the head.

I told my story, and added, as I was told to do, that Doctor Stillingworth had sent me.

He did, did he ? Well, it is very kind in him. Although I do not know that he has made a very great sacrifice in your behalf, by simply *allowing* you to save your soul. Well, we must be thankful even for that. It is not every one who would do as much. Do you know your Catechism ?

Yes, sir. I know it all.

Were you ever at communion ?

No, sir.

You have not been confirmed, then ?

No, sir.

It is time. Teacher of the second class, step forward. A young man answered the summons. I knew him ; he was the boy who aroused my conscience two years before. You will take this lad, and report upon him next Sunday. If he is qualified, he may go into the confirmation class at once.

I went with my teacher, and I answered all the questions he put to me from the Catechism. At ten o'clock we went up stairs, and took our places. At the time I speak of, in the year 1829, there were not many Catholic children in Boston. I was thinking of it on St. Patrick's night, in this year of our Lord 1850. There were more than five hundred Catholic girls seated in the choir, and they actually gave a concert to which accomplished musicians might listen with pleasure. Only little children can sing the praises of God as they ought to be sung ; and when you hear their warbling, unutterable feelings stir in your soul. There is a peculiar expression in their music, which is not to be heard from any other source out of heaven. It is the singing of creatures who are, as yet, guiltless of deadly sin. The innocence of their hearts gives a *soul* to their music. Don't you believe it ? Well, get a troop of finished opera singers to chant any simple church melody, say the Magnificat, or the Te Deum, and then listen to the same air warbled by five hundred little children *that*



are baptized. Then you will know what I mean; you will feel far more than you can express, if you have one spark of a *living* soul. You will understand what CHRIST meant, when He said, Suffer little children to come to Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

There was another attraction in this concert. The girls were dressed with extreme neatness, and in most cases with considerable taste. It was not easy to pick out a *dowdy*-looking child in the crowd. Such a troop of girls could not be matched in Boston. Mr. Barnard is fairly outdone at his own business. Such a band of young singers would be a curiosity in any city, not even excepting Rome. The ordinary beholder *wonders* how in the world so many neat children were gathered together. If he be one of those philanthropic Protestants who *do* love to talk to charitable old male and female women about Irish dirt and misery, he will not believe his eyes, which tell him that Celtic blood is running in all those young veins. If he be a musician, and know any thing about drilling infant singers, he will ask *what* professor has done this? Professor Mooney has done a great thing. As a concert, simply, it was very remarkable. But a concert given by five hundred *such* children, was a very great event in the annals of Catholic Boston. It was a controversial sermon, an Irish oration, and a grand concert, all in one. Five thousand dinners, eaten in honor of St. Patrick, could not do as much.

But in the time of which I am speaking, Professor Mooney was an infant, and his five hundred singers were unborn. The school children were not many; they scarcely filled the space between the front pews and the sanctuary railings. The girls sat on one side, and the boys on the other. Bishop Fenwick's throne had just been built; and, as I had never seen him before, and as I had read that the Pope sat on a throne at Mass, my mind rapidly jumped at a conclusion. It was, that the man who sat there must be the Pope. When I reached home, I told our housekeeper so, and the good woman was scared almost into fits. This was a happy morning to me! It was the last happy Sunday I had for a great while.

I wondered all the morning why Dr. Stillingworth did not come, as he promised to do. After Mass, my teacher walked home with me; and he asked me where I had been for seven months. I satisfied him on that head.



Did I not hear you tell the priest that Dr. Stillingworth sent you to church ?

Yes. Isn't it odd that he is a Catholic ? I didn't know it, at all.

Nor I. Indeed, I suspect that if he has been converted, it is within a day or two. He is a leading member of the Episcopal church, and he loves the Catholics about as well as somebody loves holy water.

Why, it can't be ! He talked about the church, the altar, catechism, priests and bishops, communion and confirmation in a way that did me good.

He did, did he ? Well, we'll see. All I have to say is, I *hope* to see you at catechism this afternoon. But I don't expect it. Now, my advice to you is this : When he makes his rules and regulations for you, and when you find that any of them says that you must do things that your Catechism tells you are wrong, you go right to Franklin Street, and ask to see the bishop. You don't know how well he will treat you ; for if ever a man loved children, he does. Tell him your case, and do just as he says, even if a hundred doctors threaten you with all sorts of punishment. They can't hurt you ; and if they could, what's that to you ? Fear not them that can only kill the body, but rather fear Him that can cast both body and soul into hell fire. Now, good-by, and don't look so frightened, as if you were going to be torn to pieces by wild hogs. Mind, though, and go to the bishop, if you want advice. That is very important. If you attend to it, you will know just what to do. And he shook hands with me, telling me again not to look quite so stupefied. Do not let the doctor think that you got *that* face at the Catholic church, or he will surely keep you from going again.

I had not been five minutes at home before the bell rang furiously. I went to answer it, and there was the doctor standing before the fireplace, and looking as enraged as a conference of evangelical ministers who have just found out that Popery *won't* be crushed. His hands were folded behind, and his coat tails shook as if they were as mad as he was. It was a minute or two before he said a word ; but he glared at me as if he expected that I would creep into nothingness, and run out at the key-hole. But I didn't, for I had done nothing wrong.

You little hypocrite ! you young in years, but old in sin ! is *this* the way you mean to act ?



What have I done, sir?

What have you done? You make me lose my patience. What have you done! You were at church to day, I suppose?

Yes, sir.

O, yes, so you were! And you were at catechism, too!

I was, sir.

No doubt of it. And you are going to be confirmed, and approach the altar for communion, are you not?

I expect that I shall, sir. The priest told me this morning to prepare for the sacraments.

You limb of Satan, do you dare to stand there, and lie so coolly? Where were you this morning?

I went to catechism, just as you told me, sir. I expected every minute to see you come in, but you didn't. I told my teacher what you said, and he seemed to think strangely about it. I told him what you said about communion and confirmation, and he only laughed. He didn't believe that you were a Catholic, and ——

What's that? A Catholic! Boy, *what* church did you go to this morning?

I went to the Catholic church, in Franklin Street.

The d ——, I mean, — that is, you thought I meant *that* church, did you?

Yes, sir.

And then the fat doctor sat down in his chair, and laughed till he began to groan, and grow black. After a little while, he spoke very good naturedly to me.

Well, John, I see how it happened. It's all my fault, I perceive. But you must never go near that church again.

This made *me* look blank. But I had rather go there, said I. It was my father's church, and I don't want to go any where else. I want to save my soul.

He began to look as crossly as he did when I first went in. Boy, said he, I do not care about wasting words with you. You must obey me, or you will suffer a great deal. This very afternoon you will go to Sunday school, and you will be regular in your attendance. Don't make me speak again about it, or you will be sorry, I tell you. And now, mind what I say. Give up these foolish notions about your idols and priests, be a man, and a Christian, and you will have my protection through life. Now, you may go, and be ready to start with me at first bells.



I thought that I would go immediately to the bishop's house, but I did not. My habit of obedience was very strong during my father's life, but my late changes of masters had shaken it considerably. Yet there was quite enough left to make me afraid to disobey a man who spoke to me as if he had authority. In fact, this was a besetting evil of my life, and I have little more than mastered it now. I always felt the power of a strong mind in another. I am afraid that if the devil had come to me, and, without biting like a snake, or coaxing like a beautiful angel, would roar like a lion, I would, any time during the first twenty years of my life, have said to him, Good devil, don't roar so! I'll do what you say. I went to Sunday school that afternoon, and then up stairs, to church, as they called it. The frequent use made by these Episcopalians of words like *altar*, *bishop*, *confirmation*, and so on, puzzled me a great deal. Then some things in their service put me in mind of ours; in fact, they seemed to be, in some places, the same thing, in two languages. This made me conclude that they were playing at the game of being Catholics. I began to grow used to it, and at last I seldom thought of our church.

One day I met with a pleasant surprise. The doctor sent me with a message to the house of one of his patients, and I was told to walk in. The room into which I was shown was darkened a little, so that I could not see objects very distinctly at first; but I was startled by some one who caught me in her arms, and kissed me until my breath was almost gone. Then she spoke, and I knew that it was MARY. When I had satisfied myself of that fact, I returned her caresses with compound interest; so that in five minutes we had made up for our long separation.

O, John, where have you been?

I blubbered out my story. Then I had hers. She had not much to tell. She was living with her aunt, and went to school regularly. All she wanted was, that I could be there too.

Won't they let you go to church, John?

No, never.

They must be cruel Arabs. I wouldn't mind 'em in that, I know. I'd run away. They'd have to kill me, to make *me* go to their wicked meetings.

But what can I do, Mary?

Do? I don't know. Tell 'em that you won't do it. They'd



have to drag *me* there with ropes. Where is your cross, John? Here is my medal, she continued, pulling it from her bosom. I showed her the cross. And you sent me those pretty flowers? How glad I was! And when I found that you didn't wait, I was *so* sorry. But we'll grow up, and when we can earn our living, we'll live in the same house, won't we?

This was another of my sunshiny days.

I staid in this place six months, and lost it by my mischievous pranks. I had become quite indifferent after the sight of Mary; and what she said made me discontented with myself, and with every body else. I did not care very much about going to the Catholic church; that is, I had no notion of the real importance of going; only I knew that I ought to be there; I felt better when within its walls; and I did not feel at home any where else. Three or four times I read the stories of some martyrs in one of my books, and, in the heat of the moment, I started to tell the doctor that I was determined to go to the bishop. But my courage only lasted until I got to his door. Then I thought how he would look black, and shake with rage, and I slunk away.

I didn't like the cook, and she didn't like me. She was a sour member of some out of the way meeting, and she was always telling me that we Catholics were not fit to live with civilized *humans*. I took no pains to win her good will; in fact, I tormented her with my tricks; and I was very saucy, withal. Once I put some powder in her wood. She lost her wig, and the same day she found it boiling in her pot. She seldom dared to trust me to mind the victuals that were being cooked, for something would surely happen to them. At last the doctor told me that if I did any more mischief, I should not stay in the house. This was because I pinned a dish-cloth to her gown, as she was going to the parlor to wait upon the table. I did not care to stay, and it was not long before the doctor made good his threat.

There were an ill-natured dog and a spiteful cat in the house, who were always fighting with one another, or defending themselves from me; for I hated them, and they knew it. The females in the house wanted to get rid of them, but the doctor had his reasons for keeping the animals. One day I enticed them into a room, which was no easy matter, for they always ran as soon as they saw me. I fastened a rope, about twelve feet in length, to the hind legs of both animals,



and so they were securely tied together. Then I went to a high window that looked into the room ; and, in a few minutes, I saw the worst display of ill-temper that ever fell under my observation. The animals lay quietly for a minute or so. Then the dog got up, and walked until he came to the end of his tether ; when he turned round, and, in his own way, asked the cat what she meant by it. When she felt her hind legs pulled, she sat erect, and looked at him with a face that said, Try that again, if you dare ! Presently he barked, and she spat. Then each raised a howl, and came to close fighting. They had no tender feelings for one another ; and so no quarter was given, or asked. In a little while, both turned, and ran in opposite directions ; when they were brought up by the rope. At it they went again, madder than ever, and their howlings would have done credit to a couple of fiends. The dog had the worst of it, and he ran around the room dragging the cat after him, under and over tables and chairs, she all the while clawing and spitting wickedly. He dashed through a window, at last, dragging pussy after him ; and they never came near the house afterwards. This day was my last in that establishment ; and if I had got a sound flogging, it would have been richly deserved.

A widow named Smallaxe, with her two daughters, often dined at the doctor's table. She had taken a fancy to me, and she made the doctor promise that if he ever parted with me, she should be informed of it. The doctor sent me with a note to her ; and after she read it, she asked me if I would come and live with her. I agreed to it ; in the first place because I had no situation, and then because it was quite near the church. So I changed my quarters that day. I was at the house of Deacon Mills the Sunday before, and he asked me how I got along. I told him that I was quite satisfied with every thing there, excepting my life on Sundays. I wanted to go to my own church. He laughed, and said that I would not be so uneasy about it after a little while. You don't certainly think that the doctor or I will be damned ; and yet we are not Catholics. You must keep the commandments, and try to be good, and to do your duty faithfully. Then you will go to heaven, as all good people do.

He told me to let him know if any thing happened ; and, on this afternoon, I went to his house and told him all about the fight. He looked very grave when I said that the doctor had turned me away, and he gave me a long lecture upon



cruelty to animals, that affected me greatly, and made me resolve never to offend again in this respect. This is one of the few good resolutions I have kept. When I told him that I had gone to Mrs. Smallaxe's house, he said that I had fallen into very good hands, and that he was satisfied. Finally, when I was going away, he told me that if any thing should happen to deprive me of *this* place, to be sure and let him know it, before engaging another. But try to keep it, said he, for you move about too much. Here are three places you have had in less than two years.

The family was made up of the lady and her two daughters, two female servants, and myself. My duties did not differ materially from those at the doctor's house, and so the geography of the place was all I had to learn. My first trial at my last situation was on Sunday; so was it here. When the Sunday came, I was told to get ready for school and meeting.

I don't want to go.

You do not want to go! What language is this? Go! and prepare yourself this instant for Sunday school.

I am willing to go to Sunday school, ma'am; but I want to go to my own.

O, well! I shall not be hard about that. I suppose that you want to go to the Episcopal church, where you have been before. Or, perhaps, when you were at home, you went to the Orthodox school. Well, I would prefer to have you attend mine, but I will not refuse to gratify you in this respect.

Thank you, ma'am, then I will go directly. I'm very much obliged to you; *indeed* I am.

But stay a moment. What Sunday school is it?

The Catholic one, ma'am — out here.

The Catholic Sunday school?

Yes, ma'am.

John, is it *possible* that you are a Catholic boy? Were your parents of that superstitious church?

They were Roman Catholics, ma'am.

If I had known this, I would not have admitted you so easily into my house. However, there is a remedy. Now listen to me. You will go with my daughter Sarah to Dr. Channing's, every Sunday morning and afternoon. She will find you a class and a place in the meeting-house. See that you do not stir out, unless she or Miss Jane is with you. And if I hear of your going near your Popish mass house, I will punish



you severely. Mind! and have nothing to do with any Irish boys, either. I mean to make a *man* of you.

But I do not want to go there. I will do every thing else for you; why can't you let me have Sunday to myself? I've been enough to your meetings; I've been most all my lifetime; and I want to go to church — and I *will*, I added, in a sudden fit of desperation.

If she had got angry, I think that I should have remained firm. My head was full of the martyr stories in my little book; and I thought that this would be a good way to begin my career. But she laughed heartily, and so did her two daughters, who had just come from their rooms. Then she stood up, and said in a low, but very determined voice, —

John, go! get your cap, and come back again!

I obeyed mechanically. Now you will go with my daughters, and see that you mind every word I have told you. And so I went to Dr. Channing's meeting-house, and became a Unitarian once more.

I remained at this place about six months. I had no wish to keep it, and I was both careless and saucy. I was naturally given to these vices, but my father's careful management had kept them in tolerable subjection. The unsettled life I had lived during the last three years had made the evil seeds sprout anew. My discontent kept them alive, and their growth was not prevented by the fact that the two women servants made an equal and a slave of me, as the humor might be. The two ladies made me study during my spare hours, and they would hear my lessons every afternoon. Companions were strictly forbidden me. I did not care much for this prohibition though, for I never wanted better company than a book, at any time. My father had kept me from going with boys, and, after he died, circumstances went to keep up the system. I was now nearly eleven years old, and I was as unlike boys at that age as I could well be. I have told you before that I cared nothing for the out-of-door plays common among boys, and I never had any out-of-door play-things. A top, or a battledoor and shuttlecock, quite contented me. Whenever I went into a house, even if it were that of a perfect stranger, I would run to the books, if there were any in sight, and cling to them so that it was no easy matter to get me away. All this had its effect upon my character and manners, of course. I was very shy with strangers, although it was not hard at any time to make my acquaintance. I



loved to be noticed ; and, when I could, I asked questions so mercilessly, that two or three old gentlemen I knew began to gather themselves up like porcupines, when I went near them.

This way of living made people call me a strange, odd kind of a boy. Once in a great while, I would accidentally get into the company of other boys, but I never cared much for their sports ; besides, I was always a laughing-stock for them. I didn't know how to skate. I hadn't the slightest notion of the way to play marbles and props. In playing ball, I had to tend, because I could neither catch or give balls. I astonished a boy who was flying his kite on the common, by telling him to undress, and jump into the frog pond, and his kite would carry him over. He thought that the bath would be too cold. Then I told him to make an electrical machine of his kite ; and I showed him how to do it, as Franklin did. The boy thought I was crazy, and he sang out to others who were amusing themselves near. I had to run home as fast as I could, with the loss of one of my shoes, which remained as a trophy in their hands. I never liked the water ; so I did not know how to swim. I had read in some book or other, in the Percy Anecdotes, I believe, that a man began to learn to swim by lying flat on a table, and then kicking and plunging, just as if he were in the water. I tried it two or three times ; but I stopped on account of shrieks of laughter from the whole family, who had been called by the housemaid, and who stood by the door way enjoying my antics. So the boys used to laugh at me, and call me a little girl that wore trousers by mistake. I knew more than many of them did about some things, but they were right in saying, as they did sometimes, that "I was behindhand in my brought'n up, and wasn't nothin like a reglar boy." Many of them knew more than boys ought to know ; that was certain. Some of them were finished swearers ; others would say things which I did not always comprehend, but which were not fit for a boy's ears. But I was seldom in the company of either good or bad boys. I was quite a home body ; and I used to hurry through my work, so that I might read, and dream day dreams. I grew pale and thin, and people said that I was too thoughtful. So I was, sometimes ; but very often I would stare at nothing with my bodily and mental eyes for minutes together. I used to live a fairy, or romantic life, half the time. I would imagine myself, and the other inmates of the house, to be any thing but them-



selves; I would distribute my characters from the last book I had read. I don't know what set me upon this odd source of amusement, unless it might be a story of St. Catharine which I read about that time, and which told how she imagined her father to be Jesus Christ; her mother, the blessed Virgin; her brothers, the apostles; and herself, a maid of all work, who had the privilege of being near such holy persons, and of toiling for them every day. I didn't like my mistresses well enough to imagine that they were such good people. I had read scarcely any novels, but the stories I had read furnished me with characters enough. 'The Pilgrim's Progress' enabled me to people the house for a month. Sometimes the house would be Castle Despair, and I a prisoner in it. I made the housemaid, who was of a very serious turn of mind, quite angry once, by telling her that I was in the valley of Humiliation, and *she* was Apollyon. This was because she had been worrying me about eating meat on Fridays, a thing which I always had to do, or else eat nothing. One Friday all the women conspired together, and determined that I should not only eat meat, but should eat *fat* meat. Now, I objected to this, because it warred with my stomach always; I could never swallow it. But this was mere fancy, they said; I ought not to give way to such foolish notions. So, when I would be very hungry, they would sometimes put fat meat upon my plate; and, as I could not touch it, I got nothing else. On this day they threatened me with their tongues and with sticks, so that I was frightened, and I tried to swallow a little, but it was of no use; and the scene which followed relieved me from any more active persecution in this matter. I happened to be reading Telemachus about that time, and I thought that I was fully revenged by changing names with that hero, and calling *them* Harpies, Gorgons, Chimæras dire, Cerberuses, and so on.

One day, after I had been there nearly six months, I was passing the door of the bishop's house, in Franklin Street, and I saw him enter. I stopped, and looked so earnestly at him, that he smiled at me; and he seemed so good natured, that I went up to him, and said that I wanted to say something to him. He told me to follow him up to his room. I obeyed, but trembling in every limb. I had never seen him, excepting upon the altar, and I had supposed that he never dressed like common people. I had no particular motive in speaking to him now, only I felt that it was a good chance, and I



remembered how my teacher charged me to go to the bishop if any thing should happen. As I went up stairs, I wondered what I should say. I knew that I needed encouragement and advice ; but my heart was so full, that I did not know what to say first. He unlocked his door, and told me to go in and sit down, and he would attend to me soon. I did so.

I forgot all my trouble though, when I went into the room. There were more books than I had ever seen before, and they were piled against the walls, covering every inch excepting the door and windows. I thought what a very learned man he must be, and I wondered whether he had read them all through. By the time he returned, I had quite forgotten the feelings that made me stop him in the door way.

He came in his episcopal dress. I stood up, and he made the sign of the cross upon my forehead. Then he went to his seat, which was a big arm-chair behind a great desk, covered with books and papers. I felt my old fear reviving, in spite of myself ; for all that I heard and read in Protestant Sunday schools, and in other places, was calculated to make me hate and fear a Catholic bishop. I knew that it was nonsense, but I could not shake off a feeling which made me wish to get out of the room before any danger befell me. Then the bishop always looked so grand in church, that I did not think he spoke to any body ; or, at all events, to a boy like me. But he looked so pleasantly when he sat down, and asked my name in such a mild way, calling me his dearest child, that I was quite overcome, and my only answer came in sobs that almost choked me for a few minutes. At last I recovered my voice, and told him my name.

But you are in some trouble. Come nearer to me — nearer ! so ; and he put his arm round my neck. Now do not be afraid. Tell me just as if I were your own father ; as indeed I am.

Well, I had a long tale to tell him ; but by putting skilful questions, he knew at last my whole story, and what was the matter with me.

My dear little child, said he, did you ever go to confession ?

By this time he had made me laugh more than I had for a whole year. Sometimes he put such funny questions ; and then he would make remarks in such a comical way ; and he had told me three or four pleasant little stories while listening to mine, so that he had won my whole confidence.



Yes sir, I went once, three years ago, before my father died ; but I didn't like it.

Indeed ! and why not ?

I told him honestly how I felt on that occasion, and he laughed heartily. It was a pleasure to see him laugh ; he did it with his whole soul and body. Some people only laugh with their mouths ; but the bishop laughed with his eyes, with every feature of his face, and all the way down his body, as far as I could see.

But *where* did you get these ideas ? said he.

I told him about the Sunday school books I had read, and then he looked very grave. My dear boy, said he, others were to blame more than you were for this. But it is needless to talk about it now. I shall expect to see you often, and I will say something more at a better opportunity. Now, you want to know what you must do in the place where you are ?

Yes, sir.

You have not been to church for a year, and you have gone to places of meeting which God does not approve. What is the first commandment of the Church ?

To hear mass, and to rest from servile work on Sundays and holidays of obligation.

Do you mind these holidays ?

No, sir, never.

What is the second commandment, where it speaks about abstinence ?

To abstain from flesh on Fridays, and other appointed days of abstinence.

Do you keep this commandment ?

I cannot, sir. I never get any thing else. And then I told him about the fat meat.

What is the third commandment ?

To confess our sins, at least once a year.

When do people begin to be obliged to confess ?

About the age of seven years.

How old are you ?

Almost eleven.

Now, are we bound to obey the commandments of the Church ?

Yes ; because Christ has said, he that heareth you, heareth me ; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me.

So, when we disobey the church, we disobey God ?



Yes, sir.

Now, when God tells us to do a thing, and a man tells us not to do it, which must we obey?

We must obey God.

Suppose, though, that this is a very strong man, that threatens to beat you, and perhaps to kill you, if you do not mind him?

No matter. Fear not him who can only kill the body; but rather fear Him who can kill both body and soul.

Now, my dear boy, don't you see exactly what you ought to do in your place there?

I reflected a moment. Yes, sir, but I wish I had a little more courage.

He laughed again, and told me a nice story. Now, said he, where do people get courage?

I don't know, sir. I suppose they get it naturally.

Do people obtain naturally the courage to do good? Think a moment. Can we do any good of ourselves?

No, we cannot, without the help of God's grace.

How can we obtain God's grace?

By prayer.

Very well. Now, my dear boy, do you say your prayers?

No, sir, I do not very often. Sometimes I think of them, but these Protestants have put them out of my mind. They like to do all their praying together, in the meeting, or in the parlor; that is, when they pray at all. But so many of them have laughed at me, that I got out of the way of it.

That is a pity, but you must begin again; for unless you pray, you cannot save your soul. You will, perhaps, have to live with Protestants all your lifetime. They are very numerous, you see, and we are few. Besides, we are poor; and our Catholics depend upon them, in most cases, for a living. You will be very fortunate, more fortunate than the greater number of Catholics are, if you can get along in the world without coming in contact, at every step, with men who do not know what your religion is, and who hate it. So there will be no day in which you will not have to think of what you said just now, that we must obey God rather than man. When you stand before God, as you will as soon as you die, he will ask you if you have kept his commandments; and if you say no, he will not take any excuse about other people laughing at you, and the like. So remember that you must go to confession regularly. You must obey all the com-



mandments of God and of the Church ; and if, at any time, you think that you cannot, you must tell your director exactly how you are situated ; and he will tell you what you must do. There will never be any excuse for neglecting your prayers. You will seldom, if ever, be so sick, or so hurried, that you cannot find time for a few simple ejaculations — for an Our Father, and Hail Mary ; for the Acts of Virtue. And remember this. No doubt it is unpleasant to kneel and say your prayers while bad people are laughing at you. But make an effort — say your prayers for all that. They will torment you for a few days ; but when they see that you are determined, they will say no more about it ; and you will always have peace. But if you let them see that you are afraid of their laughter, if you pray one day, and neglect that duty for a week out of human respect, they will never let you alone. Now, sit down a minute. And he took a sheet of paper, and wrote a note. After he had folded it, he gave it to me. There, said he, carry that to your mistress. I am not sure that it will answer the purpose, but it may. At all events, return to me soon, and tell me how you get along. Recollect, I shall expect to see you often. Will you not come ?

Yes, sir, I'm sure I will. I never had any one talk to me so, since my father died. Very few people take the trouble to treat me as if I had any sense.

Now kneel down, said he. I obeyed, and he gave me his blessing. It seemed as if I could feel it falling upon my soul. As I went away, I wondered why my father had never taken me to him, and why I had not gone to him before. But I resolved to make amends for past neglect. Going out, I saw a little boy like myself, who appeared to be engaged about the house. O, how I envied that boy !

When I went out into the street, I remembered that I had been sent by the young ladies upon an errand ; and upon a very important one too, as they said. It was necessary for me to run, to fly, so as not to be too late. I had a note to carry to a fashionable bonnet maker, and I was running, when I saw the bishop entering his house. And I had been in his room nearly two hours ! I made the best of my way to the bonnet store, and gave my note to the lady there. As soon as she read it, she told me to tell the young ladies that she was very sorry, but the Misses Snob had only left the store five minutes before, with the articles in question. She would have been happy to accommodate the Misses Smallaxe,



but as they could not decide yesterday upon taking the bonnets, and as the Misses Snob were good customers, she had allowed them to take the bonnets. Besides, she was afraid that the articles might remain upon her hands. She was *very* sorry; hoped that the ladies would see that she wasn't to blame. And this was the message I carried home. The young ladies were in the parlor with their mother; and the instant I came into the house, the bell rang.

I reether guess you'll catch it, remarked the serious housemaid. They've bin in a precious snarl about their old bonnets. I think they'd better be thinking about the state of their souls. But these Unitarians don't know what vital religion is! Our housemaid was a Methodist.

What kept you so long? What did she say? asked both ladies in a breath. The old lady looked at me as if she had something in store for me after I had squared accounts with the young ones. I repeated my message.

What a shame! Mrs. Howard walked to her pew so consequentially last Sunday, with her new bonnet, and every step seemed to say, Look at it! There are not many of you who can show any thing like it!

And the Misses Snob, how *they'll* strut into meeting next Sunday! chimed sister Jane.

And only twelve of them were imported, rejoined the other. I declare it is a shame! Why *didn't* we engage them yesterday?

Mrs. Lovelace won't sell any more bonnets to *me*.

Nor to me. But, she continued, turning to me, did you go straight to her shop, as we told you?

No, ma'am. I was running, and ——

*What!* interrupted the eldest. Stop! Sister Jane, leave him to me. Now, sir, how long is it since you were at the shop?

I just came from there, ma'am, and I ran as hard as I could.

Then it's *your* fault, they both shouted. Where were you? Why did you not obey orders? Mother, continued the eldest, send him away. He *never* minds his duty.

Yes, do, mother. I shall never be able to bear the sight of him after this.

We'll see, said the old lady. Now, John O'Brien, where have you been? Tell the truth.



I took the bishop's note, and handed it to her. 'This will explain every thing, said I.

She took the note, while the young ladies looked over her shoulder to read its contents. When she read the first word, she stopped, and looked at the signature. No sooner had she seen it, than she gave a faint scream, and dropped the letter. Then the three looked at one another with a comical expression of astonishment and anger.

The bishop of Boston!

The pope of the Paddies!!

The emissary of the Man of Sin writing to *me*! The world *must* be coming to an end!

Let us see what is in it, said one of the girls.

The old lady picked it up, and held it from her as a Protestant Sister of Charity would a letter written in a cholera hospital. She read it through with a severe countenance, and then she said, —

Jane, take the letter, and put it among my papers. It will serve to remind me of this day, in which an overruling Providence, for its own wise purposes, has permitted an epistle from a Popish emissary to reach *me*! Did I ever expect to see this day? But it is a clear case of interference in our domestic concerns. It proves what has been said so often, that not even the sacredness of the domestic circle is an effectual bar to their officious meddling. To think of his daring to recommend a course to be pursued by me with reference to my servants! But he has reckoned without his host. Then she turned to me, and sharply demanded how I came to see the bishop. I told her about the accidental meeting.

Did he speak to you first, and invite you to go up?

Yes — no — not exactly — that is, he ——

Don't equivocate, sir. Tell me, did you not want to see him?

I did, said I, stoutly.

O, you did! Well, and you told him so, did you not?

I did.

Have I not told you repeatedly that you were not to speak to that sort of people?

I was silent.

Speak, sir!

It is better to obey God rather than man, said I.



They stared at one another for a moment, and then the young ladies laughed heartily.

The devil quoting Scripture, said one.

And quoting to justify his wickedness, rejoined the other.

John O'Brien, resumed the mistress, what did he say to you? And what did you say to him in your long conference? Give me an exact account of what passed between you.

I cannot do any such thing, ma'am.

O, you cannot. *Cannot* is the word, is it? But you need not accuse yourself. We know the information that sort of people try to get out of servants, without your telling us. Of course, you told him all the affairs of this house.

I did no such thing, ma'am. I told him no body's business but my own, and that I've a right to tell any body I like.

O! go on, Master O'Brien.

I told him that I wanted to go to my Church, and you wouldn't let me. That was all I said about you. And I had a right to do it. You haven't got my soul to save, Mrs. Smallaxe. If I go on minding you about going to meeting, and neglecting my duties, I shall go to hell.

John O'Brien, said the venerable lady, listen to *me*! I'm too old to be spoken to in this way by a boy, and he my servant too. This is your last day in my house. To-morrow, after breakfast, you may go about your business. I send you away for several reasons. In the first place, you are saucy and careless. You have neglected a very important errand this very day. Then I strictly forbade you to have any thing to do with Popish companions, and you have disobeyed me; nay, you have insulted me by thrusting their letters into my very face; letters, too, addressed to *me*. Here the good lady paused to breathe. Besides, I could not feel safe, after this. Every thing said or done in my house might be reported to the Inquisition. I have lost all confidence in you, and we must part. I am sorry, for I hoped that you would become a useful member of society. But the dream is over, and I am glad that I have been undeceived so soon. To-morrow, you will leave my house; and tell your bishop, as you call him, that if he sends me any more letters, I will lay them before the city authorities; as a proof that, even in this blessed Protestant country, the emissaries of the Pope have already begun to invade the family altar. Begone!

And the next morning I was turned out upon the world once more. But I was used to it now.



Four different places in less than four years. Well, I could not quite help it. My two situations in the country were good enough ; and the last was an excellent one, only Heaven never meant that I should be a farmer. I might have staid at the doctor's house, were it not for my mischievous pranks, my careless habits, and my saucy tongue. Yet it was well that I left it, for I was beginning to fall into Protestant fashions as a matter of course. The immediate cause of my present discharge was my disobedience in going to the bishop ; but the maids often complained of my impudence and heedlessness ; and I suppose that they had some reason. I *was* a saucy dog. I had been growing up pretty much in my own way since my father died. After leaving Mr. Riley's house, I had been instructed only in the duties of this world ; and the interests of my soul were left uncared for. Excepting the bishop and my Sunday school teacher, no one had given me a word of sound, spiritual advice. I had never been to confession, to mass, or to catechism. I had almost forgotten how to say my prayers. I was getting to be a very nice Protestant. Now, the best boy in the world would suffer in similar circumstances ; and I was never an infant phenomenon in the way of sanctity. So it is not to be wondered at if the lessons which my father so carefully taught me were gradually forgotten. Even if he had attended to my spiritual wants as carefully as he did to my worldly behavior, I would not have been too well forearmed against the dangers inseparably joined to my present way of living. But he did not. When he died, I was, to all intents and purposes, a Protestant boy, only I was baptized ; I knew the Catechism, and I knew that it was not right to go to Protestant meetings. I have mentioned that I dedicated my flower-bed to Mary, the mother of God. But let no one suppose that I did this because I cared much for her. I knew that there was such a person, and that she was entitled to a love she did not get from me. I said the Hail Mary, it is true ; but with about as much reverence as a boy, whom I knew, felt when he was called upon to recite the angelical salutation. The words did not readily occur to him ; but the gibberish well known to schoolboys in choosing players for certain games was all that he could think of ; so he very gravely recited, haley maley, tickma, — and so on.

If I had been taught to love her when I was a little child, I would have been provided with a good sword and shield. It is the easiest thing in the world to teach a child to love the



blessed Mary, and no tongue can tell what a safeguard it is against many dangers, but more especially against the sin of impurity. Engrave her name after that of Jesus on the heart of a child, and it *cannot* be effaced; you have done a work that all hell cannot undo. You can trust your child out of your sight with comparative confidence, because you will be sure that if he hears or sees a polluting thing, he will be likely to remain unstained; he is in his mother's arms. He may forget her in after years; he may yield to temptation; and yet he cannot *quite* forget her. Now and then she will whisper in his ears the name of her Son; now and then she will show him the crucifix, and she will gently draw his heart until it is poured out in sorrow at the feet of Christ. Let her name be one of the first which he learns to pronounce, and, most likely, it will be one of the last to pass his lips when he dies. The responsibility of a parent is great; in one sense, it is fearful; but if this be faithfully done, the work is solidly commenced. There is *no* surer sign of predestination than a true love for Mary, the mother of God. And this love is easily infused into the heart of a little child. Then teach it to your children, and you may be sure that you have put them into a sure road to heaven; a road which is less easily lost, because the heart of Mary is a finger-post at every turning; and it points steadily to the city of God.

The next morning I went to the bishop's house to tell him what had happened. But he was gone. There were not many priests in Boston then, and a sick call, or something of the sort, had taken him suddenly to Maine.

I went to Mary Riley, and I had the good fortune to see her. She was yet kept at school; and it was the intention of her uncle to provide well for her education, because she possessed fine talents. I had seen her twice during my stay at Mrs. Smallaxe's house. But I went this time to see if I could not get into a Catholic family; for I felt myself growing worse every day; and I did not know any other means of stopping the evil. Mary was very sure that, if I would tell her uncle my story, he would do something for me. I told him; but he was a hard, money-loving man, and he saw no difficulty in the matter. Mind your duties, said he, and say your prayers. If you get into a place where they won't let you do as you ought, go somewhere else. The world is wide, and there are more people in it besides Dr. Stilling-



worth and Madam Smallaxe. Besides, I like to see a lad battling with the world. You will learn more in a month of this kind of life, than you would in six years spent under the care of friends. Try to help yourself, and God will help you. When you get to be a man, you will be glad that you were tossed about the world so. And he led me to the door, and bade me go, in the name of God, and try my fortune. I wanted to see Mary again, but he would not allow it. He said that he meant to bring her up for better society, and I was not fit company for her.

I tried to think who would do any thing for me, and there was only Deacon Mills and Mr. Croan. I had visited the deacon regularly, as he told me to do; but I did not want to try him until every other expedient failed. I could not help remembering that he had always taken care to get me into Protestant families; and I knew by experience that I never felt so much like a Protestant as I did at his house. Besides, I was aware that he would blame me for going to the bishop, and that he would not like my present anxiety to get into the society of Catholics. So I made my way to Ann Street, where Mr. Croan lived. I had seen him two or three times during the last year, and I knew that he kept at his old quarters.

I knocked, and a faint voice told me to come in. I had come to a house of misery. He was lying beside his wife, on a wretched bed; and there was no fire, neither had there been any, apparently, for many hours. The same old furniture was to be seen, and there was the bed on the floor, in the corner; but where were the children? They had gone to the bosom of Christ, who loved them, and so hastened to take them to heaven before they knew sin.

When I went to the bed, I was frightened, for I thought that she was dead, she looked so pale and wasted. But she opened her eyes, and smiled, and then I knew that she was alive. He did not look very sick. It is true that he was thin, but then he always was; and now his cheeks were as red as roses, and his eye was very bright. I did not know that a fever was raging in his veins.

John, said he, you are welcome; you are sent by God to us, for we are quite alone, and another day like this would finish us. The people in the other part of the house are gone, I believe, for no one has been stirring for some time.



I have not seen a human face for twenty-four hours, and here is my wife dying at my side, while I am helpless. I tried to get up this morning, but I fainted, and fell on the floor; and she had to lie there, and look at me. When I came to myself, I crawled to bed as well as I could, and we made up our minds to die here alone. My children are gone; the last one died about a month ago. What a mercy! for we are not tortured by their cries for bread, when there is none to give them. There is not a crust in the house, and I have no money. My rent is due, and the landlord could turn us out into the street.

I had never heard, seen, or dreamed of misery like this before. I did not think that such things were possible. I told him that I was out of a place, but if he would let me lie on the bed in the corner, I would tend him, run errands, and get what was wanted.

God bless you, my boy, said he. MARY has sent you to us.

And now, said I, what do you want *first*? You want a doctor, I should think, for her; and something to eat, for yourself. You want some medicine, and a fire too, although it is April. Where is the wood?

There are the ashes of our last stick. I will tell you what you may do first. I cannot eat any thing, if I had the best victuals in the world, for I've got a bad fever. What I want you to do for me is, to go to the closet, and fill the big stone pitcher with cold water; you will find the pump in the yard. *Fill* it, mind; I am choked, I have drank nothing for a day, and more, and I feel that a drink of cold water will do me more good than any thing else. Then you may go to the church, and ask for a priest to come here this evening. I was afraid that my wife would die without the sacraments; but God is always good, even when we do not deserve any thing. Then, if you choose, you may go for a doctor. I do not think it will be of much use; and I am ready to die, if my time has come. But you must have something to eat, and there is nothing in the house.

Don't worry about me, said I. And I ran to fill the pitcher with cold water. He looked at it, when I brought it in, as if it were made of gold and diamonds. There was an old table standing at the head of the bed, and he asked me to set the pitcher on the end nearest him. Then he raised himself



up, as well as he could, and grasped the pitcher with both hands, while I steadied it for him. And then he began to drink.

Yes, he *began*, and I thought he would never leave off. His wife spoke to him with a whispering voice, and begged him not to drink too much. Still he drank on. He scarcely stopped to breathe, and he drank so eagerly, that his bosom and neck were all wet. I began to be frightened, and I tried to pull the pitcher away; but he clung to it with the grasp of a dying man. I could not think where he put so much water; but at last his hold relaxed, his eyes closed, and he fell back upon the bed. I thought he was gone; but he had only fainted, as it appeared. His wife asked me to go for the doctor as quickly as I could. I remembered seeing a doctor's sign at no great distance, and I started off immediately. He was not at home; so I went to the next, and the next, until I found one, who heard my story, and in a few minutes went with me to the house.

Mr. Croan had come to his senses, and he was sweating profusely. The doctor looked at the pitcher, to see how much water he drank, and then he felt his pulse as much as five minutes, without saying any thing. After that, he looked at Mrs. Croan, and shook his head.

This woman is past curing, said he. All we can do is, to relieve her, and make her as comfortable as possible while she lasts, which will not be long. As for the man, I cannot say any thing now. It was a dangerous thing to drink that water, but I am not sure that it will not save his life. It was a desperate remedy, though. I will know more about him to-morrow. Then he wrote two prescriptions, and looking round the room, he asked if we had any money to buy medicine. For they seem to be wretchedly poor, said he. I had told him that I did not belong to the family.

They have not a cent in the house, said I. But I have got a little of my own, and I will spend it for them.

You need not spend it for medicine then, said he. And he wrote a line upon the paper, signing his name to it. Now, carry this to the dispensary, and they will give you the medicine. I will call to-morrow.

I went for the medicine, and stopped on the way to leave the message at the bishop's house. When I got home, I gave them the medicine, as the doctor ordered, and then I went



out, and bought a loaf of bread and some cheese, for I was hungry. I had nearly ten dollars. Doctor Stillingworth had given me a suit of clothes while I was there, and when I went away, he gave me five dollars. Mrs. Smallaxe had done the same, and I had only spent a dollar, or so, for paper, pens, and a knife. I saved my money to buy a library, for I thought that twenty dollars would get an incredible lot of books. But here was a better use for the money.

The priest came in the evening. It was my old friend, the confessor. He remained about half an hour, and as he went away, he put some money in my hand for the poor people. After he had gone, I went out to buy some oil, and when I returned, Mr. Croan was sleeping soundly. I trimmed a lamp, and after waiting a while to see if he would wake up and want any thing, I threw myself upon the straw in the corner, and in a few minutes slept soundly.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke. I started up, and asked the sick people how they felt. She wanted a little drink, that was all. She breathed very hard, and there was a rattling sound in her throat. She told me to get for him what he wanted, for she was already in tender and merciful hands. He said that he was a great deal better, and, in fact, felt so well, that he had tried to get up while I was asleep, but he was too weak, weaker than he thought he was. I gave them the medicine, as the doctor told me; and a little while after I had eaten my breakfast, he made his appearance. He said that the woman was failing very fast, Mr. Croan was better, the fever had left him, and all he had to do was to gain strength.

God give it to me, if it be His will, said the poor man. I shall need it soon for my wife's sake.

Well, cheer up, said the doctor. Things do not look so badly as they did yesterday. Then he left some more prescriptions, and after telling me what to do, he went away. I went to get the medicine, and before I left the store, Deacon Mills walked in. He asked me who was sick, and he seemed quite surprised when I told him how I had left my place.

This roving disposition will do you no good, said he. I wish that you would stay in one place a little longer. People will be unwilling to take you, by and by.

Well, we will see what can be done. Where are you staying now?



I told him, and I said that I would not leave the family in their present state, if I starved. I asked him if something could not be done for them.

Are there any *children* there ? he asked.

I told him they were dead. Well, said he, I will go with you to his house.

Mr. Croan did not look much pleased to see the deacon, but he thanked him, though. The old man asked him some questions, and then went away, telling him to trust in the Lord, and whispering me to be sure to come to his house when I left this place.

He had scarcely gone when the priest entered the room. He looked at Mr. Croan, and said that he was getting on finely. Then he began to give Mrs. Croan the last sacraments. He told me to stand near and serve, which I was very willing to do, only I didn't know what he wanted. However, I obeyed his directions, and he seemed satisfied. When he was going, he asked if Deacon Mills had been in the room. I told him he had, and how I met him in the shop.

Do you know him ? he asked.

O, yes, sir. I have known him for a great many years. And then I told him how the deacon had got so many places for me. I asked him if he did not remember that Sunday morning, at catechism.

After a little, he said he remembered it. I told him what a mistake I made about the doctor's being a Catholic, and he laughed heartily. Then I told him how I had left both places, and that the deacon would probably find me another. I would rather live in a Catholic family, said I, because the Protestants are not willing that I should go to church. Then he told me to call and see him after Mr. Croan got well ; perhaps he might get me a good place.

That morning, a small load of wood came to the door for Mr. Croan. A man stopped to saw, split, and pile it away. He said that the deacon had paid him for the job. We heard people talking in the other part of the house, and Mr. Croan asked me to go and see if the family hadn't returned. Mrs. Creech will come in, said he, and do a little for us. She is a kind woman, and my wife sadly needs a little female care.

I went accordingly, and Mrs. Creech followed me to the sick room. O, Mr. Croan, said she, how sorry I am that we



should have been gone just at this time ! We haven't been in the country to see my folks for seven years, and we thought that 'twould be a good time, when husband had an idle week. But I'm sure I shouldn't have stirred a step, if I had thought that you were going to lie here, all alone in the house, you and your poor wife. And the kind woman began to hustle about, setting things in order. I've only got back half an hour ago ; and now I'm here, I'll see that you shan't want for care. She kept her word, for she was in the room half the time, until all was over.

I read prayers, and a litany every morning, noon, and night, at Mr. Croan's request. His employer came twice to see him while I was there, and left five dollars on the table each time, telling him that he might have ten years to pay it. Mrs. Croan lay in the same state, day after day ; sometimes she seemed about to die, then she would rally a little. But not a murmur crossed her lips ; in fact, when she was awake, she always seemed to be praying. Waking or sleeping, her beads were in her hand. But her husband was able to sit in the chair a great deal, after I had been there four days, and what with Mrs. Creech's care, and her medicines, she did not suffer so much. I think a change of sheets and pillows did her more good than any thing else.

At last she died. It was about two weeks after I came to the house. Mr. Croan had become pretty smart, only he was not strong enough to go to work. I was going out, when he called me back, and asked me to read the last prayers. She was dying at last. Her eyes were very glassy, and her features pinched a little ; but she did not seem to suffer much, and she was trying to feel her beads, while a pretty smile lit up her face. He held her in his arms, and when I had finished, she whispered the names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, when she went to see them in heaven.



## CHAPTER V.

JOHN RESOLVES TO BE A CHRISTIAN, AND BREAKS HIS RESOLUTION. — HE FALLS INTO A TRAP. — HE DREAMS THAT HE IS SENT TO THE HOUSE OF REFORMATION. — AWAKES AND FINDS HIMSELF THERE.

THE day after the funeral, I went to see the priest. He was at home, and he told me that I was in good time. There is lawyer Black, said he, who wants a boy in his office. He is a good friend of mine, and he will not make any difficulty about your going to church. Besides, he says that you may have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for catechism. That is very kind in him. I want a teacher in one of the prayer classes, and you might help me somewhat. Then all you will have to do will be, to open the office, sweep it, and light the fires. You will have to do all his errands, and I think that you will not find enough work to employ you half the time; so there will be a fine opportunity for study.

Will I live with him, sir?

O, no; he has a house boy. I should think that you have had enough of that kind of work. But I heard Mr. Croan say something yesterday about a place for you. Speak to him about it, and if he does not know where to find a home for you, I will try to think of something. Lawyer Black will give you a dollar a week. That is not much, but you can get along with it for a year or so. After a while, he will put you in the way of earning a little during the many spare hours you will have. He will give you clothes, too, if you suit him, as I don't doubt you will. And remember that many a man, who now stands high as a lawyer, began life just as you are beginning it — a poor office boy.

When I went back to the house, I told Mr. Croan all about it. Well, John, said he, would you like to live with me? I told him that nothing would suit me better. Well, then, it is a bargain, said he. I have a sister who is a widow, and gets her living by making coats. She has no children now, and I have written to her, and asked her to come and live with me.



I shall feel more comfortable with her than I would in a boarding-house. I am used to a quiet home ; and, although God has taken my family, he leaves me these four walls, and I don't want to say good-by to them, for they have seen us in joy and in sorrow. My sister has agreed to come, and I expect her to-morrow. I will hire another room in the house, now that Mr. Creech is going to move, and you can stay with us. Between us all, we will manage to live, if we get the blessing of God.

I was very glad to hear this, for my fortune was now made, as I thought. At any rate, my mind would be easy about church-going. Mr. Croan's sister came the next day, and she was immediately made sole mistress of the establishment. He was the caliph, and I the grand vizier. She succeeded in getting work in a day or two, and a little ready money she had made the place look a little more comfortable. We could not afford a carpet, but then we had a rocking chair, and six common ones, a new bedstead, and a cooking stove. Mr. Croan said that we were getting on too fast ; he didn't want to jump into Beacon Street life all at once ; we had better grow fashionable by degrees. This was said when his sister, Mrs. M'Grath, bought a second-hand bureau with a swinging glass attached to it.

I carried a note from my priest to lawyer Black. He was quite a young man, and he spoke to me very kindly. So, you are my new boy. Well, how old are you ?

I told him. Well, said he, I hope we shall agree. I expect that you will open the office every morning at seven, and sweep it, after lighting the fire. Then you will have little or nothing else to do for the rest of the day. So be punctual, and make a good use of the spare time you will have. If you do your duty well, you will not be sorry for having been my office boy. You can have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to yourself, besides a play day now and then. You will go to dinner at one, and I give you an hour for it. Then you will close the office at seven. Now you know your work. You may begin it immediately ; the office needs sweeping, and you can attend to it while I am gone.

I did so, and then I ran to the bookcase, and began to examine its contents. I saw in a few moments that the greater part of it was beyond my depth ; but I had determined to be a lawyer, after what the priest had told me, and so I took some of the old folios, and looked very knowingly



at their title pages, as if I meant they should understand that I did not intend to be ignorant of their contents much longer. The smaller books, on the three upper shelves, made me quite beside myself with joy, as I reflected that I would be shut up with them a great many days. Then I took Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, and after looking about the office, to see if every thing was in order, I sat down and began to read. I had heard and read about Cicero a great many times, in a casual way, and now I wanted to know who he was. I was busily occupied when Mr. Black returned.

Ah! at work already? he exclaimed. What is it? Waverley, I'll be bound. Cicero! he continued. Cicero! is it? Well, you have made a good beginning. You have gone to the fountain head of law.

Didn't I feel *big*? I was nothing less than half a lawyer already, in my own estimation.

Now, my boy, you must *study*, as well as *read*. From ten till twelve in the morning, and from three till five in the afternoon, you must keep at your school-books. You will spend one hour of this time in writing, and sometimes it will be in copying something for me, — that is, if you write well enough. Give me a specimen of your penmanship. Sit down there, and take the pen, — there is paper. Now write — Great lawyers were once little boys. Bring it here. Pretty well, pretty well, but quite too stiff. One hour a day, then, from ten till eleven. How is your arithmetic?

I can't do a sum in long division, said I. I *hate* arithmetic.

Well, you must learn to like it. Begin Colburn's book; — there it is, on the shelf. Mark out every sum in it; and when you meet a difficulty, don't skip it, but try hard; no matter if you spend a week on one sum. If you cannot master it, I may help you. From eleven to twelve, then, arithmetic. How is your grammar?

I know it as far as syntax.

Parse this sentence — I will be a lawyer.

I did so.

Very well. You will begin syntax, and commit every word to memory. Grammar hour, from three to four. Now for geography.

I know it pretty well, sir. He asked me some questions, and then he said that I might begin at the second part of Malte-Brun, and study it. Hour, from four to five. Now, said he, I may have something for you to do very often, during these



four hours. What time you spend in my service is taken from your study, of course. For instance, I send you away at ten, and you come back at a quarter of eleven. That is the hour for writing. Then you will sit down, and write fifteen minutes, and when it strikes eleven, you will turn to your arithmetic. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, you need not study unless you wish. So what you would have studied on Wednesday afternoon, you will study on Saturday morning. When you get through these elementary branches, I will put you to something else. The spare time you have may be taken up with reading.

May I take these books home in the evening, one at a time sir?

You can ask me each time, and I will decide according to circumstances. Now you can go to dinner.

The next Sunday I went to church and to catechism. The good priest examined me, and finding that I really knew my Catechism, he gave me a class of little boys who were learning their prayers. I continued to spend my Sundays in this manner while I remained in the city. In the evening, I went to Deacon Mills.

Ah, John, said he, I am glad to see you. I have got a good place for you now, and it has been waiting for you a week. You are a lucky boy.

Sir, I am obliged to you, for you are always good to me. But I have got an excellent place, the best I ever had. And I told him all that had happened after he visited the sick people, that morning. Mr. Croan told me to say that he is very much obliged to you for that wood. It came just at the right time, when there was not a stick in the house. He hopes that God will reward you for it, sir.

O, that is nothing. You have a good situation in Mr. Black's office. But where do you live? I told him. Is not Mr. Croan a Roman Catholic? he asked.

Yes, sir, he is a very good one. And I go to church and to catechism every Sunday now. I teach a class, too. I'm happier than I have been for a great while.

The deacon looked *very* grave. Well, John, you must make the best of your opportunities. I have always hoped and prayed that you would become a useful member of society, and I trust that you will realize my hopes. I must confess that I have been annoyed at your frequent changes. No boy I ever had under my eye seemed so uneasy as you



have been. Well, let us see how you will like this new place. Be sure, now, and visit me often.

I kept my post about a year. A sad accident made me lose it, and with it, my self-respect, and very nearly my soul.

You know that I was not brought up by my father as a Catholic child ought to have been. The ten months I was at Mr. Riley's house were more valuable, because I went to church regularly. In the country, I could not go, of course. There was no mass celebrated nearer than Boston, and so a year passed on. If I had been made for a farmer, years might have gone by, and changed the Catholic boy into a Protestant man. This was the idea of my friend, Deacon Mills. But God took me from this dangerous situation, and brought me back into the city. Then a year passed under the influence of stern haters of the Catholic name. I must go to their heretical assemblies, whether I would or would not. Certainly I *liked* their meeting better than our church, as a general thing; that is, my pride and vanity told me that I was in the company of ladies and gentlemen; and often, in coming out of Dr. Channing's meeting, I would look at the Irish people, men, women, and children, returning from church; and as I heard well-dressed heretics sneering at the priest-ridden Paddies, I felt ashamed of my father's brethren in faith and in country. If I could have quieted my conscience, which told me that I would be damned eternally if I did not obey the commandments of the Church, I would have gone to their meetings always. As it was, my conscience only troubled me at intervals; the greater part of the time I was stupidly content. Sunday after Sunday passed, and I no more thought of the church, than if it did not exist. But a very trifling circumstance sufficed to disturb this baneful slumber; and hence I was occasionally very anxious to go to my own church, and very glad when the time came that I could go, without hinderance from any one. I was glad, because I no longer feared to meet a person, see an object, or hear a word that would make me miserable, by reminding me of neglected duty. And such an awakening might occur any day, any hour, although, in point of fact, weeks would pass, and I would hear or see nothing to trouble me.

Now, I don't pretend to say how far I was guilty, during that year, in being so submissive to my Protestant superiors



in the matter of religion. It is certain enough that there was sin, because I knew my duty. I could have done it, and I did not. I might have done *one* thing. I could say to my master firmly, but respectfully, that I would not go to any other than the Catholic church, and then have run the risk of being turned out of the house. I am persuaded that in most cases, the bare manifestation of such a settled determination would be enough. There are some Protestants who would discharge a *child* forthwith on that one account; but I believe that such bigots are not very numerous. A variety of considerations would restrain many who would really like to do it. But I think that if a child were to show that he really had this courage, he would not often be required to test it. Now, I did no such thing. It is true, that when I entered each place, I pleaded, and strongly pleaded, for leave to go to my church; but I only *pleaded*, and a stern refusal made me dumb. But the words, *I wish*, are very different from the others, *I will*. The road to hell is alive with very pious wishes. So there I was all that time in a very bad state. I knew that I could not be saved in it, yet I did not make one vigorous effort to be free. I was deprived of arms with which my father ought to have furnished me. I should have been many times to confession, I should have made my first communion, and I should have been confirmed. The training I had at home made me capable of receiving these sacraments, and the trials I underwent among Protestants made the graces which flow from their proper reception very necessary to me. I wanted that sacrament from whose reception we receive graces that make us terrible to devils. I wanted that sacrament which makes us strong and perfect Christians, and soldiers of Jesus Christ. Precisely so. At a very early age, I was placed in the position of a soldier, and, at the same time, unprovided with the chief ordinary weapons of defence. It is true that there was prayer always possible. But the Christian soldier very often fights by praying. One of the effects of confirmation is to arouse and nerve us to pray when we are in danger. The breezes which bear to us the grace of prayer, blow from different quarters of heaven, and are of different kinds in consequence.

Whatever my sin might have been in thus tamely submitting to allow men to make me renounce my baptismal vows, it certainly was not so great as it would have been if I had done it of my own accord, without any pressure from without.



How far I might be excused, I cannot say, — I leave that question to the decision of others. I can only observe, that God was *very* merciful to me, a sinner. The precepts of my father were, in most cases, observed. I shunned bad company — which is the occasion of much sin — almost as scrupulously as when he was living. I did not swear at all. As to lying, and stealing bread and butter, or such things, I suppose that I was like most boys of average characters. But my habits of heedlessness became almost confirmed. My father had been very vigilant in this matter, but he did not live long enough to root the evil out. It grew, and cost me much trouble, and it cost my masters some money, and a great deal of ill humor. My father dealt with other things as he did with my way of managing my hands. I was a left-handed boy. He labored so incessantly, that he cured this defect in a great measure. I never use my left hand for my right one, but I can do so in many things, if I choose. Sometimes, when I want to know which is my right hand, I catch myself cooking a syllogism, to make sure of it. But this is only when I am in a fit of abstraction.

My father severely punished any display of impudence to my elders. But during these years, I became so saucy that I know I was sometimes unbearable. I have given specimens of this thing already.

But here was pretty nearly the extent of my evil deeds. The mercy of God supplied defects caused by the want of sacraments which I ought to have received, perhaps because I placed no obstacle in the way of their reception.

But when I entered the office of lawyer Black, it was a very different matter. I was permitted to go where duty called me. I lived with Catholics, and the sacraments which I had so sorely needed, but which had been denied to me, were now within my reach ; and I did not receive them.

Whitsunday was very near when I entered the school. As I knew my Catechism, the good priest offered to prepare me for confirmation that year, although he was very busy. But I told him that it was too near ; I would have to make a great many confessions first, and I would prefer to wait until the next opportunity. The next opportunity came, but I could not profit by it.

Now, this was not because I did not want to receive confirmation and communion. No ; but I was full of my old feelings about confession. I would resolve to go, and fix a



day. When it came, I would lose courage, and suffer any excuse to hinder me. I knew that my fears were foolish and groundless ; but, like the fear of ghosts, no reasoning would dispel the qualms when the time of trial came. In this matter, as in some others, I was a Catholic, so far as the understanding went, but I was a Protestant in feeling. And so time passed on.

I fell into bad company. It is true I did not become what is called a street boy. I never was one. I did not fight, gamble, go to the theatre, or to other bad places. I did not blaspheme or steal, neither did I keep late hours. But I began to like the company of those who did most of these things. I look upon this growing taste for bad companions, and the punishment that ensued, as the proper result of my negligence respecting the sacraments during this year, when they were offered to me for the first time. It is true that I did not know their value so well as I do now, but I knew that I ought to prize them.

My chosen companions were three or four office boys, like myself. It was not long before I found that they were not fit associates for me. Up to this moment, I had been very distant to all boys ; in fact, I could scarcely be said to have ever had companions. My father's strict discipline allowed me little company, and my retired and studious habits completed his work ; so that I obeyed my masters and mistresses without reluctance, when they forbade me to associate with any one. These boys, at first, wanted me for a butt, for a laughing-stock, because I was so very green. But I found that two of them were very smart fellows, who had read a great deal more than I had, and one of them had been to Italy with his father, who was captain of a vessel. These two were inseparable companions ; but the captain's son was the best natured, and he used often to tell stories about what he had seen in other countries. So I first endured their acquaintance, and soon I liked it. They used to play a great many jokes upon me, but they were so full of good humor afterwards, that I always forgot it. One evening, a little before dark, after we had closed the offices, they seized me by either shoulder, and dragged me towards the wharves, telling me that they were going to sell me to a captain of a Greek vessel that was just going to sail. I believed them ; so I struggled, screamed, and implored help, all the way to the wharf. Some gentlemen stopped them,



but the rascals said that I had run away from my uncle, who had sent them after me, and that I was a great rogue. The next day, I would not speak to them; but they asked me to excuse them, and the captain's son told me a story that made me laugh in spite of myself. They tried to get me to go to the theatre, but I never would. I did not like the place. From what my father told me, I concluded that it was a haunt of the meanest of mankind. I had been in it once. Mr. Black told me, one day, to go to his house, take some music I would find on the table in the entry, and carry it to Ostinelli, at the Tremont theatre. I went, and saw a bass trombone, with a pile of paper lying beside it. Of course I took the trombone, for it was all the music I saw. I had some difficulty in finding the entrance to the theatre, and I was told to go to the bar-room of the hotel in School Street. I entered, and stood there a little while, without saying anything. There were a great many people there, drinking and talking. I thought that half a barrel of liquor was swallowed during the few minutes I stood there. Some boys came down from the theatre with bottles, or pitchers, to be filled with gin or with brandy. They mentioned the names of the persons who sent them, and almost all of them were women. I began to think that I had got into one of the ante-chambers of hell, and I suppose it was. Presently I heard some one say, There goes Ostinelli. I looked, and a fat man, with a very bald head, was passing through the door towards the theatre. I followed him, and the door-keeper, seeing the trombone in my hand, let me pass without saying any thing. When I got inside, Mr. Ostinelli was very busy, and there were a great many sickly-looking men and women standing together on a high platform, talking all together. There were a great many seats around the hall, and there were some of the worst and roughest pictures I ever saw. The whole house, and the people in it, looked very dismal. I went near to Mr. Ostinelli, and I heard him complaining, to a man who stood near him, of Mr. Black, who had promised to send him music, and had not kept his word.

Here it is! said I, showing the trombone.

He turned and looked at it. What do you say to me?

Mr. Black told me to bring this music to you.

My child, he is laughing at me. That is not music; that is one instrument. I want music, like this. And he pointed to a pile of paper lying before him.



There was a lot of paper on the table, said I, but I did not know that paper made music. Shall I bring it ?

Yes, go, my boy, quick.

I was not long in exchanging the trombone for the manuscripts, though why they were called music puzzled me a great deal.

One Sunday evening, when I was at Deacon Mills's house, he warned me about my companions. He said that they were bad fellows, and no good would come to me by keeping their company. He said a great deal about it, and I promised him that I would try to avoid them. He repeated his caution several times about these very boys, and I wondered how he knew that I went with them, but I dared not ask him.

They tried frequently to make me stay from church on Sundays, and go with them nights ; but this I never would do. I used to walk with them on Sunday afternoons, and on week days all the time I could spare from the office. I would be with some one of them always, going to and from meals. Often they used blasphemous and vulgar language ; but I became so used to hearing it, that it no longer gave me pain. Why I did not swear as badly as they did, I cannot tell, unless the reason I gave you in the second chapter is the right one. They asked me three or four times to go on stealing expeditions with them, and the last time, I called them a pack of thieves, and I said that I would never have any thing to do with them again. I said so much, that they were very angry ; and one of them swore that he would put me where I would have none but thieves for companions. I laughed at him, and went away. I did not take any notice of any of them for almost a fortnight. It would have been well for me if I had never spoken to one of them again.

One day they came to me looking very good naturedly, and one of them made me a present of a book, while the other had a funny story to tell. They said that they were only joking when they wanted me to go with them, and steal. I had forgotten the offence ; in fact, I never could hold any spite for a day against my worst enemy. I had not learned that there is quite a difference between forgiving an injury, and putting it into one's power to hurt you a second time. We went towards the Common : it was the afternoon of Wednesday, and I neglected my class for the sake of pleasing them. The book was full of tales, and I read one while lying on the grass. The captain's son then told several stories,



and the other boy and I also told some. It was near sunset, and we went home. At night, when I was undressing, I felt something hard in my coat pocket; but as I generally had a book or two in it, I thought no more about it. The next morning I slept late, and so I put on my clothes in a hurry. As I took up my coat, something dropped from the pocket. I picked it up, and it was a very neat little box, covered with velvet. It seemed to shut with a kind of spring; but I could see no way of opening it, and I had no time for further examination. I put it back into my pocket, and hurried to the office, wondering all the way what was in the box, and how I came by it. I was puzzled, for I could not think of any errand that I had forgotten. Foul play never entered my mind. I made the fire, swept the room, and as it was now eight o'clock, I expected Mr. Black, for he was very punctual. The door opened, but it was not my master; it was Deacon Mills.

John, said he, very seriously, and without shaking hands with me, as he always did, put on your coat, and come with me!

Can you wait until Mr. Black comes. He will be here soon.

No matter for that, but come with me. I think it likely that we shall have to get a new place for you.

I was sorry to hear this. Deacon Mills, said I, I am contented and happy in this place. I don't want to leave it. Didn't you scold me for changing places so often?

We will talk about that hereafter. I think that you will not change your next place for some time. Come with me. And he wrote something upon a slip of paper, and stuck it on the outside of the door. Then he told me to put the key in its usual corner. As we went out, he asked me if I had been at breakfast. I told him I had not.

Well, little boys must eat, at all events. And he took me into an eating-house, and told the man to bring some bread and butter, and coffee. I was a little frightened, and more astonished. However, I ate a good meal. The deacon paid for it, and told me to follow. He led the way to the Court House, and went into a room. We found there two men and two boys. One of the men I did not know, but I afterwards found that he was a constable. The other man was a lawyer, whose office was in the same building with that of Mr. Black. I had been sent to his house two days before on an errand;



so I knew where he lived. The two boys were my companions of yesterday. One of them lived in the house of the same lawyer, Mr. Hodge, and took care of his office besides. They all looked strangely at me, and I began to feel quite alarmed.

The constable came to me, and, without saying a word, he put his hand in my pockets, and presently he pulled out the little box. The other man took it, and pressed a spring, when it flew open, and I saw that it was full of stones, set in gold. He looked at each stone, and then he spoke to Deacon Mills.

The scamp hasn't touched them. They are all here.

John, said the deacon, I am very sorry for this. I did not believe that you could be guilty of such an act.

What have I done, sir? said I, while my heart was rising — rising, till it seemed as if it were just going to jump out of my throat.

You are accused of having stolen this box.

I never stole it, sir.

How did you come by it then?

I don't know, sir. Yesterday afternoon I was on the Common with these boys, and when I went to bed, I noticed something hard in my pocket. I didn't look at it; and in the morning, when I was putting on my coat, that box fell on the floor. I was in a hurry, it was late, and I put it back, meaning to tell Mr. Croan about it, when I went to breakfast. That is all I know about it, sir.

Don't you know whose box it is?

No, sir.

What a finished liar! said the lawyer.

Now, John, said the deacon, listen to me. You were at Mr. Hodge's house, the day before yesterday. Mrs. Hodge, her maid, and this boy here, can prove that. You waited alone in a room for a letter more than twenty minutes. This boy was about the house all the time, and he says that you did not leave the room. Mrs. Hodge says that the box was in one of the drawers in that room in the morning, and in the afternoon, the box was gone. These two boys say that they were with you on the Common yesterday afternoon; you were rolling on the grass, and they saw a velvet box, or something that looked like one, in your pocket. Now, I have brought you here, and we find the very box that was lost about your person. Are we to blame, then, for saying that



you took it? You had better confess the truth at once, and perhaps you will get off more easily.

I *have* told the truth about it, said I. You may hang me, if you like, but I won't tell any other story, because I can't.

Well, the thing must take its course. I met my friend and neighbor, Mr. Hodge, this morning, and he told me the story, which shocked me very much. He would have you punished severely, but I persuaded him to let me manage the matter. You will certainly be convicted, but I will save you the disgraceful part of the punishment, at all events. You may thank Mr. Hodge, who permits me to do thus much for you.

I was quite stupefied by this time, and I never had any distinct recollection of what followed; it all seemed like a nightmare. I dreamed that some one came in and spoke to the deacon, when we walked into a room full of people, and there was a white-haired man sitting at a bench, and a very red-faced man sitting at another. Something was said. I was asked some questions, I believe, but whether I spoke at all, or what I answered, I cannot tell. I believe the white-haired man said something about a poor boy, intelligent looks; and the deacon something else about wild boy, five places in one year, impudent, street acquaintances, and so on, whatever it was. I found myself riding in a coach. How I got in or out of it I don't know. I dreamed of a very high fence, a large house with two wings, and a tall man with a very long nose. When I came to myself, I was in a pretty large room with a window and a bed, and I was alone. I sprang to the door, but it was locked; and I threw myself on the bed, and prayed that I might die. A hearty fit of weeping came to relieve me, and I sobbed myself to sleep.

I was awakened by a boy who brought to me a piece of bread, a plate of meat, and some water. I drank the water eagerly, and I asked for some more. He took the mug without saying any thing, and went out. He presently reappeared with more water. I drank it all, and told him to take away the dinner, I did not want any. Then I asked his name, and what place it was? He looked at me as if he wanted to say something, but he went away without speaking, and locked the door.

Presently I heard voices in the open air. I went to the window, and found I was in a room two stories from the ground. There was a fine piece of land in front of the house, with a great many trees, and men were ploughing the ground



and hoeing it. Directly under the window there was a long grass plot, and three rather large boys were there playing. They were dressed in blue jackets and pantaloons, like the one that brought my dinner. As I opened the window, they looked up.

Give me that handkerchief of yours, said one of them to me. You will have no use for it.

I dropped it, and he thanked me, as he put it into his pocket.

You'll get into a scrape for that, remarked one of the others. Come away.

Stop, said I. I've given you my handkerchief, and I had as lief give you my head, as not. I'm afraid I shall have no further use for it. But tell me one thing. What is the name of this place?

The boys laughed, and walked away. Thinks I to myself, What is the matter, that I can't get any body to speak to me? It must be an enchanted castle. What a great fool I was to give him my handkerchief! It is the only one I have; and now, what will I do?

It is a fact! I'm half inclined to believe Professor Grimes, — not the good old soul who is dead, — when he prates in the latest humbug, called Etherology, about a new organ which he has just discovered, and which he calls the bump of Credenciveness. He says that all the systems about animal magnetism, pathetism, electro-biology, neurology, and so forth, are humbugs, excepting his own. He tells just *half* the truth. Well, he says that the new bump is at the bottom of all these curious and ticklish facts in the aforesaid humbug sciences. It explains all the wonderful things that have addled people's heads so here in Boston and else where. This credenciveness is only the bump of believing an assertion. If you can only get this bump a little tickled, you can say that black is white, that the moon is made of green cheese, or that magnetism isn't a humbug, or any other absurdity, and the patient will believe you. That is the whole secret, says good Grimes. Bless you, the devil hasn't any thing to do with magnetism at all. Fiske, and Sunderland, and all the others only magnetize the money out of your pockets, by making a great mystery of it. They offer to teach you for ten dollars what I'm telling you for nothing, or next to nothing. They work all their miracles by practising on the bump of credenciveness that I've lately discovered in the brains of mankind in general, and of this community in particular. All you have to do is, to get control of a subject, and then excite this



bump. The way to excite it is to assert something energetically ; but it is generally found best to tell a lie, and stick to it like wax. You'll find plenty of men who'll believe you, without going to the trouble of magnetizing them first. Tell your subject that the floor is hot, and he'll begin to dance like a bear on hot irons. Tell him it's cold, and he'll try to steal your cloak. You'll get 'em to believe any thing, and do any thing you tell 'em to. Now, my hearers, I've excited you several bumps. The box is going round ; and I assert that every individual here will put in twenty-five cents.

I think that my bump of credenciveness was pretty large when I was a boy. It was always very hard for me to say *no* to any one. So I was always inclined to obey any person who chose to assume with me a tone of absolute command. I have given several instances of this weakness, in the course of my story. And I always put great faith in other people. The lesson of distrust was the last I ever learned, and a great many experiments were necessary before I could begin to learn it. I hate to practise it now. I can't understand the state of that man's mind, who takes it for granted that everybody else is a scoundrel, and isn't quite sure that he himself is an honest man. I do not want to be more distrustful than the law is, which supposes every man innocent until he is proved guilty. I always liked to believe in other people. Even when I heard or read a story, I did not like to think it unreal. But the bump was never so excited in me as on this day, when I didn't know where I was, or what they were going to do with me. If a dog, with two tails, dressed in the uniform of a Chinese mandarin, had waddled in, and told me that I was in the moon, I would have asked him if he were the man in it, and I would have told him that I was not very partial to green cheese. But no dog came, either with two tails, or with one.

A little before sunset, a rather large boy opened the door, and told me to follow him. I did, of course. I would no more have dreamed of disputing his command, or of asking to see his papers, than I would if he had been a giant, fifty feet long. He led the way down a wide flight of stairs, and into a large room, where there were nearly a hundred boys. There was a great buzzing in the room, for the boys were talking together in an under tone. I was led to a row of boys, and seated at the foot, in the lowest place. I sat, and looked around the room.



The long nose I had dreamed about in the morning belonged to the Rev. Mr. Willis, the manager of the establishment. He sat at a high desk, reading. Two men occupied lower desks, at either side. One of them looked as if he had just left the plough; his name was Marcy. The other had a fox-hunting look about him; he was quite a young English squire. He answered to the name of Nellis. The boys were sitting on benches arranged against the walls of the room, leaving the middle free. There were enough to fill three sides, leaving not much space between the classes, or divisions. There were six of these, but they did not appear to be made with any reference to size or age, for great and small boys were to be seen in all of them. The division nearest the master was the smallest, and the boys were dressed in good blue clothes. The third was the largest; it included nearly half the boys. The two last were farther removed from the others than they were from one another. And while the boys in the four higher divisions talked or read, they of the two last sat in silence, with folded arms. Two monitors sat on stools in front, to watch them. My division was the smallest; it contained only four, and one of them was the boy to whom I gave my handkerchief. He looked very sulky, and he had lost his blue suit. I was beginning to speak to him, but the boy who was our monitor, told me to be still, and fold my arms. The dress of all the boys, excepting those of the first division, was a jacket and pantaloons of a light and coarse blue. The jackets had standing collars, and were buttoned with one row of buttons, like military jackets. The boys seemed to be warm enough.

These divisions, as I learned soon enough, were called grades. The three higher ones were called *bon*, or good grades. The three lower ones, *mal*, or bad grades. A boy newly arrived, or one who had done a very bad action, was put in the third malgrade. Then he worked his way up by good behavior. Three days would pass him into the second malgrade; a week into the first; then another week for the third bongrade. A fortnight would qualify him for the second. A month would bring him into the highest, and into a better suit of clothes. So nine weeks would enable a boy to pass from the lowest grade to the highest; and when he was once there, he might keep his post as long as he remained in the house. It was quite an object to get into this grade; for, in the first place, the boys in it were better dressed; then



they were the favorites — the white-headed boys. They enjoyed a peculiar privilege, by a fiction of the domestic law. They were supposed to be incapable of lying, and their word was sufficient in any transaction. This was a wise notion. The boys were very proud of the distinction, and made it a point of honor to tell the truth. Few were ever *caught* in a lie. Then the cabinet ministers were selected from among them. There was the head monitor, who governed the community in the absence of the superintendent and of his two deputies. There was the monitor of the keys, who could unlock any door in the house, as he had the charge of the great bunch. There was the monitor of police, who went over the house daily, with two assistants, to see that it was clean. His two boys did the work, when any was to be done; and there was a little always. There was the monitor of the wardrobe, who dispensed clean clothes. And there was the parlor boy, whose post was always an enviable one, because he dined up stairs. Then there were the two monitors of the grades, who watched over the boys in the two unfortunate lower divisions. These monitors were changed or reappointed every two months.

The first bongrade had another privilege. They could go to the city alone, to see their friends. They were expected not to ask for this indulgence often, though. Some never availed themselves of the privilege, for fear of meeting old acquaintances, I suppose. No one claimed it oftener than once in three or four months. The boys of this grade had several other little rights. One of them implied frequent exemption from work. When the garden was to be attended to, or any thing was done which required the boys to be divided into squads, one of the first grade was made temporary captain of the gang.

All this had a good effect, and it was as strong an incitement to good behavior as the managers could invent. Promotion never happened unless the outward actions were good; and the higher the grade, the more strictly were the boys watched. A word spoken, in time of silence, would put one back a week.

I called the two lowest grades unfortunate, because they were not considered as belonging to the community. They always sat by themselves. When work was to be done, the worst portions fell to their share. They had only a little corner of the play-ground, where it was impossible to get up any games. They could talk among themselves, at certain times; but it was strictly forbidden to the boys of the four upper



grades to exchange a word with them. The slightest transgression of this rule was visited with severe punishment; the speaker was sent down to the grade of the boy spoken to. This was the offence of the boy who asked me for my handkerchief. Now, I, being a new comer, belonged to the third malgrade, and he had to take off his good clothes, and come down to the same depth. It was a great fall, for he was in the highest grade, and had a seat in the cabinet; he was monitor of the keys.

While I was sitting there, staring at the boys, the bell rang, and Mr. Willis called the names of the boys in alphabetical order. He paused after each name, and if neither deputy said any thing, he put a good mark against it. If a slight objection were made, he omitted the mark. If the boy had done any thing really against the rules, a bad mark was put against the name. This ceremony was repeated every night. Every Saturday afternoon, the results were summed up, and promotions and degradations were made, according to the excess of good or of bad marks. Some boys had as many as two hundred good ones; some, none at all. Some had a few bad ones. There were not many of these, because no boy was censured every day, and so he blotted out his bad marks with good ones. No good marks, and a certain number of bad ones, degraded a boy; the number required corresponded to the nobility of his grade. On the whole, incentives for good conduct were prettily devised.

When the roll had been called, the deputies made their reports for the day just ended. Boys who had behaved badly were called out, questioned, witnesses were examined, if necessary, and punishment followed. This was whipping, and major excommunication in a few cases, degradation often, and sometimes the loss of part of the next meal. It might be to stand in the middle of the floor, the next day, during recreation hours, with the hands held in some wearisome position. Sometimes it was work in play hours. This court held its sessions, and pronounced judgment, every evening, after the calling of the roll.

Then came the order — Take your places by divisions. We of the unfortunate grades sat still, but the floor was covered by the other boys, who scattered in every direction. In a minute they were again seated, but according to their size. The smallest boys were about eight years old, I should say. Some of the largest seemed to be more than eighteen. But



the general age of the boys was from eleven to fourteen. Then there was a little time for talking. Presently the bell rang once more.

Attention! Rise! To the right, face! Close your files, march! Monitors, to your posts, march! Divisions, close your files, march! Quick time — one, two, three, forward, march! Away we went, single file, into the eating-room.

Every time we marched this way, — and it was several times each day, — the step was marked; sometimes by singing a hymn, now and then a song. A favorite time-marker was the roll of English kings, beginning with William, and ending with George IV., then reigning. We recited many other things in marching — the forty chemical elements, (there were forty, then, and light and caloric were counted as two;) the points of the compass, with all their subdivisions; the names of the orders and genera of plants, according to Linnaeus; and a great many other useful things.

The supper was bread and shells, and so it was always, unless on holidays, when butter was added. After supper, we were marched back to the assembly room, and after a little reading of the Bible and prayer, we were marched to bed at an early hour. As soon as I reached my room, and the doors were locked, my two companions began to catechize me. But I told them that I would not answer a question until they told me where I was.

O, that's easily said. You are where you won't get out in a hurry.

But what is the name of the place?

The House of Reformation.

I then asked the names of the three masters, what kind of men they were, and so on. They told me all about them, and then they gave me their own histories.

And now, said they, who are you? What's your name, and what brought you here?

I satisfied them on these points, and then I went to bed, for some one had been at the door twice, and told us to be quiet. I was very tired; so I resisted all their invitations to have a long talk, and I went to sleep while they were talking, like hardened little sinners, as one of them was.

The rule of the bed-rooms was silence; but it was never kept, because it was very seldom enforced. Indeed, it was impossible to enforce it, under the circumstances. There were, along one of the great wings, two stories of bed-rooms,



and there were on each floor two rows of rooms, a row on either side of a long corridor. The rooms were all quite large, and well ventilated. There was a window in each, and above every door an empty space, which served to admit air, and to enable a listener to know what might be going on in the rooms. There were two monitors, one to each story. He locked the doors at night, and opened them in the morning. His room was left open, of course. There were always two, generally three, and sometimes four boys in each room. Room mates were commonly selected with reference to age and to size. The monitor would generally be asleep fifteen minutes after locking the rooms. I know that I was often asleep in less than five. Of course, whispering, or conversation in an under tone, would not attract his attention, and often downright rioting would fail to do it. He could go to the room whence it proceeded, and turn the inmates out into the corridor, to cool, in their shirts. His duty was, furthermore, to report them the next morning; but, as he himself was one of the boys, he seldom did it. It would have been better if he had only been permitted to report them, precisely because he was a boy, and consequently used his authority in such a way that three or four lads, turned out of bed in their shirts, would sometimes get a little too much of the cold night air. Sometimes he would creep into bed, intending to go out and send them back in five minutes or so, and he would fall soundly asleep over his good resolution. Then the boys, after they had ascertained that he really slept, would unlock every door, and raise what's his name for an hour or two; and sometimes the fun would be so uproarious, that the monitor would wake, and find that a general jail delivery had taken place. He was lucky if it were not first discovered by the officers, as it was once or twice.

Now, just look at it. There were a hundred boys together in an institution which professed to be, not a house of correction, but a house of reformation. It was no part of its plan to receive criminals, but little boys who had begun to go astray, and who might become criminals, if they were left to themselves. The idea was, to take these boys, before they had become very wicked, and give them two or three years of careful training, after which they would be reformed, and they might go again into the world, under the auspices of honest tradesmen, who would take them as apprentices. The house was not regarded or intended as a prison, but as a



school. This was the theory, and a very pretty theory it is, like a great many other philanthropic theories which are so current in charitable Boston.

But the theory did not work so well in the house as it did on paper. It is true that the annual reports made male and female old ladies shed tears of joy ; it is true that the annual exhibitions were well got up ; it is true that visitors, who were admitted every month, and directors, who roamed at will wherever they chose, saw nothing but industry, progress, cheerfulness, neatness, and order. We could show handsome writing-books, read as if we were the sons of directors, answer questions in geography and grammar, and work sums in arithmetic. Some of us could recite pieces, answer questions in history, and even demonstrate such common problems in metaphysics as the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. We could sing Watts's hymns as if we were little angels. In fact, Deacon Mills, who was a sort of father to the institution, never visited it without shedding tears of joy ; for the good old man really thought that it was one of his greatest triumphs. He would apply to it the hymn —

I have been there, and still would go ;  
'Tis like a little heaven below.

So it was a heaven *below*, where words go by contraries. We had wholesome food, and plenty of it. We were generally clothed well enough to prevent suffering. We had just work enough to enable us to know what work was. We had plenty of time to play. We were provided with means for mental improvement. The government, with a few exceptions, was tolerably good. We had prayers every day, and service on Sundays. In short, Protestant brains could scarcely work out a better plan on Protestant principles. All concerned in it were probably sincere in thinking that they had immortalized themselves.

Then what *was* the matter ?

Why, only that the institution often received tolerably good boys, and sent out filthy demons ; that is all. Not always, to be sure ; but it was not the fault of the institution that there were some exceptions. It would have been a *very* successful concern — none more so — if there were no God ; or if there were no hell ; or if Protestant morality *were* really morality ; or, finally, if boys from eight to eighteen years of age knew



nothing of crime. Now, the greater part of these boys were sent there for stealing or for disobedience. Some were committed as vagrants. There were a few who did not deserve to be sent there ; for, call the place all the soft names you choose, it *was* a prison, and it was a means of punishment. Some of those who did deserve to be sent there were not half so wicked as many who were petted and indulged by foolish parents, and have their juvenile sins hushed up. A little molasses stolen through straws on the wharves, or a tree visited and lightened of a part of its load, was the sum of the peccadilloes of a few of them. Of the boys who were committed for disobedience, it may be safely said of some of them, that their parents had failed in their duty to the children, more than the children had to their parents. I am confident that, in very many cases, the boys were passed over who ought to have been there, and the boys were sent there who ought to have been passed over. I am sure, moreover, that the boys there were no worse than the average run of Boston boys. If the institution could have been changed into a school by knocking down the high fences, and allowing the boys to live freely in neighboring houses, instead of making them live together, they would pass muster with the other Boston schoolboys, and no one would know the difference. If the boys of any one of the Boston schools were brought together into the house, and the boys of the house were transferred in a lump to that school, thus exchanging situations, the respective masters would not know the difference ; they would be ignorant that they had exchanged boys, if they had to judge only from language, behavior, or from any thing that makes the *boy*. They could distinguish only by the aid of dress, and of other accidents. The thing works as if a portion of the Boston boys were huddled together, until they reached a given number, and then sent like emissary goats, to expiate the sins of the boyish community. No doubt there are certain principles kept in sight in the selection of the emissary goats. I have given the subject careful consideration, and I am satisfied that there are two. One may be stated thus : “ Hit him ; he ain’t got no friends.” The other : “ Popery must and shall be crushed.”

When I express a belief that the boys were fair samples of Boston boys, I do not mean to have it inferred that they were very moral. What I said in the first part of the story about schoolboys will set that matter at rest. There were



no saints in the house, no religious boys, and I do not think that there were many really good ones. But there were several.

With these, there were some very bad ones. There were boys that deserved to be sent to a House of Correction. There were some who would not have suffered injustice, had they been sent to the State Prison. And the good mixed with the bad, the filthy-souled with the pure-minded; and the natural consequence of such things happened. What availed it that they were under the strictest discipline from sunrise to sunset, if they herded together without *any* restraint from sunset to sunrise. They were kept apart when they might have been left together, and left together when they should have been kept apart. The monitors slept, the officers slept, the master slept, but the boys were awake. And the result of it was, that pure-minded boys were possessed by seven devils within those walls. Images of God entered there, and went out likenesses of hell. The enemy of souls, in pausing over the pious city of Boston, saw *no* house more to his mind within its circuit; for he rejoices far more over the ruin of a child than over that of a man, even as men love a new instrument better than one grown old with use.

The next morning we were aroused by a great bell. After making the beds and washing ourselves, we assembled in the same large room. In a short time the boys were marched to breakfast, which was always bread and shells. Two hours of school followed, and then two hours of work. In summer, the work was gardening, and we had a pretty little piece of ground, just enough to make gardening a pleasant business. The garden ran to the shore, and the afternoon work generally ended in summer with a bath in the salt water. On wet and cold days the in-door work was miscellaneous, but the principal employment was picking wool. Then half an hour of rest, after which we were marched to dinner. It was only one dish, but it was wholesome, and plenty of bread went with it. There was one thing which is very common in houses where there are Protestant employers and Catholic workmen. There was always meat on Fridays, and fish on Saturdays. It is just as easy to cook fish on Friday; but no! the superstitious Papists must eat meat, or they shall have nothing.

After dinner the boys marched to a large play-ground, where a merry hour was always spent. In wet weather there



was a spacious gymnasium, occupying an entire story of one of the long wings. After play, two hours more of school, followed by two hours of work. Then the boys met for recreation in the assembly-room, as I had found them on my entrance, the evening before. Here is a day as it was spent there, and it was like all other days in the year, excepting Sundays and holidays. When Sunday came, we met in the morning and in the afternoon at chapel, which was in the house. The chaplain was an Episcopalian; so the liturgy of the Church of England was read, of course. I knew all about it, for that was my meeting while I was with Dr. Stillingworth. There was communion service two or three times while I was there, and once the bishop came and confirmed several boys. On Christmas day, the chapel was finely decorated. I never heard the chaplain allude to the Catholic Church in any way. It was the system of Deacon Mills. We, who were Catholics, were to be always surrounded with Protestant influences, and never see or hear any thing that would remind us of our own Church. The thing worked pretty well; the greater part of the Catholic boys quite forgot that they had ever been any thing but Protestants.

So passed a year and a half. One day was always like another, but time was so well divided that it did not pass wearily. I, for one, felt tolerably content. The "Friends and Fathers" of the institution visited it annually, and that was always a gala day. Never was there such a nice institution, never were there such nice boys. "Friends and Fathers" *do* make mistakes, sometimes. The directors visited the house often, and then I always saw Deacon Mills. He looked pleased to see me there; as, no doubt, he was.

The most pleasant day to me was when the boys' friends came to see them, which happened every month. When the first time came, and I saw the boys sitting with their mothers and relations, I felt very sorrowful, for I knew that there were no parents or kindred to come and speak a kind word to me. There were only one or two whom I cared to see; and although I hoped they would not forget me, I was almost afraid they would come, for I was ashamed. But one did think of me; it was Mr. Croan.

John, my dear boy, *what* have they done to you?

I could not speak for some time; my heart was too big. At last I asked him if he believed it.



Believe it? No! I'd as soon believe that *I* did it. But come, tell me the whole story.

I did so. When I had finished, he asked how I fared in the place. I told him that I was treated well enough, but I did not want to stay. First of all, I can't go to church, of course. It's a punishment upon me, because I neglected confirmation, last year. But let me have one more chance, and see if I'll throw it away! Then there are some horrid bad boys here; and the good ones are growing bad every day. I have had enough of bad company; it has brought me to this. Then I feel that I'm growing more and more like a Protestant, in spite of myself. I was always a half heretic, and I'm afraid that my stay in this place will finish the business. I'll tell you what, — I'll run away.

He told me that it would never do; and he said so much to me that I promised I would not, without consulting him. He staid as long as he could, and then went away, saying that I might expect to see him every month. I called him back as he was going out, and asked him if he knew any thing of Mary Riley, and whether she believed that I was such a bad boy. I had seen her in the street two or three times during my year at Mr. Black's office, and she was always the same Mary. She bitterly lamented her uncle's sternness in my regard, for he had forbidden her to have any thing to say to me.

But I won't mind him in *that*, you may be sure, she would always say. My father would never have given me such an order. So never mind, John: we'll grow up, one of these days, and we'll live together, — won't we? O, how I long to be a woman!

I called at her uncle's house on business, said Mr. Croan, and I saw her. He had told her about it, and it seems that he had given you a bad name. She was very much grieved, but she said that you did not do it any more than she did; she *knew* you didn't. I told her that I thought as she did, and that pleased her much. I did not speak about her to you because there is something in that box that comes from her. She came to my house yesterday afternoon, and left it. Now, good-by. Remember what I have told you about your prayers.

I took the box he brought for me; it was pretty heavy, and I carried it down stairs. As I passed, I heard Mr. Willis



scolding two women for divesting their boys of vermin. I did not blame them. Many of the boys were overrun with these creatures, and it was hard for any one to escape. In that matter, there was not sufficient care taken of the boys' heads. There was another disgusting malady, too, which was a terrible nuisance; no one was secure against it. It was the itch. Some of the boys had it badly; half of them were more or less troubled with it. I did not think that the superintendent chose a very good way to treat it, either. The remedy was brimstone and molasses, exhibited internally and externally. The boy had to strip before the whole community, and stand in the middle of the floor until he was anointed from head to heels. I never thought that it was a good sight for a hundred boys to look at. Several other scenes of this nature came off in the presence of the boys, and the ostensible occasion was not always the itch. I thought then that it was indecent, and I think so now.

The box contained eatables, little goodies, which were always plentiful in the house on these occasions. Then there were some books. I was delighted with them; for, although we had a library, yet these were my own. Then there was a *picture*! Stars and earth, it was a picture of MARY! I thought I should go wild with joy. But I hid it, for fear that it would be taken from me, or that the boys would see it, and plague me about it. After that, I didn't care if I were on a desert island. That picture has driven away many sad thoughts, and made sunshine for me when there seemed nothing but black clouds. For a week I thought of nothing else. I wore it in my bosom until I took her there to be my wife. There was a note fastened to the miniature. It ran thus:—

MY POOR, DEAR BROTHER JOHN: It broke my heart to hear what those wicked people have done to you. And then my uncle always calls you bad names. I'll try to forgive him, if I can. The worst name I can call you is my own brother John.

I went to communion, and I offered it up for you. The priest said I might. I have been confirmed, too.

Dear John, don't forget me. I have sent you my picture, so that you may not. My uncle got it for me; not this one, but another that was here, from the west. And I want you to do another thing. Every time you look at it, think of the Blessed Virgin, and say a Hail Mary. You can't think how much good it will do you. You will be out soon, I know.



They cannot keep you long. Uncle will be mad about the picture, I suppose ; but I do not care.

Your own sister, MARY RILEY.

Several boys ran away while I was there. In fact, it was not a hard matter. Ten ran away one morning together ; six were retaken, and three more came back of their own accord the same night. Boys who were guilty of this offence were severely punished. They were first expelled from the community, which amounted to a sentence of greater excommunication. This was necessary in order to administer a whipping, which was never inflicted upon boys in regular standing in the house. Then the culprit was confined in a solitary and rather dark room, for a period varying from three days to a month. This punishment was dreaded by all the boys, and with some reason. Sometimes they were confined in a very lonely part of the west wing ; and, in at least one instance, a boy was chained in a huge garret, at the top of the house, which had the name of being haunted. Such punishments are cruel, for a boy might lose his reason in one night, passed in such dismal places.

This punishment of expulsion was rarely administered ; perhaps not more than twenty times in the year. It was given mainly for running away, as I said before. But any boy who was caught speaking to an expelled lad, suffered the same punishment. You like their society, the master would say ; then go and share it. No other breach of the laws of the house was visited with this penalty. It was only inflicted upon those found guilty of some great crime.

I remember how surprised we all were once. One of the biggest and most intelligent boys in the house, and of good standing, too, was called out one evening, at muster. He was made to exchange his nice suit for a coarse one. Then he was heavily ironed, and marched off to solitary confinement. He had been in the house only a year ; but Mr. Willis was looking over the books of his predecessor, and he found therein an entry, stating that the boy in question had escaped from the institution, five years before.

The boys were generally discharged after two years or so, if they were old enough, and if they were well behaved. But they never received an absolute discharge. They were not returned to their parents, no matter how earnestly a poor mother might claim her boy. There *may* have been excep-



tions ; but if any there were, they were extremely rare, and made under the pressure of very peculiar circumstances. The "Friends and Fathers" were hitting him, until they found that he *had* got friends. No matter if a poor widow had been wheedled into a surrender of her boy, under representations to the effect that the house was a "little heaven below," and that she could have her child at any time. Just let him have a few months of the kind and healthy discipline of our establishment, and he will be a reformed boy. You can have him again ? Certainly. O, yes !

Well, they *did* have him again, but when they had better have had a corpse within their arms, if they were Catholic mothers. They did have him again, but after they had waited many weary years. After he had left the place to go and serve a master whose God was not his God. After years spent in learning how to get a living, and how to forget all that makes living in the world good for the soul. The poor mother sometimes was weary with watching, and would lie down to a long sleep. But the boy came back ; had not "Friends and Fathers" promised it ? The lesson had been taught him ; he had renounced his renunciation of the devil and of all his works. He had become a "useful member of society." Another brand had been snatched from the burning. Popery had lost another slave !

The way in which boys left the institution was this : Persons, supposed to be honest men, would come to the house, and apply for boys to go with them, and learn to be farmers, shoemakers, carpenters, or cabinet makers, as the case might be. The applicant would bring a letter from the directors, and a boy that seemed likely to suit him was selected from the highest grade. Then he took him as an indented apprentice. The boy would shake hands with his mates, and start off. Few boys were granted to applicants from the city. The reason assigned was, that he might fall again among bad companions. Another reason, no doubt, had its weight, if the boy were a Catholic. There was a church in the city and one end of the institution might be frustrated by its means.

Then the boys were commonly sent into the country. If they were Catholic boys, they had probably been negligent about going to church and to catechism, before they were sent to be *reformed*. In the House, during the two years or so of their stay, they heard nothing that would lead them to suspect that such a thing as a Catholic Church existed. Mr.



Willis was an admirable assistant to Deacon Mills. And when the boy left the house, he went to some country town, where he was to stay for seven years, and learn a trade. He must go to meeting; he must live with people who have a less just notion of what the Catholic Church is, than the Chinese of the interior have about the "outside barbarians" of Europe; and when the work is done, "Friends and Fathers" keep their word, the worse than corpse is brought back and laid in its mother's arms; if, indeed, she has not gone to accuse them of high treason against a soul redeemed by very precious blood.

What! a Protestant will exclaim, Are *we* all to be damned? Are you Catholics, and no others, going to be saved? Who are *you*, that judge us so harshly?

My very dear heretic, you understand with your elbows, as most Protestants do, when they hear any thing said about religious matters. I have not said that *you*, or any of you, will be damned. God forbid. So far as *you* are concerned, I just say this: I am afraid that you won't understand it, though; for, although it is the a, b, c, of religion, to most of you it is like x, y, z, which are, in algebra, unknown quantities. There is *no* salvation out of the one true Church of Christ Jesus, the living Son of God. Then who dies out of it will be damned eternally. Those two propositions are equivalent, and yet I have met few Protestants who could see any connection between them; but let that pass. Take the first proposition as the major of a syllogism. Then the minor would be this: But you are out of this Church.

Now, *I* do not assert this minor. I know of no authority on earth that can assert it *with* authority, unless it be THE CHURCH. But don't breathe so freely. It is true that the Church may, in certain cases, mean the Pope. But Pius IX. is too far off, and I don't mean to send you to him to ask if you be in the true Church or not. For my private opinion is, you won't take the trouble to go; you would be afraid that they would clap you into the Inquisition, where you would get nothing to eat but bread, soup, meat, and fruit; and have nothing to drink but wine, with water at discretion. The Church may mean all the faithful under one head. But I don't know that you could consult all of them, they are so scattered. You would find very many thousands of them living in countries where the profession of the true faith is visited with whipping, hanging, and starving, and *your* faith



is not strong enough to carry you there. The Church may mean the bishops assembled in general council. But they met three hundred years ago, long before you were born; and, long before they meet again, you will be dead, buried, and JUDGED. No, the matter is very easy. The voice of the Church must always be a living voice; it was meant to be heard by every creature; it was meant to be heard by *you*. For us Catholics, as individual members of the Church, the voice of our bishop, in communion with the Holy See, *is* the very living voice of the Church. He who hears *it*, hears Christ. He who despises *it*, despises Christ. Well, then, the matter lies in a nutshell. If you live in Massachusetts, the voice of the Church to *you* is the voice of John Fitzpatrick, by the grace of God and appointment of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Boston, *in partibus infidelium*. I am afraid I must add, You are his child, although you are a rebellious one. You must go to him and ask whether *you* are in the true Church. You must have an infallible answer to that question, or you are lost. He is the only one in these regions who can answer it in a proper way.

The syllogism would then run thus:—

Out of the true Church, there is *no* salvation. But *you* are out of the true Church.

And here you must stop. Syllogisms like this one are the infinite decimals of logic; you can't get at the end of them this side the grave; and when you get to the other side, you are past ciphering and reasoning. The conclusion of that syllogism, if any one *could* draw it, would be:—

Therefore there is *no* salvation for *you*.

But no one can draw it. Only One. The Church is infallible; but she seldom receives revelations, and she has no authority to draw that conclusion. It will be drawn for you, and for me, and for every one, at the last day. It will be done in these words: Come! ye blessed. Depart! ye cursed. The number and the *names* of the elect are written in a book, it is true; but no one has power to open it, unless it be the Lion of the tribe of Judah. We know well enough that you are *not* in the Church of Christ. You may plead that *our* knowledge does not bind you; but your plea avails you nothing; because, although we have no *authority* to teach you, we can send you to several here in America, who were *sent* expressly to teach you and me. No one says that you are bound to hear me; but if you will not hear the Church, I



have good authority for saying that you are heathens and publicans. No one can say that *you* will be lost forever, because no one can foresee whether you will persist in your rebellion to the last. The mercy of God may lead you into the Church, and then you will be in the way of salvation, and not before. If you do persist in denying the faith to the end, you are one of those of whom Christ spoke, when he said, He that believeth not shall be damned. If you are determined not to hear the Church, you have already judged yourself; and, if the penalty be severe, you have no right to complain. You can escape it, if you will.

Now, every Catholic will understand what I have said; but I have no idea that *you* will. You are one of those who have ears and do not hear. I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear you turn round and say, What bigotry! what ferocious bigotry! That unfeeling Papist says that we all will be damned. Lord love you; I *didn't* say it. Take care that you do not mistake my voice for one coming from the secret depths of your own soul. Come! I have done with you. Yet I wish that every morning, noon, and night, you would repeat the blind man's prayer. *Domine, ut videam* — Lord, that I may see!

My business is rather with Catholics, and I was talking about Catholic boys when you interrupted me. They are surely children of the Church. She has a right to speak to them, and they have a right to hear her. You may try to excuse yourself and others by saying that you knew *nothing* about the Church; on the score of invincible ignorance, in short. I hope that your excuse will be found good. But do not plead it, unless you are sure that you are, and have been always, laboring under invincible ignorance. This observation leads to a result that may make you stare. It is, that if you plead that you are *now* laboring under that infirmity, as an excuse for remaining a Protestant, you are pleading that two and two make *five*. If you plead it for others who are dead and gone, I have nothing to say; they are in the hands of God; the tree has fallen either to the north or to the south, and where it has fallen, there it *MUST* lie, forever and ever. If you plead it as an excuse for your *past* disobedience, it may pass, provided you repent, believe, and be baptized. But, if you allege it as an excuse for present disobedience, the paralogism would be very comical, if its results were not so fearful to you. Either you know that you *are*



invincibly ignorant, or you do not. If you do not, you are insincere in alleging it as an excuse. Then you *do* know it. Then you are *not* ignorant that you *are* invincibly ignorant; you *know* something, and you know that you do *not* know that something; you *know* and you do *not* know the same thing at the same time. Q. E. D.

Poor man! *poor* man! If you ever had a DOUBT about the state of your soul, you were at once put out, and put *forever* out of the state of invincible ignorance, admitting that you were ever in it. And if you *neglected* that doubt, you did another thing—you grieved the Spirit of God.

But, whatever you may do, a Catholic can *never* allege any such excuse. He might as well look at the sun, and say that it does not shine. He might as well think, and, while he is thinking, think that he does not exist. A mark was set upon his soul at baptism, which he cannot efface. All the powers of earth and of hell combined cannot rub it out. The omnipotence of God could not efface it, without annihilating the soul that bears it, which will never be done. If he be saved, it will shine in heaven like a star set in God's throne. If he be damned, it will blaze out to tell the demons that a star has fallen from the skies. And when this mark was made, there was infused into his soul the *habit*, the gift of faith. When he comes to the age of reason, he has that lamp already lighted in his soul, even as a lamp shining in a dark place. If he does not obey the Church during his lifetime, at least he feels and knows that he ought to obey her. This last is the state which makes up the hell on earth poor Universalists talk about, and which the undutiful Catholic carries about in his bosom. It was my state, child as I was, when I went to meetings where strange gods were worshipped. It is the state of every one of those "*Catholics of the Catholics*," those men who go to Church, but neglect their duties; those men who would *die* for the Church, but will not *live* a day for her. O God, their name is Legion; the road to hell is crowded with them. Above all, it is the state of those miserable wretches, those torturers, betrayers, and crucifiers of Jesus Christ who have renounced their faith, who deny him before men. As if they could renounce it! As if they could still the voice that sometimes *will* be heard, telling them that they *are*, and will be in time and in eternity, members of the one Church; telling them that their disobedience *does not*, and *cannot*, wipe away the mark that was



stamped by her upon their souls ; telling them that they are tying millstones and millstones about their own necks ; telling them that they will be always known to heaven, earth, and hell as the servants who knew the will of their Master, and did it *not* ; telling them that, as Judas sank into damnation with his commission as an apostle in his hand, so will they sink, with the mark of a traitorous Christian seared upon their foreheads.

Stand forward, then, “ Friends and Fathers,” who take from the poor widow her only child, and surround him with people who are sworn to crush Popery in every possible way, and more especially by teaching Catholic boys to trample upon the cross, whereon hung your Judge and ours. Stand forward, pious old and young ladies, who club together to wheedle, and, if necessary, to *steal* young Catholic girls from their friends, so that they may learn to curse the faith of their mothers, or to vomit, as Protestant female lips so love to do, blasphemies upon the name of the mother of God, as if *her* honor were not *yours* ; as if *you* could make her a liar when she said that *all* generations should call her blessed. Stand forward, all of you, and see if you are not doing the work of devils. Why, look at it ! Suppose, for a moment, that the Catholic Church is *not* the true Church. I know that it is an outrageous supposition ; but I want to make you understand *one* thing, if it be possible. Suppose it, then, for the sake of argument. The most of you say that it is a *corrupt* Church, but that, as it teaches the leading doctrines of Christianity, it is very likely that good men are, and have been, within its pale ; that salvation may be attained by her children. You object, not that she *denies* any truth revealed by Christ, but that she has added to those truths other things which she commands us to believe and to do. This is the sum of your objections. You own that she is *a church* ; but you add that she is a superstitious Church ; she does not teach *too little*, but *too much*.

Of course, there are plenty of people who say that we are stupid idolators ; that we worship images and the Virgin Mary ; that we can get sins pardoned, and buy leave to commit more, for money ; that we are denied the Bible ; and say, I don’t know what other dreadful things besides. But these are the Protestant *mob*. You, “ Friends and Fathers,” you, pious old and young ladies, know a great deal better. You are honest and intelligent. You will agree with me in saying that



the poor people who accuse us of such things are either fools or *conscious* liars — fools, if, in the blaze of light which fills our age, they *really* believe such silly tales ; liars, and very impudent ones, too, if they know any thing at all about the Catholic Church.

Very well, then. You own that Catholics, who live and die such, *can* be saved at last. Clinch *that* nail.

Now, suppose that a child, or a man, believes in his soul that there is only ONE Church, and that *that* is the Roman Catholic Church. Suppose that he believes firmly, that for *him*, whatever may be the case with *others*, there is no salvation out of this Church ; that he *must* obey her commandments, or be eternally damned. Suppose he believes all this.

Now, suppose that, with *these* articles of belief in his soul, he goes to a Protestant meeting regularly. It makes little difference to my present purpose whether he is *made* to go, or whether he goes willingly. Just suppose that he goes. Suppose that he *knows*, all the while, that he is violating almost every commandment of that one Church, out of which there is no salvation for *him*.

My dear souls, do you think that *these* are only *suppositions* ? If you do, you were never more mistaken. They are the *actual feelings* of every Catholic who neglects his duties, and goes to any of your meetings habitually. If you have read this story thus far, you will see that they were my feelings, child as I was. Every penitent that returns to the warm bosom of Christ after sinning in this way, says that these were his feelings. There are some hardened ones, who were brought up Catholics, and who have denied their faith, who would laugh to hear me say this. They would say that they have no such feelings. I would like to lead them to the altar where they received their first communion, and were, perhaps, confirmed ; and there, in the presence of the blessed sacrament, and looking steadily at the crucifix, I would ask them to say *again* that they never have such feelings. The fact is, they have them ; but like myself, when I went to your meetings, they do not have them always. Days, weeks, months may pass without their intrusion ; but some little incident, something seen or heard, will all at once open the flood-gates of the heart, and, O God ! *how* the pent up agony rushes in !

These, then, are the feelings of every Catholic who denies



his faith ; who really believes that there is no salvation for him out of the Roman Catholic Church ; and who, notwithstanding, neglects her commandments, and goes to other places of worship.

Now, I ask you this plain question. Can a man who *dies* in that state, who perseveres in it to the end, save his soul ?

Mind, I ask *you*. To Catholics the thing is as evident as it is that a mountain is bigger than a mouse.

And so I believe it is to you. Here is a man who believes that he *must* do an honest action, or he will be damned ; and yet he persists in not doing it. Why, of *course*, there is no salvation for *him*.

You may say that he was *mistaken*, if you like. You may call it a case of *false conscience*. I don't care. For I am not now trying to prove that the Catholic Church is the true church : you know I am not. I am now arguing, even on the monstrous supposition, that it *may not be* the only true church. And I think that you agree with me that, even in *that* case, the man who believes that it *is*, and that he cannot be saved out of it, and yet dies out of it, has no chance of eternal life.

Do you scratch your heads ? Well, I will put it in *this* way. To gain eternal life, we must keep the commandments, — must we not ? Well, such a man does *not* keep the commandments. Then he will not gain eternal life. In other words, he will be eternally damned. I suppose that you will agree to that, unless, with Pelagius, you say that eternal life and the kingdom of heaven are two very different things.

Such a man does not keep the commandments ; because he *believes*, rightly or wrongly, that when he disobeys the Church, he disobeys, despises, tramples upon God's commandments. But he *does* disobey the Church. Then he *believes* that he disobeys and despises the commandments of God. Then he will not gain eternal life. Mind you, I do not assert that he would be damned for despising any *merely human* authority. I know that you regard the authority of the Roman Catholic Church as human. But the good and the bad Catholic knows that, when he disobeys her, he disobeys God.

I will make it yet plainer to you. You have a child, a little boy. You forbid him, in the most positive manner, to go to a certain drawer, and eat the *apple* that is in it. He goes to the drawer, and he finds in it an apple and a *pear*.



He forgets the words of your commandment; he thinks that you told him not to eat the *pear*, and that you said nothing about the apple. Although he thinks so, yet he takes the pear, and eats it, leaving the apple untouched. Suppose that you had no objections to his eating the pear, when you gave the order about the apple.

Now, I ask you whether that child would not be guilty of the *sin* of disobedience. Why, of course he would. It is true that he did not eat the fruit you really forbade. But he *believed* that you forbade the pear, and yet he ate it. His disobedience was *formal*, as they say, although it was not *material*. That is, he did not do the thing *which* was forbidden, but he did a thing which he *believed* was forbidden, and so he was guilty of *sin*.

Change the state of the case. Suppose he still believes that you forbade the pear; and, acting under that impression, he lets it alone, and eats the *apple*. Now, he has done a thing you told him *not* to do. But is he guilty of the *sin* of disobedience? Of course, he is not. He did as he *believed* you commanded; he let the pear alone. If he had recollected what you really did say, he would have let the apple alone.

One of your great men, whose words you are wont to treasure up, writes thus about the Blessed Sacrament:—

Some people, he says, call the Papists idolators, because they adore the wafer, the host, with the adoration due to God. But the objection is not well considered. The belief is a false one; but, as they *do* thus believe, they would do wrong in not adoring it. Christ ought to be worshipped wherever he is. If he is in the host, he ought, of course, to be worshipped in it. And if he is there, and is not worshipped, he does not receive what is due to him. Then the Papist is not an idolater. When he worships the host, he adores the eternal Son of God, whom he verily believes there present, and so he by no means violates the first commandment.

There, I think that the thing *ought* to be plain to your understandings. There is a little boy here, listening to me, and *he* says that he understood it long ago. I asked him *what* he understood?

I understand very well that a Catholic who disobeys the commandments of the Church can't save his soul, *unless* he is sorry, and comes back.

Bravo, little boy!

Stand forward, then, "Friends and Fathers;" stand for-



ward, pious young and old ladies, and see if you are not doing the work of devils. What is their work? It is that of destroying souls. See how zealously you are laboring in the same wicked office. You may wheedle or steal the child from its friends; you may so encompass him with wiles that he will do your bidding. But what then? You have taught him to go one way, when he knows that he ought to go another. You have taught him to shun the ark, out of which he knows there is no safety. You have so entangled him in your meshes that the poor wretch thinks there is *no* escape. And as he lives he may die, unless God have mercy upon his soul. Stand forward, and see how you are doing the work of devils.

This House of Reformation was a trap for Catholic souls; and it is yet. There are other traps, cunningly devised by the same "Friends and Fathers." Your Farm Schools and your State Reform Schools are no places for Catholic children. Better leave them in the street; it is a less dangerous school. If they *will* lose their souls, better lose them there. For, in the first place, the lessons they learn in the street *cannot* be worse than those they learn when they are shut up with bad boys. Then, by giving them to "Friends and Fathers," to be shut up in "little heavens below," you consent that they shall lose that faith *by which alone* they can *really* be reformed. I repeat it. If your children *will* not be saved, do not make the matter worse for them. Do not deprive them of the *only* resource they have left, if they *should*, at any time, wish to repent of their sins. If they *are* to be lost, it is better to be punished for one sin, than for two. There are degrees of damnation. He who is guilty of all the deadly sins, will fare better than he will who is as guilty, and who has also deprived himself of the *means* of returning to God. Just as the man who has wilfully travelled a forbidden road is not so guilty as he who has *put out his own eyes*, so that he may not find the right path again.

I had been a year in the House when I got a surprise. The boy who was with me, on the Common, joined us. I happened, at that time, to be head monitor. He looked quite ashamed when he saw me, and he had some reason. I never settled it in my own mind that either of the two boys had done such a mean action towards me, and yet I could not think that the little box found its way into my pocket by accident. I



had ceased to think of it long before this boy came to the house.

I waited until he had got into one of the upper grades, and then I had a long talk with him. He told me that he had been sent to the House for stealing several little articles from his master. Not the lawyer, — he had lost that place for some trick or other that he did not want then to explain to me, — but from another man, in whose shop he worked. A few days after, he asked me if I ever guessed how the box got into my pocket. I told him that I suspected he had some hand in it, but in what way I could not tell. Then he told me the whole story. He had stolen the box. But there was so much noise made about it in the house, and out of it, that he was frightened, and he determined to hide it some where, until the thing would be forgotten. When we were together, on the Common, the thought struck him that I was in the house the same day the box was stolen, and that, as I was so *green*, it would be easy to play me a trick. So he slipped the box into my pocket when we were going home. The other boy saw him do it, and knew what it meant. Then he told his master that he had seen a little velvet box, with gold clasps, in my possession. After that, I was taken, and I knew the rest.

I waited for the next monthly admission of visitors, before I said any thing about it. I wanted to consult Mr. Croan, and see what he would tell me to do. When he came, I told him what had happened, and he was very glad. See, John, said he, how the truth always comes out. It was well that you did not run away, for you would always live in fear and trembling. Now you can walk honorably out of the House. Then he told me just what to do, and he said that he would try to get a good place for me.

The next day I asked the boy to repeat his story before a few others. He did so, willingly. But when I wanted him to go with me, and repeat it to Mr. Willis, he was afraid. Perhaps they might keep me here longer for it, said he.

I went up to Mr. Willis's room, and put the case to him, without mentioning any names. He answered very kindly, — indeed, he was always good to me, — and he said that no harm whatever would befall such a boy for it. Indeed, said he, it would do him some good with the directors; for it would show that he was willing to repair his fault as well as he



could, so that he would be favorably considered when the time of discharge might arrive.

I went back, and told the boy. But it was not for some days that I could persuade him to do this act of justice. At last he did it, and I was present at the time. I said nothing to Mr. Willis that day. But on the next I went to him, and told him that I was entitled to a discharge. He said that he had been thinking about it himself, and that he had no objection. But, he added, I can do nothing. The directors will meet in two or three days, and I will lay the case before them. Whatever they decide, you shall know.

They met; and the next day I went to Mr. Willis. John, said he, I told your affair to the directors last night. But there is an unexpected difficulty. Deacon Mills says that you were sent here for other things,—for disobedient habits, keeping street company, and so on. But the directors considered that you have been well behaved, and they have instructed me to get you a good place at the first opportunity.

I said no more. About a week after, I was called to his room, and he gave me joy as soon as I entered. There was a strange man in the room. John, said he, here is a very worthy man, who wants a boy. I have concluded to let you go with him. He will teach you the bootmaker's trade.

Where do you live, sir? I asked.

At Randolph.

How far is it from here?

About fifteen miles.

Is there a Catholic church in the place, or could I go to a Catholic church on Sundays?

Mr. Willis looked very angry, and the man started to his feet, and came close to me.

Are you a Catholic boy?

Pooh! he doesn't know what he is saying, interposed the master.

I *am*! said I, very stoutly. And I will not go with you, if you will not promise to let me go to a Catholic church.

Well, I kinder guess you won't hitch hosses with *me*, then. Fust and foremost, there ain't none of your meetins nearer than the city, and I rather guess you won't go there every Sunday. Then my old woman, and the gals, would fly out of their skins, I reckon, if a Catholic was to come into the house. They'd expect Old Nick was come, horns and huffs.



So I reckon I'll look at another boy, Mr. Willis. And master told me to clear out.

The same day he called me back. John, said he, I was very much astonished and grieved at what passed this morning. Do not let it happen again, or it may be worse for you.

I don't wish to be disrespectful, sir. But if Deacon Mills thinks he is going to cheat me out of my religion, he may as well give it up. I came into this House without deserving it, and against my will; for I had a good place, where I could go to church; and I won't go out of the House till that loss is made good. If I have to go into the country, I might as well say that I'll be a Protestant at once. And I went to my class.

The House was in a great uproar the next day. Two boys had escaped. It was the day for monthly visitors, and one of them had vanished in the early morning. There was a thick mist that favored his purpose, and he was in his mother's house, in the city, before his absence was known. Notice was given to the constables, and for a week the house was closely watched, so that a mouse could not enter or go out without attracting notice. But the bird had flown. Females were allowed to pass freely, of course. The boy had several sisters, and he went out, one morning, dressed in the garments of one of them. His mother presided at his toilet, and the work was well done.

The other boy was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. The boy was a little unruly, and Deacon Mills said so much to her about the "little heaven below," and about the care which would be taken of the boy by "Friends and Fathers," and told her so energetically that it was only a school, and that she might have her boy when she wanted him, that the woman gave him her son. He had to get a certificate from the Police Court, of course; but the mother knew nothing of that. Well, after a few months, she wanted the boy. He had never been very bad, and her eyes were now opened to the true character of the little heaven. So she asked for her child. But "Friends and Fathers" laughed at her, and told her she was a foolish woman. Deacon Mills never told her that she could have the boy when she wanted him. He was in very good hands; better hands than hers. Why did she not take care of him when she had him at home? Pooh! woman, pooh! woman, I never gave you any such



promise. You are dreaming. Go away, go to work. The boy is with friends.

Well, she was a right courageous little woman. She got a chaise, and left it at the gate, under the charge of her sister. She came into the House, and sat down, as usual, to talk with her boy. She watched her opportunity, and when no one was looking, she took the boy under her cloak, — it was a full and long one, — and walked with him down the front steps. Fortunately, no one saw the thing. She tumbled him into the chaise, and the horse ran as if he knew all about it, and was determined to get into the city before the boy was missed, as, in fact, he did.

“Friends and Fathers” were very mad about it, you may be sure. They stormed at her house like bulls of Bashan. They told her that she must give up the boy, or go to jail. And to jail she chose to go. She said that her boy was safe; and if *that* place was heaven, he had better be in hell.

Another little fellow escaped the Sunday before. Every soul in the house was at chapel, according to the rule. The boy knew this, and so he chose the time when Mr. Willis was in the middle of the litany, to get up quietly and walk out. He forgot to come back.

I told Mr. Croan all that had happened. He said that he would take the matter in hand, and he did. He procured a place for me that week. It was in the house of a Catholic, at Hartford, Connecticut. There was an opportunity, and a good one, too, for me to learn the printing business. I had no objection to the trade, for I knew that it would throw a great deal of reading in my way. The gentleman who was to receive me into his house was then in Boston, and he arranged matters with Mr. Croan. Then he went to the directors, who received him civilly; but, when he intimated that he wanted *me*, and let slip the unlucky fact that he was a Catholic, there was an end to the business. They were sorry, but they had other views for me. Besides, there was a legal difficulty. The boy cannot be taken out of the state. The gentleman was obliged to return to Hartford; but Mr. Croan said that I *should* be released. So he besieged the directors for two months. He dogged them in season and out of season. He *would* intrude upon them at their meetings, to the great wrath of Deacon Mills, who often gave him a homily, taking for his text, — Mind your own business. Mr. Croan would not have succeeded, had it not been for lawyer Black, my old master,



to whom he told the whole story. Mr. Black said that a case so full of flaws could be easily broken down, and that he would be the man to do it. And so he was. In a few days the important paper was obtained. Deacon Mills gave me up as a hopeless case. I was discharged ; and, after getting into a new suit of clothes, I bade good-by to the "little heaven below," with my compliments to "Friends and Fathers." A few precious minutes were spent with Mary Riley ; but I did not know how to spend them. I was a great awkward boy of thirteen ; she was a graceful beauty of twelve. She did not kiss me, and she said nothing about our living together ; but she was very kind for all that, and she cried when I went away. As for me, I blubbered like a fool. I went to thank Mr. Black ; bade good-by to Mr. Croan, and got into the stage, which rolled on all night, and left me at Hartford, the next day, before noon.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

JOHN ESCAPES FROM "FRIENDS AND FATHERS." — HE FINDS THAT CHRISTIANITY IS NOT AT HOME IN CONNECTICUT. — HE BECOMES A PRINTER. — BECOMES A NUISANCE IN THE OFFICE. — WONDERS WHAT NATURE MEANT TO DO WITH HIM.

It was a cold ride, for it was October, and I was alone in the stage all night. We passed through Worcester a few hours before sunrise. This is now a city ; and there is a Catholic college there, and two churches, one of them quite a large and handsome one. But at that time it was a small town, and there was no Catholic society. I believe that one Catholic family lived there then ; but there did not seem to be any likelihood of a Catholic addition to the inhabitants of the town, and the man thought of removing elsewhere. The Catholic interest is strong there now.

I found my new master, whose name was Talfourd. He made me soon feel at home, and, while it lasted, it was a good one. I lived in Hartford a year and a half. The greatest



event that came off, so far as I was concerned, was my admission to the sacraments, which I had so long needed. My previous neglect of them had brought trouble upon me, and I was quite disposed to do my part, so that I might receive them without delay. It was about six years since I had tried to make my confession; and now, when I made a second attempt, my childish terror returned, notwithstanding that I despised it. But the grace of God, and the kindness of my director, enabled me to battle with my Protestant education successfully. I went again and again. I felt a legion of enemies pushing me away as I entered, and as many friendly spirits blessing me when I went out. It has been always so. The frequent repetition of the duty never could lessen the repugnance felt while about to do it, nor the peace and comfort enjoyed when it was done.

What a splendid edifice it builds from the ruins of human pride! It is not wonderful that the true Catholic loves it, nor that the true Protestant hates it. The Catholic knows that pride is the one great bar to salvation, and that when it is broken, other sins die apace; and there is no crucible in which pride so rapidly disappears.

The tribunal was not meant for the direct relief of misery arising from worldly misfortunes, but they are driven away withal, or made endurable; for there we are taught that earthly troubles may become stones in our house above the stars. Then He, who tells us to go and sin no more, was true man, as well as true God. He knew sorrow, and he was acquainted with grief. And so our worldly miseries become light as we tell them to Him; for, without our knowing it, He lays them upon his own shoulders, which have borne so much.

Suicide is not a vice of Catholic countries, then. Neither is religious insanity. That is a disease which causes irrepressible wonder in a Catholic community. And so it ought, for confession is a sovereign remedy. The malady commonly springs from a despair of God's mercy. There is no wonder that it is common among Protestants, for their system provides no remedy. A minister may gather his people together, and get up a revival; a semblance of religious life that is only a semblance, because it stands to real spiritual life as galvanic motion in a corpse does to the motion of a living body. He may harangue them three times a day upon the last great things, Death, Judgment, and Hell. He may fill



the anxious seats with poor souls, asking what they shall do to be saved. He can get some of his people to *think* seriously upon the state of their consciences ; to realize the fact that they are going to die ; that they *must* be judged by the most holy, most incorruptible, and most just Judge ; and that if they do not repent and amend, they will sink into hell. These are terrible considerations, and if you can only get a sinner to think of them seriously, you have taken an important step. The most they will commonly do is, they will dwell an instant upon them, when any thing is seen or heard to force them upon their thoughts, just long enough to produce an uneasy sensation ; to make them tremble with Felix. But, alas ! like Felix, they say to the monitor, Go thy way now, and at a more convenient season I will attend to thee. But at a revival, many people attend who profess to be willing to think seriously about these matters, and an earnest preacher can present them in ways that wake up the slumbering conscience at last. And then comes the conviction of sin. The minister has now done all that he can, and he is thereafter powerless for good or for evil. With all the resources of Protestantism at his command, he can do no more. He can simply get a sinner to *think* of his state, and that is all. He shows him the gates of heaven bolted and barred, and shows not the hand that can open them. He points to the yawning mouth of hell ; he tells the poor soul that he is tottering on the brink, and he points not out the strong arm that is mighty to save.

True, he *tries* to calm the affrighted sinner. He *talks* about pardon and redemption, about the blood of Christ, and the certainty of forgiveness to the truly repentant. But it is all *talk*. The difficulty lies precisely here. Any man can take a person who is willing to think soberly, and put him in a mortal fright by making him think of the judgment. But only he who is *sent* for the purpose can really bring relief to the sufferer. When you are in that awful state of the mind known as conviction of sin, you need repentance. Where will you get it ? It is a gift of God, and He disposes his gifts as best pleases Him. Because you have succeeded in finding that you are a lost sinner, it does not follow that you can demand the grace of contrition as a matter of justice. You can hope for it only as a boon of mercy.

Well, here Protestantism fails. The minister and the sufferers, to obtain the grace of contrition, rely upon the same human means which were employed in getting the soul to



consider seriously its own state. Those means are — *words*. In the beginning it was — words about justice ; and then it is — words about mercy. But words that will arouse conviction will not bring mercy. Neither will wishes *make* it come. Protestants accuse us of relying upon human means for obtaining it. Every Catholic knows how very foolish the accusation is ; but, even if it were true, it comes with a bad grace from *them*, considering that their whole scheme of salvation rests upon merely human agency. Most of them will deny this stoutly ; for, in truth, their confessions of faith say no such thing. But it *is* so, nevertheless. One reason why they think otherwise, is the strange hallucination under which they labor, to the effect that *words* of holiness are tantamount to *deeds* of it ; that *talking* about mercy is the same thing as to get it ; that *saying* the very true thing that Christ is able and willing to save, is a saying that brings salvation ; that acknowledging the need of contrition is the same thing as to get it. The fact that the essence of Catholic worship is *sacrifice*, and that of Protestant worship is *talking*, is a very significant one, and it illustrates the matter in hand. Contrition, then, is God's *gift* ; it comes by his grace. *We* cannot bring it down, any more than we can make the heavens rain. The Protestant who is sensible of sin is in a deplorable state. If he resolutely turns his thoughts upon something else, he will get present relief. And so, many of them who flock to revival meetings, and who begin to grow uneasy at the view of the life they have lived, and the uncertainty of the future, either go no more to the place where such unpleasant things are dwelt upon, or, if they go, they make excellent resolutions, to be kept at some future day, when their farm is bought, their wife married, and their merchandise exchanged. Some good souls listen very earnestly to the speaker, while he is trying to tell how dreadful will be the condition of the sinner before the bar of God, and they think that Mr. Snooks, or Mrs. Stubbs, will have a sharp reckoning one of these days.

Then there are some who experience religion, who feel that they have got pardon. Who *feel* it. Yes, that is just the word. Protestant *religion*, as such, is simply a religion of *sentiment*. They who have *experienced* religion always *feel* that they have got it. They always *feel* that joy and peace that passes all understanding. It is all *feeling*. They are always *sure* of it. Now, every true Christian, from St.



Paul to Father Pallotti, who died in the odor of sanctity not long ago at Rome, knows that this is not true religion.

There is a peace — who doubts it? — which is the peace of God. But it does not come from any *certainty* of ours concerning our acceptableness before Christ, simply because we cannot have any such certainty, unless by special revelation. It comes from other sources. For the rest, we hear one great saint saying that the life of man is an *agony* upon the earth. We hear the apostle, who had been taken up into the third heaven, saying that he feared lest he might be reprobate. We hear him exhorting us to work out our salvation with *fear* and *trembling*; and most frequently are we reminded of the great truth, that man knoweth not whether he be worthy of love or hatred. We see our Lord fasting, watching, and praying; yet we see him tempted by devils, and plunged into a sea of agony. No Christian *knows* that he is a son of God, or *feels* that he will persevere unto the end.

This *feeling* of peace, security, and sensible joy, is well known to those who are experienced in the direction of souls, or who are familiar with mystical theology. So far from being a thing to be prized, it ought always to be regarded with distrust. For it is precisely the form which the devil takes when he appears as an angel of light; and in this form he has deceived many. Not that this feeling always comes from an evil source. It is sometimes the work of God. But an inexperienced Christian cannot always discern spirits, and he not unfrequently mistakes the work of the devil for a ray of light from heaven. I had far rather hear one say that he cannot even pray without being tormented with involuntary distractions, than that he always *feels* so comfortable when he prays, or receives, that he is continually saying to Christ, Lord, it is good for us to be here! I cannot help urging him to pray *very* earnestly, and to watch very closely, for fear that while he *feels* that he is with Christ on Mount Thabor, the scene may suddenly change, and that he will find himself with Christ, surrounded by enemies in the garden. His comfortable feeling will go away, — he will be too likely to forsake his Master, and basely fly.

This *feeling* is so far from being *commonly* experienced by the real children of light, that it is in their souls the exception, and not the rule. They are only favored with the *real* feeling at rare intervals. With pious Protestants, it is quite the reverse. It is noticeable, too, that the very greatest saints



are often troubled, not only with a total want of this fervor, this pleasant *sentiment* of the divine Presence, but they are afflicted not seldom with the very opposite feeling. St. Frances of Chantal is an instance among hundreds. St. Francis of Sales is a most remarkable case in point. For years he *felt* that he was abandoned by God, and all this time he was living a life of angelic holiness. St. Gertrude owns to like feelings. Now, this *feeling* in them was just as false as the opposite *feeling* of very great peace is in many serious Protestants and sentimental Catholics. In both cases, the feeling is an illusion, *permitted* by God.

The way persons in a revival get up these feelings is simple enough. Any one can produce it, at almost any time. The thought of death, judgment, and hell is a terrifying one, and the sinner, whether Protestant or Catholic, who can be induced to dwell upon it seriously, will feel very wretched. But the thought of heaven and a happy immortality is quite a pleasant one; and when we entertain it, we feel very comfortable. Here is the secret of the *feelings* of joy, and of assurance of pardon, with which poor Protestants so often cheat themselves and others. They think busily about the beauty of heaven; they imagine that they will surely go there; and in their transports of joy they sing glory, hallelujah. Amen. Poor people! Poor dupes!

The religious scenes that Protestants get up periodically are very aptly called *revivals* of religion. To *revive* any thing, is to make a thing that was dead live once more. So Protestant religion is *dead* almost all the time, and it is only once in a great while that it starts into life. And, even then, its life is of the lowest kind; it is *animal* life, it is mere *feeling*. Revivals have nothing to do with the operations of the *intellect*, and little with the operations of the *will*.

But suppose that a poor soul has been aroused to a sense of guilt, and in spite of her efforts, of those of her friends, and of the minister, she *cannot* fix her thoughts upon any thing else. It is a case which very frequently happens. Ministers *will* be ambitious. Dr. Boggs will be uneasy because Dr. Coggs has got a hundred men, women, and children on the anxious seat, while he has only got sixty. Ministers *will* forget the advice of one of their brethren, who was quite experienced in getting up revivals, and who warned them against "*kindling more fires than they could tend;*" that is, not to get so many souls into spasms of terror on account of their



sins, that you *cannot* finish your revival without sending a dozen or so to the madhouse. He was an honest old man ; and in those few words he showed honestly *what* the stuff is of which revivals are made. He proves what I said just now — that Protestants make *human* agency the basis of their whole scheme of salvation. It is the minister that *makes* the fire. *He* must tend it. If he makes a great many more than he can tend, he *cannot* leave the matter to the Spirit of God, who certainly should complete the work, *if it were his*. No ; the minister must complete the work *he* has begun. He has frightened them into fits ; he must get them out the best way he can. He has only human means at his command, and if they will not answer, he has no help. It is true, he *talks* about mercy, grace, the Spirit of Love, and says a great many good *words* besides. It is true that he, and all they who are concerned in creating these horrible delusions, *pretend* that the whole thing is an outpouring of the *Spirit*. So it is. But not of the Spirit of Light. As if He, whose very name is Love, would arouse guilty souls to an overwhelming sense of their lost state, and then leave them so, until they become stark, staring mad. No, no ! The ministers have made the fires, and they must tend them. They always build too many ; and so, at the end of nearly every revival, some wretched dupe is sent to the insane hospital. Why, look at the reports given by the officers of these institutions, and see how many are there because ministers practised upon their fears until there was no earthly power to allay them, and the poor creatures did not know where to turn from their torturer, and find their pitying God. It was a fearful time in Boston, about the year 1839. A fanatic, named Miller, had turned the heads of hundreds of thousands. The ministers thought that they would mend the matter by building a great number of fires. There was a great outpouring of *their* spirit. I happened then to have much to do, in business matters, with Protestants. Why, in almost every house I entered, they were talking about mad people in it, or in the house of some friend. The distressed state of such a one, who was *sorely exercised*, that is, driven crazy, was the common theme of conversation. One young girl ran through the streets at noon, in her night clothes, crying that the devil was after her. Then the wheel stopped, and Protestant religion ceased to be *revived* ; it was laid in the grave, until more



fires would be kindled. Is it not preposterous that *such* people should talk to *us* about a *human* church?

Whether *some* of these people get any thing like religion, is a question I will not touch now. A few grow better — no doubt of it. Get a thief, a drunkard, a libertine, a blasphemer to *think* seriously about his soul, and it is not wonderful that he should resolve to amend. Hell is full of souls who made many good resolutions in their lifetime. Neither is it *very* strange if he really does become better. Not because he went to your meetings, though. You can get a man to *think* in his house, in his shop, in the street. The only conceivable advantage the meeting-house has over these places is, that there you hold him by the button; you have him in a corner, among a crowd of sober, and sometimes *sour*, looking people, who will talk about him if he laughs, or whispers, or takes his hat and goes out. When you call your house a holy place, you labor under a hallucination.

The grace of God has ordinary and extraordinary channels. The ordinary ones are the sacraments. Extraordinary ones are not easy to enumerate, precisely because they *are* extraordinary. It may come in the shape of a good word spoken, or a good thought conceived in the street, or in a house, be it a meeting or a dwelling house. The blind man saw because Jesus *happened* to pass by. The thief gained paradise because he happened to be led to death in company with Jesus. Genes, the actor, was converted in the theatre, while he was actually receiving a mock baptism. When these things happen, it is while the Spirit moves as he lists; you know not whence he comes, or whither he goes. Our chance of salvation would be small, if we had to depend only upon grace, received through extraordinary channels. If you ascend to the top of a house, your ordinary means of descent is the ladder by which you mounted. If you kick the ladder away, and wait until some one takes you down, you are a great fool. When our Lord was on the pinnacle of the temple, the devil told him to adopt extraordinary means of getting down — to jump. Of course, if he had jumped, he would have reached the ground safely. But he would do no such thing. Protestants who reject *all* the ordinary means of salvation, and rely solely upon extraordinary ones, ought to weigh well the answer of our Savior to the devil — Thou shalt not *tempt* the Lord thy God.

One consideration will show how a certain piety may possibly exist in a Protestant soul. Protestantism cannot give him



the means of getting it ; that is clear enough. He gets it, if he has it at all, *because* there is a One and Catholic Church of God. A man with his eyes open at noonday *can* read, although he says that there is no such thing as the sun. If there were no God, there would be no object of geometry, says St. THOMAS ; and yet an atheist *can* be a good geometer. A Protestant *can* read the Bible, although he never understands it. If he were humble, he would say with the eunuch of the Acts, How *can* I understand it, unless some one tell me what it means ? Well, every body knows that if there were no Catholic Church, there would be no Bible. Only she ever could, or ever can, say what books are inspired. So the existence of the Church on earth makes it possible for grace to flow through both channels. It is the grace of her invisible Head ; it flows through her ; and while it is a sun that shines upon her children gathered together under the arch of heaven, a ray or two *can* penetrate the chinks and openings of a bolted and barred house, even if it *be* a meeting-house.

Here, then, is the reason why ministers can *build* fires, but cannot *tend* them. They trust wholly to the grace which comes through extraordinary channels, and they *blaspheme* the ordinary ones, although Christ ordained that men who would be saved must be saved by *these*. The use of them is the general rule. Protestants cling to the exception until they go mad in waiting for it to occur. Extraordinary grace, as Protestants understand it, is an absurdity. It is a grace which will save one who lives and dies a disobedient child. For they expect, or pretend to expect, to be saved without the sacraments — without the Church. But in vain. “If a man have not the Church as his mother, he cannot have God for his father.” When God has instituted certain means for salvation, it is madness to expect to be saved while despising them. Extraordinary grace, bestowed upon one who is in the Church, is intelligible enough. Bestowed upon an infidel or a heretic who has lived up to received lights, who never heard of the Church, and who is ready to own her as soon as she claims his obedience, it is also intelligible. For to such a man, if he ever lived, extraordinary grace is simply a means whereby he may receive ordinary graces. A Catholic is the subject of extraordinary grace, *because* he receives the sacraments. If others are, it is *that they may* receive the sacraments. But a Protestant who desires to be saved while he is determined to reject the Church, and with her all ordinary, and,



practically, *all* means of salvation, is blind. As if pride were a passport to heaven ! It is *true*, it is God's truth, and taught by the church to us all, that Christ is able and willing to save. The Church never tires in telling us about the prodigal son and the stray lamb. She tells us that Christ died for *all* ; that *one drop* of His blood would save millions of worlds ; that we can *only* be saved in His name, and through His blood. She tells us that there is *no* sin so great as despair of His mercy ; because it is tantamount to saying that even He cannot redeem sin, not even with the precious blood of His heart. I know that Protestants, even intelligent ones, would be very much astonished if they *thought* that the Catholic Church teaches *these*, and similar things. But let that pass. I can testify, from certain knowledge, that they are as hopelessly ignorant of what the Church really is, as common people are about the laws by which the motions of the heavenly bodies are governed. They talk about our being hoodwinked by the priests. God forgive them ! To use a common expression, the boot is on the other leg. I make this offer, and I am willing to abide by it : If I cannot prove to an honest jury, that not we, but *they*, are led by the nose, just as they say we are, I will go to their meetings again ; I will offer to go out as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, especially if I can get a fat office, and a great salary, as the godly missionaries *there* are getting. But, as I said before, let that pass. Judicial blindness can be cured only by God.

It is true, then, that Christ is our *only* salvation. But what good will it do you that He shed his blood for you, if you *will not* allow it to be applied in the way He appointed ; if you *insist* upon having it applied in *your own* way ? You will run the risk of getting no good whatever from it. Suppose I owe a hundred dollars, and I have no means of payment. I am being conducted to prison, when a rich man steps forward, and tells me that *he* will pay my debt. But, he tells me to go to his *steward*, and ask in his name for the money, telling the steward just how I am situated. Well, I hate this steward too much to go near him and get the money. Whereas he is a good, honest, and fine-looking old gentleman, I am possessed with the notion that he is a sour, swindling, hateful old curmudgeon, whom it would be a charity to hang. I never saw him, but my cronies have given him this character. So I tell my benefactor that I am much obliged to him, but I will not go near his steward. If it is the same to him, I would rather



have him put his hand in his pocket, and hand me the money then and there. He turns his back upon me, more in sorrow than in anger, and I am thrust into jail.

Dearly beloved heretics, alas, alas, that this should be a true picture! that *you* should be this ungrateful debtor! Why, there is the money offered to him freely: it will save him from prison; but what *good* will it do him, if he does not apply for it in the way he was ordered to do? What do you think of him? You say that he was a blind fool; but, dearly-beloved blind men and women, don't judge yourselves too harshly. More, far more, than the rich man would do for the debtor, CHRIST offers to do for us all. The Church is his appointed steward. If you *will* not go to her, because your teachers have told you naughty stories about her, there is great danger that you will go to prison.

There is no likelihood that religious insanity, or any of the maladies I have been describing, will afflict Catholics much. There are the churches always open; there is the daily sacrifice; there are the sacraments ready for all comers, at all times and seasons. There is *no* sin that cannot be washed away. There is no misery that cannot be lightened. Not even human misery, for the Great Physician has a balm also for that. The minister of the Church of God never kindles fires, or tends them. That is the work of divine grace, flowing from the heart of Christ, and through the sacraments. All that the priest does is to bring wood, and see that no visible enemy comes and throws water on the fire. And do you want to know why he can do this successfully when the preacher cannot? Because he was *sent* to do it by the only One who has a right to send. *He* goes in at the gate; the other climbs over the fence, and gets in at the window.

I didn't mean to say so much about this, but I felt interested in it. We Catholics cannot learn to distrust ourselves, and to trust the sacraments, too much. We are too prone to underrate their practical importance. We cannot live without them, either for heaven or for earth. No great danger can befall our soul, if we attend to them *properly*. I believe that Catholics would not suffer half the earthly troubles many of them do, if they frequented the altar. It is so preposterous to labor for our daily bread, without getting God's blessing upon our labor. It is so idle to build a house, perhaps within a stone's throw of the altar and the tabernacle, without coming in often to remind our Lord, that unless He build the house,



in vain do we labor who build it. And, mind you, I do not call the man who goes only *once a year* one who attends to his duty. He *barely* saves his soul from excommunication, and his body from the burial of a heathen. Lord bless your soul, why did our Lord give his flesh in the form of *bread*? That we might ask for it, every day. It is almost a pity that spiritual starvation does not cause *pain*, as the other hunger will. Christians would not die of it so often. Hundreds die of it every day.

Bishop Fenwick came to Hartford that summer, for the first time. There were about twenty-five persons confirmed, and I was one of them. Sixteen of these were converts—a great thing for Connecticut, where the Church was in its infancy. But God blesses the labor of a true apostle; and such was Father Fitton. Thousands and thousands in these regions enjoy some blessing that makes them thank God that He raised up this good man, and sent him into the vineyard that was so much in need of men like him.

The church was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. It was a neat wooden building, and it formerly belonged to the Episcopalians. But these were a wealthy congregation, and they wanted a better meeting-house. So they built a very handsome stone church, only it wanted a steeple; for their money was gone. I don't know whether it is finished now. They sold the old house to the Catholics, who had begun to congregate in the city. But we were a small body; we did not half fill the church. We were very unfashionable; in fact, the good people were afraid of us, and few liked to pass our church after dark. Good souls peered curiously and fearfully at the priest's boots, his head, and his coat tail, to see if there were a sign of a hoof, a tail, or a horn. I was an altar boy, and I was often reminded of it in the street. I was walking through Main Street, one day, with a companion, also an altar boy. A young girl was leading two smaller ones by the hand. As soon as she saw us, she gathered them together against the wall, and shrank aside to let us pass, as you or I would the devil. Don't go near those boys, she screamed, 'cause they're *saints*! The boys would often follow me, calling me Papist, and such names. I was only thankful that they did not throw stones. I came pretty near it once, by quoting to them a scrap of John Bunyan. I turned to them, and said that Hartford was Vanity Fair, and I was Peace trying to get through quietly. One of the most common



names I got in the streets was *apostle*; for among the other crazy notions of the Protestants, they have got it into their heads that the altar boys are apostles. Well, they can't help it. They know no better.

And so the grown-up people, who ought to have been ashamed of themselves, plagued me when I went into their houses and shops. One man asked me what St. Patrick did with the snakes when he drove them out of Ireland. I told him that he sent them to Hartford, where they grew up Protestants. This was a saucy answer, but it was a silly question. No doubt that a fool ought to be answered according to his folly; but when the fool is a man, it is better for a boy to say nothing. Besides, he may get cuffed, as I would have been, if I had not taken to my heels.

I was in a house full of women one day, and, before they let me go, I had to recall to mind all I had learned in the Catechism. They were very curious to know why the priests did not have wives. I said if they did, the women would get all the secrets of the confessional, and then go and trumpet them over the town. One of them used very bad language about the Blessed Sacrament. Finally, she asked me if the priest would consecrate and eat a host made by her, and mixed with poison. I told her I had no doubt that he would. This was not a correct answer, but I had no better one to give them. I had read in the Life of St. Francis Xavier, and I have since read, well-proved cases of this nature. It certainly has happened that the host or the chalice contained poison, and no harm came to the celebrant after communion. But if I were a priest, I should be afraid to do so, because it is not necessary, and because the rubrics tell what ought to be done in similar contingencies. It is never safe to tempt God. I have no doubt that the saints who did it acted from a motive stronger than a mere reliance on God's power and goodness. One of them really expected to die, although erroneously. I have no doubt, too, that a priest, who is a priest, would in some way be told what to do in a doubtful case of the sort, and obedience would not bring him harm. The real answer to such a question would be, that the bread really becomes the body of Christ. But when Christ instituted the sacrament, he took *bread* and *wine*, and nothing else. These are the only materials which can be used. No other substance but that of the bread and of the wine is changed. If any other substance be mixed with these, it



remains as it was. So if the priest knows that there is any other substance there, he consecrates and partakes at his own peril. If Christ had taken other substances besides bread and wine, they would be used by the Church. If he had taken a poisonous substance, — which is a monstrous supposition, but which has been made by Protestants, — and had told his priests to do likewise, why, there is no doubt that they would not be hurt. It is always safe to obey *Him*; it is often unsafe to consult our fancies in things where his will is not known. If poison were given to the priest without his knowledge, and if he really *be* a priest, he may escape by a miracle. But if I were one, I would not like to have the experiment tried upon me.

Our church caught fire one day. The fire began in a barn, which was a hundred feet or so from the church. But the wind blew in our direction, and one corner of the building was already in flames. It was a dry, wooden house, and there was only *one* chance, which was, that the wind might change. It was not very likely to happen; but it *did*, for all that, and just at the right moment. Five minutes more would have made any change quite immaterial. So the fire was easily subdued. There was a great crowd there, and many of the people were very glad to see that the church would surely burn, and very sorry that the wind shifted when it did. I heard one man say that it was a burning shame, to see the d—— old church standing, and the poor man's barn burning. The poor man was Ellsworth, member of Congress, and since governor of the state. He could afford to lose a barn better than we could a church.

The Hartford mission, in 1832, was a very small one. There was no other church in the state. In New Haven there were a few Catholics, but they had to meet in a poor place. There were very few stations in the whole mission. In Springfield, and in a few other towns, there were a handful, scattered quite sparsely. In Northampton a number of Irishmen were digging a canal, and they had an occasional mass. But there was no room in the inn, or any where else. No matter; the sky is a good roof, the grass is a good floor, and an old elm-tree is a good shelter; let us have mass under its shade. And so we did.

Railroads were not then in fashion. They have done a good work in Massachusetts. The projectors meant to make money in the first place, and to accommodate travellers in



the next. They have not always succeeded. But they have done a thing which was not included in their plan — they have left Irish Catholics in every village ; they have dropped them, like seeds, all along the road ; and, crosier of St. Patrick, *how* the seeds have become trees ! You find a cluster of them in every town. In villages where an Irish Catholic was thought twenty years ago to be a curiosity worth travelling five miles to see, you will find that they make, in some instances, one third of the population. At their rate of increase, they will soon be a majority. Their churches begin to cover the land ; by and by you will travel from one end of Massachusetts to the other, without losing sight of the cross. Well, our Lord can always make the devices of man so many instruments in bringing about His own designs upon earth. Here were the villages to be filled with Catholics. A hundred years would scarcely do it, under the old state of things ; but the iron horse has done it in less than twenty. God is great !

There was a Catholic paper published in Hartford. The Lord knows how it was started in such a nest of hornets, and how it lived two years ! *I* don't. It did live, though, and it was a thorn in the side and a ring in the nose of the blue lights there. It took them a great while to get over their fright when it first appeared. I was employed in the office, and, for some time, it seemed to me that the trade was just the thing. It wasn't, though. As a roller boy, I didn't distribute, and there were lots of *monks* ; I didn't roll, and there were sheets of *friars*. As a compositor, I didn't set up matter *cleanly* ; and, to make the matter worse, I distributed *foully*. Then I could see that 4000 ems would always be the extent of a day's performance, which would not bring more than a dollar, at good prices. Any printer can understand that I would be a nuisance in an office. At all events, two years' experience taught me that I would not get a good living at it ; so I tried something else. I always liked the trade, though, and I was sorry to leave it. My last appearance in a printing office *was* in the character of a nuisance. An open confession is good for the soul, they say. It was in the Pilot office, a great many years ago. I had not seen or touched any type for a great while, and I went to the galley, where the matter was placed. There was a stickful, or so, of matter standing by itself ; and the whim seized me to lift



it without any rule — a thing I had often done before. I raised it; but in putting it down, it went into *pi*.

You had better clear out before Donahoe comes, said the office boy, or you will catch it.

I thought so, too, and I resolved never to touch any matter again. If this story happens to be published, the profits accruing from it may repair the damage.

The foreman of the office was a genius. I don't know that genuises are uncommon in a printing office, though. My experience inclines me to think that they are not. Whether they find their way there naturally, or whether the air of the place is peculiarly favorable to their growth, I cannot tell.

Mr. Yates was not a man, neither was he a boy. He was one of those individuals who can act either character, at a minute's warning. I am inclined to think that Nature never made up her mind precisely what to do with him, and so waited to see into what he would develop himself. He would finish a scolding with a comic song, and end with a flogging what was begun with a hornpipe. You never knew where to have him, he would change so suddenly. Withal he was a kind-hearted man, and always meant to do well by himself and others. He would neglect his own business to do a good deed to one who needed it. He did all that he could to make a printer of me, and I have said to what purpose. I am as much obliged to him, though, as if he had succeeded.

We were three boys in the office; four when Mr. Yates was a boy. We sometimes took a little sleep for an hour or so, when it was necessary to work very late, which seldom happened. One evening we were stretched upon a pile of papers, and one of the sleepers snored loudly. The other got the paste pot, and gave him a thick coat upon his face, without wakening him. He began soon to whistle like a snipe, for the paste dried and obstructed his breathing. It was Mr. Yates. When he awoke, we were at work; but he heard enough to let him know who was the offender. He never failed to return jokes of this kind with interest. So he put a little powder in a paper, and after twisting it, went to the boy's case, as if to light his lamp; and when the paper was lighted, he held it, in an abstracted mood, near the boy's face. The flash came, and he was revenged; the boy's eyebrows were singed.

I bought a phial of sulphuric acid one day, and put it into



my pocket, and forgot all about it. When I returned to the office, the foreman was fiddling, and the boys were cutting sundry capers which they called dancing. I joined the sport. But there was only a cork in the phial, and, of course, the acid slowly destroyed it. When the cork was consumed, the acid lost no time in trying whether my flesh would burn. I only know what followed from the report of others. I seized the phial, and dashed it to the floor. The glass broke, and the acid flew in spatters upon the fiddle and the fiddler's face. The fiddle didn't feel it, but he did; so he ran into the kitchen, crying fire. The boys scattered; one jumped out at the open window, the others escaped by the door, and at the foot of the street stopped to see where they were bitten. I had divested myself of my clothes, in the mean time, yelling fire. The women rushed into the office with buckets of water; and, as if they comprehended the case, they tried to put me out. In a few minutes I had procured oil, for water only made the matter worse, and all hands returned to count the killed and wounded. The next time I tried an experiment with sulphuric acid I got a glass stopper, and I neglected to put the phial in my pocket.

I was never afraid of ghosts. I never heard stories about them at home; and, after my father died, I was never practised upon by tellers of fearful stories. I had always been used to going to bed without a candle, and it was never a trouble to me to go about, in or out of the house, after dark. I have crossed the Common alone, and on dark nights, several times before I was eight years old. I would not like so well to do it now, for the place is haunted by worse than ghosts. The last time I did it before I was an orphan, I passed by the Medical College, in Mason Street. It was about nine o'clock. Two or three students tried to get me to go in with them; and they were going to pull me in, when I began to scream, and they let me go. I suppose they only wanted to frighten me. They had frightened a neighbor of ours, not long before, almost out of his wits. They had persuaded him to go in, and, when he opened a door at their request, a skeleton embraced him. The machinery was well contrived to produce this effect. They showed him death under so many forms, that he did nothing but dream of raw heads and bloody bones for a month afterwards.

My companions in the office tried hard to shake my indifference with regard to ghosts, but at first I laughed at them



They would not have made any impression upon me, had it not been for a trial and execution that took place in the office. There was no cellar under it, but there was room for a man to crawl, and that was just the thing for cats. So a community of them settled there, and their symphonies hurt our feelings. Mr. Yates managed to catch two of them, and, after an affecting speech, during the delivery of which he wore an old black cap belonging to the priest, he sentenced them to die, when they were hung. The rest of the cats took the hint, and went to parts unknown. Now, my conscience smote me for the part I had in the business, the more so as the creatures clung to life so tenaciously. So the discourse turned that night upon ghosts, and, for the first time, I felt nervous. Nothing was talked of but ghosts for a week, and I became quite afraid of my shadow. But this foolish fear soon passed away; my early education had laid an enduring groundwork in that, as in some other things. As a general thing, I am not troubled with these silly terrors. But, once in a great while, I feel the effects of that week's talk about ghosts. At rare intervals, the same nervousness will return, and go away as unaccountably as it came.

The paper stopped in Hartford, and, shortly after, I returned to Boston. I was sorry to leave Hartford, for it was a pretty place. It was so clean and so quiet. The streets looked as if they were washed every Saturday. There was not business enough done in the town to make it dirty. You could not hear any thing stirring from Saturday night to Monday morning, but the people going to and from meeting. They were puritanical observers of the Sabbath. A Protestant would be sorely puzzled to justify this observance. It is odd how they show such a decided preference for the word *Sabbath*, which is *Saturday*. They ought to keep the Saturday, the Sabbath, holy, according to their own principles. They pretend to consider the Bible as the only rule of faith. Well, the Bible contains a commandment to keep Saturday holy. It is the Sabbath, the seventh day of the week. Now, when a superior makes a law, no one inferior to him can abrogate it. Only God could excuse us from keeping that commandment. Well, it does not any where in the Bible appear that he has excused us from keeping the seventh day holy. No where in the Bible has he abrogated that solemn commandment! Protestants bring forward six texts to show that we *can* keep the first day holy; but then this is not the only silly thing they



do. No one of those texts excuses them, any more than it excuses them from keeping the eighth commandment, which forbids us to bear false witness against our neighbor, even if he *be* a Catholic. The fact is, if we get our religion only from the Bible, we are all guilty of breaking this commandment. God has commanded us to keep holy the seventh day. Nowhere in the Bible has He abrogated this law. The Protestants care nothing about that; they work on Saturday, and keep the first day of the week, Sunday. It is a lamentable fact, but it is true, that Protestants are a set of Sabbath-breakers — systematic, hardened Sabbath-breakers. Tell them to put that in their pipes when they scold you for breaking the Sabbath, Saturday, the seventh day, because you have wickedly gone to a bakehouse to get your pork and beans on Sunday, the first day of the week. Fix it the best way you will, but when they begin to talk about religion, they always make laughable work of it.

It was about this time that there was a great noise made concerning the law against travelling on Sundays. No man could travel on that day for any purpose. It was the especial duty of deacons to see that the law was observed, and the deacons watched the roads right zealously; for they were generally tavern-keepers, and the money of an unfortunate Sunday traveller was as good as that of any other man. Some shrewd Yankees would sometimes outdo them, though. Deacon Barebones would stop the traveller, and bring him into his tavern, telling him that he *must not* travel, and he *might* stop at that house. On Monday morning, the traveller thanks Deacon Barebones for his hospitality, and invites him to come and see him and his folks when he is passing that way; and then the sly dog moves on. The deacon stops him, and hands the bill. But, deacon, didn't you make me stop yesterday against my will? Didn't you take me to your house when I wanted to go on? That's nothing. I get my living by taking in travellers, and —. That's a fact, deacon; never spoke a truer word in your life. And he gives his horse a cut that makes him start in a hurry, while the deacon barely saves his bones by jumping quickly aside.

Not only must people keep Saturday holy by not travelling on Sunday, but they must also go to meeting. There are men yet living who can remember when this law was enforced in some parts of Connecticut. It is true that houses were not commonly searched; but the man who was seen walking



under circumstances which seemed to prove that he didn't mean to hear any preaching that day, was stopped, and told that he must go to meeting or go to jail. Some will remember the story of the Frenchman in Hartford, years and years ago.

Stop, friend. You must go to meeting.

But I not want to go to meeting, sare.

Well, you'll have to go to jail.

Then me go to meeting, sare.

And he is led to execution, — I mean to a pew where he has to sit while the preacher talks three mortal hours. The poor victim stares, shrugs, makes faces, winks, nods, and finally goes comfortably to sleep, where he meets half the congregation, who think, and talk, and behave like raving and distracted ganders, while the preacher is bellowing at what they left in their places on the benches.

A few Sundays after, same deacon meets same Frenchman under same circumstances.

Stop, friend. You must go to meeting.

Me not want to go to meeting.

Then you must go to jail.

Me go to jail.

About the time I left Hartford, this fanatical law was reconsidered. A man was travelling post haste to see his dying father. Sunday found him in Connecticut, and a certain deacon, Eliphalet Valiantforhethetruth, stopped him. The poor man told his errand, and begged to be allowed free passage through the town; but the deacon would hear nothing. The next day the traveller pursued his journey, and found his father's corpse. He was late only by a few hours. The man returned to Connecticut, and prosecuted the deacon. The result was a revision of the law.

While I was in Hartford, I received several letters from Mr. Croan, telling me how matters were going on in Boston. I wrote occasionally; and some time before I went home, I told him I was coming, and begged him to see if he could find a place for me. So he was not surprised when I entered his house, after my arrival at Boston. He was glad to see me, and he made me glad by telling me that Mary was coming to see him that very afternoon, and that he had got a situation for me. I found that his circumstances were considerably altered. His sister had married again, and so had he. His wife was a good old maid, who had saved her money; and, as his health was very good, and his work had



been steady, he had managed to open a little shop in front of their lodgings, where he was doing a snug little business. I had a great many questions to ask, and a great many things to tell. Mary Riley came in before I was done, and then I was mute.

You need not wonder at it. I was fourteen years old ; and, of course, I began to think that by and by I would be a man. I remembered how we had loved one another when we were little children — how she was so open and so affectionate in her ways ; and while I sadly wanted her to treat me with the innocent freedom of other days, I would have blamed her in my own mind, if she had done so. I was a great, awkward boy, and not *very* good looking, either. She was thirteen, and she was as pretty as flesh and blood could be at that age. If I dared, I would have enacted a hundred extravagancies in her presence. I did, as soon I was alone. But in her presence I blushed and stammered, and behaved like a simpleton, as no doubt I was. She was a little embarrassed, I thought ; but she was as kind as ever. She told me that she was going to leave school soon, and give her time to music and drawing. She asked me if I had destroyed her picture. I took it, with the cross, from my bosom, and demanded whether she could give as good an account of the medal. She produced it instantly. When she went away, I became conscious of a new feeling, that never left me, until she changed her name for mine. That was a knowledge that she was too good for me, and a fear that I would lose her.

Mr. Croan told me that he had engaged a place for me in a printing office. I was not displeased to hear this, but I would have tried some other trade, if it were possible. I had by this time made up my mind that it was not the way my living was to be earned. Yet I determined to accept the offer, and, in the mean time, look about me for something else. My greatest disappointment arose from the fact that I could not live with Mr. Croan, for his house was too small ; and his business was not large enough to allow him to take an assistant. He and his wife managed every thing. So I had to begin my experience of those peculiar establishments, Boston boarding-houses.

They are generally kept by widows, and, most commonly, by widows who are past marrying. It is comfortable to be able to say this ; for it would be a sad thing if the keeping a boarding-house were also one of the hundred approved



schemes for catching a *feller*. They are high old places these boarding-houses. They see more genuine fun than any other houses in Boston. Sometimes married people rent rooms in them, but not often. The community is generally made up of from four to forty spinsters and bachelors. The young men and maids do all they can not to drag out a miserable existence, and they commonly succeed. Ask a hearty eater what he thinks of these houses, and he will say that you'll get meat in the morning, and *pudd'n* every day. That is *his* Elysium. Get into a boarding-house by all means, a man-boy who has just shed his jacket, and put on his first coat, will say. Lots o' fun! oceans o' gals! Get out of a boarding-house, a studious youth will cry. I can't get a minute's peace any where. If I get into a quiet corner to read, somebody always comes and blows out my light. There is no better place in the world for studying character, exclaims one who is serving his apprenticeship at hair-cutting and metaphysics. There is no worse place for losing your character, exclaims a weak Catholic. There is meat in every thing on Fridays, and you can't say your prayers without being laughed at by every body.

Well, I went into one of them. The widow was a member of the Methodist church, in regular standing, and she used to have prayer meetings in the house every month. I never went to them, although I received many pressing invitations to do so. In fact, the old lady's second question after I entered the house was, What meeting do you attend? When I told her that I went to no meeting, but to the Catholic church, she drew back a step, and looked at me as if I were a catamount going to bite her. I had become used to such things; and now they only gave me amusement. I was prayed for at every gathering around the family altar; and sometimes they made so much noise about it, that I concluded their God was in the same predicament with the god of the priests of Baal, who was deaf, or on a journey, or was asleep, and had to be awakened. They seemed to think so too, very often, for they would do as Elias told the priests to do; they would call louder and louder, until they would scream at the top of their voices; when all quiet people, who had to stay in the house, would stuff cotton into their ears, and they who were at liberty would take to their heels. These scenes are witnessed among the Methodists on a greater scale at their general prayer meetings, and, above all, at that species of re-



vival agitation known as a camp-meeting. These gatherings, and hissing hot revivals in general, ought to be forbidden by law, or else the state should defray half the expenses of mad houses by a particular tax, laid on ministers; so that if they kindle more fires than they can tend, they will be responsible for the damages that ensue. The scenes that often are witnessed at these camp-meetings beggar description. The stage manager locks all the doors of the theatre first, so that no one can escape. Then he draws the curtain, and shows them the tortures of the damned, and the devils digging a place for "my dear people" in the hottest depths of hell. The sensitive portion of the hearers are lashed into a state of uncontrollable excitement; and the more sensitive are in the greatest need of comfort, of course. But these are the young women. It is quite a coincidence, that the sinners who need consolation most are precisely those to whom it is *very* pleasant to administer comfort. Whether this is one secret of the frequency of these detestable exhibitions, is a question which I would rather refer to a jury of young Methodist ministers. Perhaps it would be better to submit it to a jury of their wives. One thing is certain; the system adopted by John Wesley, better than any other Protestant system, is fitted to get out of Protestantism every thing it can give towards making people behave well. It is the extreme opposite to homœopathic or liberal Christianity. The Unitarian makes his appeal to the *man*, rational and animal, and tries to make him do well because it is gentlemanly to do so. The Methodist stirs up the whole *animal*, and tries to make him be good on the same grounds that urge a persecuted dog, that has a kettle fastened to his tail, to try to leap a very high fence, and escape from boys who are pelting him with stones; or that urge the same animal, when he is tied to a post, and nearly starved, to snap greedily at a bone that is held just beyond his reach. It is well that there are so many sects of heretics, who push heresy to its very extremes, in every possible direction, because it will die all the sooner. The Unitarians have made it end in atheism. So atheism is the fashionable *religion* in Boston. The Methodists are coming to the same conclusion, from other premises. The bow that is always bent will be good for nothing, after a while. Forty years ago, a Methodist paper, like the Olive Branch, would have been simply impossible. Now, it is a fixed fact.

I have some dear friends among the Methodists, and I he



lieve that many of them need only one thing to make them bright ornaments of any Christian community. But that is just the one thing needful. It is that faith, *without which* IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE GOD. Millions and millions do not please God *with* it, but no one can please Him *without* it. In the matter of merely *human* virtues, even homœopathic Christians put us to shame. It is a deplorable proof of man's wickedness. All Christians, whether Catholics or heretics, often and often see the Turks practising virtues that would be heroic if they were Christians, while we make the Turks wonder at our impiety. Open any Missionary Herald, and you will read complaints coming from the preachers, to the effect that bad Christians prevent, by their wicked example, much good that might be done to the heathen. The Sandwich Islands have had the gospel preached to them; and the *peculiar* diseases of civilized whites have nearly ruined the islanders. Missionaries, rum, and licentious men are landed from the same ship; they spread the religion and the vices of the whites among the poor pagans; and where the missionary gains one subject, the others win hundreds.

The office in which I worked was a Methodist office, which published a paper called the Jerusalem Tooter. I had enough of the business in a few months, and I succeeded in changing my trade, although not for the better. I had fully made up my mind that it would not do for me to hang about in a printing office any longer, because it was not suited to me, nor I to it. Besides, I did not like the air of this Methodist office. I know that a candle ought not to be hidden under a bushel. But it ought not to be shown by sound of trumpet, either. I could never see in Methodism any provision made for private devotion. All was to be done before witnesses. Christians were to be drilled in regiments, in companies, in sections, and in files. Our Lord's directions about anointing the head, and washing the face, seemed to be utterly unknown. You would always know whether a Christian of this sort lived, not only in the same house with you, but in the same street.

I got rid of the office, and of the trade, in less than four months. I changed my boarding-place at the same time. I tried to be a fancy painter, and the next chapter will tell with what success.



## CHAPTER VII.

JOHN FINDS THAT HE HAS TRIED EVERY TRADE BUT THE PAINTER'S. — HE GETS INTO A BOSTON BOARDING-HOUSE. — NARROWLY ESCAPES A METHODIST SNARE, AND GETS INTO A BAPTIST NET. — HE AND HIS MASTER TRY TO CONVERT ONE ANOTHER.

My new master was a serious Christian of the Baptist sect, and his name was Bowen. I remained with him more than three years, for it required that length of time to prove to me that Nature never meant me to be a painter. I used to wonder what she *did* make me for. I had tried several ways of living, and, although I had really exerted myself to learn my business, I had never succeeded. I could grind paint pretty well. So could I lay groundwork. But when it came to copying figures, or tracing lines, I could do nothing. My master was a conscientious man, and he tried to make me learn, but in vain. I would do my best in drawing lines, but he would say that a worm had better be dipped in coloring, and then be allowed to wriggle across the board. As for my figures, they would disgrace a Hottentot artist, he said. Well, I went on, hoping against hope, for three years. I waited for some lucky inspiration, for some good genius who would come and give my brains a twist in the right direction; but nobody came.

The second or third question my new boarding-house mistress put to me was, Where do you go to meeting? She was a Baptist. She was very much moved when I told her what my religion was. She told me afterwards, that when she heard *that*, she seriously thought of sending me away. She had never had a Catholic in her house before, and she did not know what dreadful things one might do. I could see that, for several days, she watched me as suspiciously as one would a person who was undeniably behaving tolerably well, but who had the mischief in him, which *would* come out in some way at a moment when least expected; and that it was a duty to keep a strict lookout. Nobody could tell what might happen. I might run away with the spoons. I might set the house on fire. I might have an inquisitor in the house



before any one knew it. But the good old lady gradually relaxed her vigilance. Nothing had happened in consequence of my entrance ; and really, all the harm I seemed to do was, to eat *so* many beans, and other delicacies, and go to church, when I might have a seat in her pew, at any time. Once or twice I scandalized her greatly. The wood in my room was gone, and it was Sunday. I went to the shed, but there was none spilt. I split some, and carried it up. Each time she had a great deal to say about the wickedness of the act. She was determined that the sound of the axe should not be heard upon her premises on the holy *Sabbath*.

My master made very early inquiries about my religion ; and, after he knew it, he did not seem to think that he had done a very prudent thing to take me as his apprentice. But there was no help for it. I was regularly engaged, and he would not discharge me on that account, of course. Besides, I soon became attached to him, and he seemed to like me. He did all that he could to change my *views*, though. He thought that the Catholic Church was a very bad one ; and he believed that it was his duty to snatch me as a brand from the burning. He offered me a seat in his pew ; and I suppose that few things would have pleased him more than to see me occupy it regularly. He said little to me in praise of his own religion, but he was unwearied in his attacks upon mine. Friendly attacks they were, all of them. I mean that he was never out of humor ; he did it just as a man would discharge a serious duty. In one thing, he was unlike most Protestants. A Catholic, in talking with a Protestant upon religious matters, generally labors under three or four serious difficulties. Sometimes the objectors are very foul-mouthed. They cannot speak of confession, priests, or nuns, without vomiting obscenities which would disgrace hogs. Their minds are incurably filthy, and any thing that can be twisted into their uncleanness is eagerly seized, and used accordingly. Just as all things are pure to the pure, so all things are filthy to the impure. This is a very great grievance to Irish servant girls. It often happens that they cannot attend to their duties without being compelled to hear from the others such nasty language, that a pure-souled woman would rather undergo any punishment than hear it.

Then, in talking with a Protestant about religion, you are often painfully surprised at his ignorance of its first principles. This ignorance is so plain, that the most illiterate



Catholic sees it at last, and wonders at it. If the Protestant confessed his blindness, as a little child or an awakened heathen does, there would be no great room for surprise. But he quotes the Bible *so* flippantly, and *talks* so much about religion, that you get dust thrown in your eyes. When one mathematician talks with another, he supposes that the other is not ignorant that two and two make four. When one grammarian talks with another, he believes that he knows that prepositions govern the objective case. So when a Catholic talks with a Protestant, he hears him say *such* good things, that he gives the Protestant credit for knowing infinitely more than he does. It required some time before I could be convinced of the fact, but hundreds of experiments have always made the same result evident; and I can no longer doubt it, any more than I can doubt any fact which I have experienced a great many times. I shall never forget the surprise I felt when the truth began to occur to me, that all that parade of religious knowledge was little else than sham, a garment borrowed to cover absolute nakedness. Then I give this advice: Do not talk with them upon the subject at all. Because, in the first place, no good, and some harm, is done. You need not hope to convert them; conversions never come from controversies; there is too much of human pride, of the desire of victory on both sides; and humility is *absolutely* necessary to conversion. We must become little children, to get into heaven. So these disputes do some harm, because you often lose your temper. You sometimes hear vile, and always unreasonable language. It is better to avoid, also, this occasion of sin. But if you *will* talk about it, begin by giving them no credit for *any* real knowledge about religious matters. Begin at the a, b, c, of religion; begin where your children do; begin with, Who made you? God. Before you move a step, teach them that Christ did found *a* Church, and that this Church *must* be ONE; that out of it there is *no* salvation; that who will be saved must obey the Church in *all* things. These are a few letters of the *alphabet* of religion, and do not move a step before they are *well* learned. Suppose you take a boy that does not know his *letters*, and set him to reading a book. What work will he make of it? Why, the book will be all Greek to him. Just so will your arguments be Greek to the Protestant, if you do not teach him his a, b, c's. Teach them to him first, and don't let him fly off about purgatory, the Virgin, images, priests, and all



that. No matter if he is a minister, and you are his servant. Teach him the a, b, c's. He may have far more worldly knowledge than you have ; but in religious matters, in all that concerns salvation, you know far more than he does. And do not *permit* him to quote a sentence from the Bible, until he proves to you, from Protestant Principles, that he has a right to do so. Make him, on *his principles*, show that it *is* the word of God. And if you really wish to avoid a pertinacious Protestant talker, who *will* attack you, begin with requiring *this* proof. Resolutely refuse to say one word about any thing else until he has done it, and you may be sure that you will be at peace, even if you are together for twenty years. He might as well try to put on his stockings *after* he has pulled on his boots. Above all, my dear fellow, avoid an error into which we have nearly all of us fallen. Do not allow him to attack *you*, because he has *no* right to do so. If he says a word about religion, do not humor him so much as to defend your own. Trust me, the Church can take care of herself, without any help from you or from me. The gates of hell have raged against her for eighteen hundred years, and all hell will rage against her to the end, and in vain. So you need not fear that one Protestant can do her any harm. Do not apologize for her, then, for you insult your Mother by supposing that she *needs* an apology. Do not soften one tittle of her doctrine, for neither she nor her Founder will thank you for it. We have offended her often in this way ; let us do so no more. We should be ashamed to apologize for our faith. It is mean ; it is pitiful. We are members of the Church of Christ, and we are citizens of a republic where the law makes no distinction between creeds. You have a perfect right to be a Catholic. Profess, then, every tittle of your faith in open day, and do not wound the heart of Christ by apologizing for His own spouse, who is without spot or wrinkle ; do not apologize on earth for a faith that will be your glory in heaven, if it shall be your lot to be saved. A Protestant has no right whatever to attack your religion. Suppose that you are living peaceably in your own house, and a rogue wants to get it from you. If he intrudes, you can kick him out of doors. If he appeals to the law, what is to be done before *he* can turn you out. Must you prove that the house is yours ? Do not think of it. He must prove that it is *his*. Wait until he does that, and, in the mean time, eat, drink, and sleep in your house. Well, do just so



with your religion. There is only ONE house, in religious matters. You and your fathers have lived safely in it for eighteen centuries, and it is as good as it was when it was new. Thousands of rogues have tried to steal it, and they have always failed, because they could not prove ownership. Well, a Protestant comes along, and says that he must have it. He pleads, in the first place, that your house *isn't* a house; and then, that it is his or partly his, and he has a right to a room in it; and, finally, that he has built a house, and wants to put it on the very land occupied by your house. Well, what must you do? Why, lock the door, and tell him to pass his papers through the key-hole for your examination. Don't listen to him blustering that it is not your house — make him prove that it is *his*. In a word, attack his so-called religion; make him *prove* that it is true, and, as he says that the Bible is the foundation of his claim, begin with his a, b, c's; begin at the beginning, and make him prove, on Protestant principles, that the book he is quoting really *is* the word of God. Don't let him move an inch until he has done it, and you may be sure that he will *never* move an inch, because it is simply impossible for a Protestant to do any such thing. Well, if he cannot do that, do not let him quote the Bible, because he has no right in the world to do so.

There is the way to manage, if you *must* talk about religion. It is better to pray for him than to dispute with him. But if you do, be sure to begin at the beginning — teach him his alphabet. You need not be afraid of him, even if he is a great master in human learning; because, with all that, he is more ignorant of the true principles of religion than your little boy is, who has learned the first chapter of his Catechism. Even their ministers are no exception to this rule. It is true, that some of their most learned ones *do* know better. When they preach and write about the Catholics, they know that they break the eighth commandment. But honest ones prefer to say nothing about the Church. They are not prepared to defend her; so they compromise the matter by saying nothing against her. Several do more; they show quite a partiality for her; and when they speak of her, it is seldom with disrespect. Ministers of this sort are generally Episcopalians or Unitarians. But the crowd of ministers are commonly as ignorant of the real nature of the Church as their people are. When they are boys, they hear from their companions, their nurses, their parents, and their ministers, all those raw-head



and bloody-bone stories about Popery that are so current, and form such a great part of vulgar Protestantism. When they go to college, they learn nothing better. They study the sciences; they read histories which are falsified at every page; they study a theology which builds up an imaginary Popish church, and they are furnished with weapons to knock the image down. They beat and beat the image; thinking, in the precious innocence of their hearts, that it is all the time our Church; and they are so busy in cutting and slashing at imaginary Papists, that they do not notice how the real Catholics are laughing at them. They are no better informed than their people are; and if one of them attack you, do not be imposed upon by his display of human learning, but treat him like the others — teach him his a, b, c's. If you *really* wish to know how *very* ignorant he is of the first principles of religion, try this experiment. Ask him to tell you, seriously, *what* his idea of our Church *is*. Let him talk without any interruption for a quarter of an hour, and you will clearly see that, no matter how great his scientific attainments may be, in religious knowledge he is a child. Ay, worse; for he must unlearn many things before he can *begin* to learn a word.

The other difficulty which a Catholic feels who talks with a Protestant about religion is, that the other party *never* knows when he is beaten. Now this is a great discomfort. It is provoking, too, when he is fairly *floored*, for him to get up and say that he wasn't down. This trouble comes from the ignorance I spoke of just now, and from your greenness in supposing that he knows the first principles of religion. When I was a boy, this puzzled me a great deal. I would give arguments that I had heard, or read, and I *wondered* how it was that they never seemed to understand them. Now, the thing is plain enough. You cannot understand a ray of light, you cannot suppose that it exists, unless you suppose that the sun, from whom the ray comes, exists too. You may not be thinking of the sun, but when you see light, you have it all along in your mind that the sun is shining in the heavens. So when you are reading a book, you are not thinking about the letters that you learned long ago, when you were a boy, but you have them in your mind for all that; and you know all the time that if you had not learned those letters, the book would be Greek to you. So in religion. You have learned your letters, your Catechism, years ago. And when you hear



in a sermon, or read in a book, something of which you never thought before, you have no trouble in understanding it with the understanding of faith, because you have learned your Catechism. You are not thinking of the Catechism when you hear or read these things, but you have it in your mind all the time that, if you had not learned it, the things you hear would be Greek to you. There is just the difficulty you have with the Protestant. You show him the ray of light when he knows nothing about the sun; you read a book to him when he knows not his letters; you talk to him about religion when he has not learned a word of his Catechism. No *wonder* he does not know when he is beaten, for he does not know what you are talking about. He is like Dr. Johnson, who wanted to dispute in some learned language with an Irishman. The doctor began to speak in Greek, telling the other that he might answer in that, or in any other tongue. The Irishman understood him very well; but when it was his turn to answer, he answered in *Irish*, of which the doctor did not understand a word. He wriggled in his chair for a space, while the other talked in gutturals that must have hurt his throat; and at last he said, Come, sir, I don't understand you. We had better speak in plain English. There is another difficulty under which the Catholic labors in these disputes. The Protestant does not always *know* that his cause is a bad one, but he *always* feels uneasy, as if a screw were loose somewhere. He behaves in this matter as he does in getting a living; he is always ready for a *start*, if he thinks that he can better his condition. Hence he does not often remain in the *persuasion* of his fathers. I say *persuasion*, because it is not in the nature of things that they can have real faith. The sign of the cross tells the passer by that *there* is an altar, a priest, a sacrifice, a *church*. The weather-cock blowing in every direction on the top of their steeples is the *sign* of what their faith is, and it tells that, in the house below, are gathered together straws, which are only waiting for a wind, to be blown away. Sometimes a *cock*, roosting at the point of the spire, tells that human pride and spite have built the house; he tells that the chickens that met there in old times fell to fighting over a worm, and the beaten flock went off and built a new coop, and put a game cock on the top of it, *to show which way the wind blew*—to show that, down below, the chickens were unterrified, and ready for another fight. And as the cock turns towards the old coop, he seems



to crow a triumphant cock-a-doodle-doo ! So you turned us out, did you ? Cock-a-doodle-doo !! Won't you let us come back again, if we'll behave ? Cock-a-doodle-DOO !!!

Well, the Protestant feels uneasy, because he knows, as well as you do, that he has a soul to be saved ; and he is not *sure* that he is in the way of saving it. Mind ! it is one thing to know that *you* will be saved, and another to know that you are in the *way* of salvation,— that you are in the true Church. No man knows whether *he* will be saved until he is dead. But every man *can* know whether he *is*, or is *not*, in the *way* of being saved. If we neglect to find out this way, it will be quite our own fault, and the penalty of such neglect is eternal damnation. Woe to the heretic if he *ever* had a doubt and neglected to clear it up. He will be beaten ! A greater woe to the Catholic, who *knows* that he is in the right way, but who neglects to walk therein. He will be beaten with *many* stripes !

Signs of this uneasiness are easily seen. You seldom hear a Protestant saying *our* Savior ; he will call him *the* Savior, as if he had no part in Christ's salvation. You never hear a Catholic saying *the* Savior. It is always *our* Lord, *our* Master, *our* Savior. Again, you seldom, if ever, hear a Protestant speaking of his *faith*. He never *believes* any thing. With him it is always *opinion*, or *persuasion* ; it is never the *knowledge* of faith. They will always tell you what they think, what is evident to them, what is clear to their minds. And they are always ready to tell you what they do *not* believe. There is another sign. It is, the running from one sect to another, sometimes making the whole round of sects before they die. Not an insignificant sign of their uneasiness is the cordial hatred they entertain for *Popery*. They will fight with one another until the name of this dreadful enemy is mentioned, and then they join hands for the moment, and rush at the foe, thinking, as the fly did when he kicked the lion, that they have done a good deal of damage — enough to authorize a shout of Glory, Hallelujah. But a never-failing sign of their uneasiness is comically palpable when they talk with a Catholic about religion. This sense of uneasiness is so universal, that you will see it even in a learned minister, when talking to the poorest Catholic. It is shown in their rooted dislike to being *cornered*. You know that in draughts, or checkers, it is very hard to corner your one man when you have only two pieces with which to corner him. Twenty



times you think that you have got him, and the sly thing escapes, and leads you a goose chase around the board. The Protestant dodges as well. He feels that the ground he is standing upon, somehow, isn't steady; so he takes care to shift his position often. He knows that a cloud of objections will raise a cloud of dust; and he raises a cloud. You can *never* get him to talk about *one thing at a time*. He will begin about worshipping images, and, in a talk of ten or twenty minutes, he will give you enough to answer in a week. But he won't wait for the answer—he doesn't want to be cornered. You select one subject, the veneration of saints; and while you are showing him that it is quite proper, he will ask you why the priests don't have wives? Before you are done answering, he will want to know why you *will* be such a fool as to pay the priest money for pardoning your sins? You tell him that he is *very* much mistaken; and he interrupts you, and says, O, don't talk to *me*. I know better; and then, What a silly thing your purgatory is! And so they run, leading you all over the board. Like a fox, who has a cave with twenty holes in it,—when you chase him out of one, in he runs by another. Some men have built houses on the line between Canada and the states, so that without leaving the house, they can run from one country to the other. So do Protestants. They dare not occupy one spot long. Some people get angry when they see this. I never do; the sight to me is inexpressibly comical.

The rule for avoiding all this is a very simple, and a very fair one. If you *will* talk, talk about one thing at a time. *Never*, under *any* pretence, allow him to lead you to another subject. Keep to the point you are talking about, and he is cornered. If you allow him to run all over the board, there will be a waste of temper and of words. No *honest* adversary will complain because you simply want to *settle* one thing before going to another. When you have settled it, make him promise never to mention *that* subject again, unless he has something *quite new* to say. Because, here is another difficulty which a Catholic feels in talking with a Protestant. They will repeat an objection a hundred times. After you have answered it repeatedly, they will bring it with the air of one who is saying a new thing. Once I was talking with a bird of this feather. He had objected a dozen things in one breath. I selected the last, which was the forgiveness of sins. I explained to him the Catholic doctrine concerning



it. He tried to start a new subject, but I pressed the point as hard as I could, and, after showing him what we believed and practised, after proving to him that a man must be ignorant or malicious to bring such a charge, I looked at him, expecting that he would own his error. But he said, Well, I can't see how you *can* be so blind as to pay the priest money for pardoning your sins! And then, there is the superstitious custom of praying for the dead.

There is *just all* the good that is commonly gained by these disputes. These Protestant disputers are like parrots. I have one that sometimes talks just in this fashion. She calls to me in the morning — Give me some bread and butter! I give her a piece, more than she can eat; but she will occasionally keep up the tune, long after her belly is full — Give me some bread and butter! Give me some bread and butter! Do you hear?

My master was not so unreasonable. I experienced the other difficulties, almost always; but when he had been confined to one point, and when he had nothing *new* to urge, he seldom raised it again. This was a comfort. He was determined to talk to me about religion, for I never *began* an argument with any body; but I always knew what points would not be touched upon when he began to talk. Before the end of three years, there were several subjects avoided by mutual consent.

About the time the Ursuline Convent was destroyed, we Catholics had much to endure. Nothing else was talked about, of course. The poor nuns got the usual names which they get from bigoted heretics. I remember that one man, who was present at the scene, came to the shop the next morning, and told the story in great glee. He was very eloquent about the destruction of the ornaments of the altar, and especially about the desecration of the crucifix of our little Jesus, as he called it. Yes, they took your little Jesus, and smashed his head against the wall. And then some one sung out, like an auctioneer, How much for the little idol? How much for the little Jesus? Going, going, gone! And he tossed your little Jesus into the fire!

The earthly court that tried these men acquitted them all. No, there was a little boy, who was at the fire, and who thought that he might do what bearded men were doing in the sight of thousands. He was the scape-goat, and he was sent to prison. The rest were acquitted. Well, there is



another court, before which judge, and jury, and prisoner must appear. The Lord seeth.

It is now 1850, sixteen years, or so, since judge and jury told the prisoners at the bar to go uncondemned. And of the men that were really guilty, and stood there sixteen years ago, how many are dead? How did they die? How many are alive that are worse than dead? *Which* of them has gone scathless? The Lord judgeth.

Sixteen years. A new town lies at the foot of the hill. Pleasant villas encompass it on every side. The Monument yet looks upon the black ruins, and says, What harm has happened to me because I have done this thing? Massachusetts has forgotten it. Boston has forgotten it. Charlestown has forgotten it. So has not God. The story of the black ruins is written in His book; and beneath the picture of a holy retreat, made a wilderness by the rage of man, there is a sentence — I AM THE LORD; I WILL REPAY!

Would that the wicked deed had not been done! And when it *was* done, would that earthly courts had not sent up the case to be tried in heaven!

About this time a poor priest, who had broken his vows, and lost his faith, started a paper, called the Downfall of Babylon. Babylon meant Popery; and Samuel Smith, who had been a priest for sixteen years, told the dear, fifty-times-gulled, and always-ready-to-be-gulled-again Protestants that he was the man chosen by Providence to wage war, single-handed, with the Man of Sin, — he meant the holy Pope, Gregory XVI., — to smite him, and slay him, and pare his hoofs, cut off his tail, root out his horns, and send 'em to a new museum, twenty-five cents, children half price.

It was a terrible looking paper. There was a picture of Rome, struck by lightning, and the three hundred and sixty-four churches were tumbling to the ground. When the Protestants looked at that picture, they felt very happy; they almost felt that they could *see* the churches tumbling, and the sign of salvation, on which *the* Savior hung, trampled upon by devils, who had flown to assist at the downfall of the mighty city.

It was a very savage paper, too. Smith evidently thought that, as long as he *had* sold himself, he might as well stick at nothing. So every week he told awful stories about us; and the stories of each week were more awful than those of the last. I didn't envy his Protestant readers their feelings, for



they were very unpleasant. If the Pope and all his cardinals were coming to live in the State House, and if brimstone corner of Park Street were to be turned into an Inquisition, they couldn't have felt worse.

Smith generally contrived to be assassinated by wicked Papists, every little while; and, in every possible way, he labored to bring about the scenes that were witnessed in Philadelphia, a few years ago. While the Convent rioters were being tried, he wrote a series of articles on Popish nuns, which probably had some effect for the time. The paper seemed to be tolerably well supported, and among its early patrons was my master. I believe that he bought it for me. I read it, I am ashamed to say. It was wrong, because such reading is forbidden. It was wrong, because my salvation had been in peril enough already, without running willingly into danger from a new source. Disobedience in this matter is quite too common. We are warned, emphatically warned, by Christ to beware of false teachers. One apostle tells us that if any man, even an angel, should bring us another doctrine, let him be cursed. Another tells us to beware of their *conversation*, lest they lead us astray. St. John is more emphatic. If any man come to you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into the house, nor say, God speed you! For he that saith unto him, God speed you! communicateth with his wicked works. It is strange that some people, who will never go to *meeting*, scruple not to read any book that lies in their way. Just as if we could not receive damnation by the eye as well as by the ear; as if a sermon, which is forgotten as soon as heard, were more dangerous than a book which contains things perhaps far worse than the sermon did, and which we can remember better, because we can read leisurely. It is a shame that so many persons disobey the Church in this matter. We have no business to read any thing written by Protestants about religious matters. The book brings *another doctrine*; it brings a doctrine which was not taught to us; and if we say to it, God speed you! we communicate with wicked works. When St. Paul founded the church at Ephesus, the new Christians brought all their bad books, and burnt them publicly. The value of the books burned that day was no less a sum than fifty thousand pieces of silver—a great sum of money in those days.

A great mistake, and not the less great because it is common, is the tempting God in any way. One of the worst



ways of tempting Him is to behave as if our faith, once given to us, cannot be lost. It is very common to hear a Catholic say, O, I will not lose my faith, if I lose every thing else ! Just as if it were *yours* to keep, or to lose ! Just as if you *could* keep it, unless by a miracle of mercy, when you put it in danger, every day, by communicating with wicked works, wicked speeches, wicked books, wicked papers. Did you never see a Catholic who had lost his faith ? I have, often. And have you any conception of the thrice awful state in which those unfortunates are ? If you ask *them*, they will *tell* you that they eat, drink, sleep, and amuse themselves as usual. They don't care for the priest. If they are women, they will laugh with their new friends at the Paddies, while they are sitting over a social dish of tea. The man will perhaps go about in stores, and at taverns, and tell *his* new friends that he is emancipated from the yoke that Christ laid upon his shoulders. Perhaps he will start a paper for Catholics, telling them that the priests are wronging them in almost every way, wronging them when living, wronging them when dead.

Now, these people have lost their faith. God has recalled his gift, because they have abused it. They do not always suffer from the loss, apparently. Sometimes they feel quite at ease, because they have succeeded in stupefying their conscience ; and this is the worst state that can befall a man in this world. A man that is dying is an object of pity ; a man that is dying, and does not know it, is an object of horror.

Sometimes these poor souls are subjects of God's mercy while they are yet alive. But too commonly death enters their door, and finds them thus, and he strikes them. *Then* the lost faith is given back again. But what a time to receive the gift ! Efficient grace can save him, but can *he* ask for it ? Or *will* he ? And if to his other sins he add the crowning one, *the* sin against the Holy Ghost ; if his recovered faith only shows him his crimes ; if he despairs of God's mercy, and *DIES*, — what then ?

You had better be very careful about your reading. While you read only such books and *papers* as the Church allows, you are safe.

I succeeded in proving to my master that this paper was a bad one ; that its spirit was unchristian ; that it was full of obscenity and lies ; and that it was unworthy of the support



of a man who pretended to be a Christian. He stopped it shortly after.

The Protestants who loved to sup on Popish horrors, and have nightmares in consequence, were fully provided for in the years of 1834-35. Poor Rebecca Reed had written her silly book about the Charlestown convent, and it did something towards keeping up the anti-Popery cry in Massachusetts. She has done her work, and is dead. God have mercy on her soul, amen! Some of her abettors are gone. Well, let them rest!

But her book did not contain any horrors, after all. It was only a sop thrown to hungry Protestants; and it made them lick their chops for more horrors. And they got 'em. Some New York ministers of the gospel induced a wretched woman, named Maria Monk, to mother a book, purporting to be awful disclosures about a nunnery in Montreal. It was just the thing! *Miss Maria* could support herself and her offspring; the ministers lined their pockets with yellow linings; and, besides, they had the satisfaction of thinking that they had partly killed one of the nine lives of Popery; and they enjoyed the supreme satisfaction of sitting in their arm-chairs, and laughing to think how they had gulled their dearly-beloved brethren and sisters! how the ministers that were in the secret would puff the book! how they that weren't would tell the dear people that Maria Monk had been a Charlotte Corday to the Pope—that she had killed him, body *and* bones—how the editors would call upon their readers to buy the book, and so drive another nail in the Pope's coffin; to read it, and see *what* this precious country was coming to, if *bloody-minded* Papists were allowed to live in it *peaceably*; how the young and old, ugly and pretty, sour and sweet haters of the Scarlet Lady would hiss and pout, and cry and howl, and raise all sorts of mournful noises, because of the wrath that the priests were bringing in their pockets, to empty upon this Protestant land.

Well, fifteen years are gone. It is not long for God to wait; neither is it for His Church, because she lives His life. Ask the horror-hunters what they think of Maria *now*? The convent was publicly examined by a Protestant committee,—for the nuns had asked for one, as soon as the book was sent to them,—and when the gentlemen made their report, every respectable Protestant, who had the book in his house, put it into the fire. The honorable portion of them would never



countenance the thing from the beginning. But how *ashamed* were the male and female old ladies, who had gone about and cracked ever so many trumpets for Maria, when they found that their persecuted saint was a wholesale liar, and a prostitute, to boot!

Fifteen years are gone into eternity, and Maria has gone after them. The ministers had used her, and had abandoned her. She went again into the streets. She was imprisoned, as a loose woman and as a common thief. Last autumn, in the New York jail, the poor woman breathed her last.

What a miserably bad cause the Protestants must have, when they think it necessary to use such weapons as *these*!

My master would not look at the book. He said that, even admitting such things were true, they were unfit to be published. So thought many others. But, true or false, it was a filthy story; and so many persons kept it, for the same reasons that urge them to keep other immoral books. The animal appetites were excited by their perusal. This keeps such books as Maria Monk in some houses to this day.

Smith saw what was going on, and he thought that there was no harm in sharing the profits, if people *would* buy such books. So he got a woman, and called her Rosamond Culbertson. *She* had been in a convent in the West Indies, and she could tell stories that would make your hairs turn into snakes, and bite their own heads off with their tails. Her book went far beyond Maria Monk; in fact, it served a useful purpose; it was *so* silly, and *so* nasty, that many eyes were opened, and the male and female women that hated Popery hung down their heads lower than ever.

It seems that sausages are made of Protestant meat in some of the West India Islands. The way it is done is this: The churches and convents have dungeons under them, for the punishment of heretics. One of these is a sausage factory. The Protestant is tumbled into a kind of hopper, that soon makes mince-meat of him. He goes in, buttons and all, at one end, and comes out at the other, half a mile of sausages. These are reserved for the eating of priests and nuns.

Protestantism must be dying when it gives such very desperate kicks.

Well, it *is* dying. In Germany, its birthplace, it is already dead and buried, and there is none to cry over it, and say Oh! *why* did ye die? The Germans are now either Catho-



lies or infidels. The same result has been obtained in France, long since. In England, they are nailing its coffin. The government has *forced* Socinian bishops upon the Church and good reason why. Was it not by *law* established? And has not the government, in the late Gorham case, made a decision that knocks out of it the little breath it ever had? The same result is rapidly coming in this country. Boston has taken the lead, and its religion is atheistical; for the God of Theodore Parker is not the God of Sinai, or of Calvary. It is a fine state of things, when a Calvinistic congregation sit and sleep comfortably under a Unitarian. They agree to pay his salary, if he will promise not to hurt their feelings by saying in the pulpit that Christ is not God. It is a fine state of things when a Unitarian congregation use the liturgy of the church of England, and solemnly say things in the meeting-house which they think are *lies*, because, by doing so, they can keep the house and property. It is very consistent for a man to say out of the meeting-house that Christ is not God, and to adore him in the meeting-house as God. Then they worship the creature as the Creator. Well, who would think that idolatry would ever be publicly practised in Boston, and unreprieved?

Protestantism must end thus, for it is its nature to do so. It was in the beginning little better than atheism dressed in a few Christian garments; and its work, during the last three hundred years, has been a successive throwing off of those forms. Channing and Parker are naked Protestants; they have cast aside all those forms but two. One of them is the habit of meeting together on Sundays. The other is the occasional use of a few words which popular prejudice will not allow to be thrown aside, as yet—such words as *Christianity*, *God*, and *heaven*. As for *hell* and the *devil*, they lie under the table for future examination.

Homœopathic Christians make no secret of this tendency, of course. Quite the contrary; for it is their boast that they have taken religion out of God's hands, and under their own protection. But the Protestants who, rather unadvisedly, call themselves Evangelicals, are quite aware of it, too. Indeed, they can't very well help acknowledging it with groans; for their members and their property have been going over to the homœopathic Christians, during the last twenty years, with fearful rapidity. They seem to know, too, that their last day is very near. That is evident, from the very strong remedies—



kill or cure ones — which they are taking. These are chiefly two. One is the revival remedy, which consists in galvanizing sinners either into the church or into a madhouse. The other is the very extraordinary, and supremely wicked and foolish rushes they make, every now and then, against *Popery*.

They are now getting ready for another struggle, which they feel will be their last. Do not be afraid of it. Remember Maria Monk, Rebecca Reed, Smith, and the other worthies of '34. Fifteen years are not a lifetime. The Church has had far worse enemies than the Protestants are, who lived longer than Protestantism will, even if it do last a century longer, as it probably will not.

One day my master began to talk. I know that you deny that you pay money to the priest for pardoning sin, said he. In fact, you told me the other day what your Church says about it; and, although I do not believe your doctrine, still, it looks more reasonable than it did before. You know I never talked much with Catholics before I saw you, and I am glad to have a chance to know what they really do believe; so many stories are told about them. But I want you to explain this. My servant girl went out last Saturday, and she wanted some money. She said that she was going to confession, and she wanted to give it to the priest.

I do not doubt your word, said I, although I never heard of such a case before. You are sure that you understood her correctly?

Yes.

Well, sir, she has told a lie. She wanted money for some other purpose. She didn't want to tell what that was. I wouldn't give her money again for such a thing; and, if she asks for it, I would tax her with the lie direct. It wouldn't be a bad plan to tell her that you will give me her name, and I will report her to the bishop. That will cure her, I think. The sacraments are the channels of the grace of Christ. Every Christian soul has a right to them, and no priest can charge money, or refuse to administer any sacrament without it, on the peril of his soul.

I thought of this thing often afterwards, and two or three cases have come to my knowledge which were precisely similar. These silly creatures do not know what they are doing. I do not care so much about it, inasmuch as it strengthens Protestant prejudice; for there is such a mountain of it, that a stone more or less makes little difference. Yet



it is a wicked thing to create or to increase that prejudice. It is the *lie* that is told, and not a common lie either. It is a mean, infamous lie, told in a matter that touches the honor of the Church. To be sure, the indiscretion of her children, and the malice of her enemies, cannot harm her. Yet it is pitiful to see a Catholic join with Protestants in the dirty work of throwing mud at the Church; at their own mother. Why, if you have earned your money, it is yours. You are not obliged to tell any body what you are going to do with it. And if you think that you are, why, tell the truth. You have a right to contribute towards the support of your Church, just as your employers have to pay for the maintenance of their minister. It is your duty to do so, and you need not be ashamed to have people know that you perform that duty. But when they will insist upon the silly lie that sins are pardoned in the Church for money, do not tell them that it is true. Do not ask them for money to be employed in that way. If you do, you will perish, and your money with you.

There was an Irishman who answered to the name of Mike, and who did the carting of the shop. He had a way of his own of getting rid of talk about religion. I had not been in the place long when he came in, one day.

Mike! exclaimed one of the men.

Sirr!

Is it true that the priests pray you out of Purgatory?

Yis, sirr.

And you give 'em money for it?

Yis, sirr.

And the priests pardon your sins?

Yis, sirr.

Do you give 'em money?

Yis, sirr.

Ain't you a d—— fool?

Yis, sirr.

And Mike went away with his mouth stretched from ear to ear. Another day the happy-go-lucky Mike came into a room where I was working alone.

Mike!

Sirr.

It's true, then, that you give the priests money when you go to confession?

Yis, sirr.

See here, Mike. When did you go to confession last?



What do you tell these stories for? Did you learn them in your Catechism? I'm a Catholic, and I never heard such things.

To see how Mike's whole demeanor changed! The cross of Christ be upon us always, said he. I didn't know that you were one of us. Why, you see, thim Yankees are haythens. They don't know no more about religion nor a horse. Lord save us all, but they know less, for the crathur attinds to *his* duty, betther nor thim do to *theirs*. It's no use talking to such Pagans at all, at all. If ye tell thim what the ould religion *is*, ye can't insinse 'em into it, more be token that they weren't christened, and they're innocent of the grace of Christ. So if you thry to rayson wid 'em, they'll make a mock of all that's holy, and *that's* hard to bear. They'll turn us into ridicule, let us say what we will. If we tell 'em the thruth, they'll make game of us. If we tell 'em a crooked story about it, they'll make game of us all the same. It's all one to *thim*, the haythens! So, of the two, I'd rather they'd make game of *me*, than of all I wear nixt my heart, and *that's* my church. So I tell thim what they like, and let thim say what they like.

It may be, that a great many persons have unconsciously strengthened the silly prejudices of Protestants in the same way. They could not endure to have the faith which they cherished made light of by scoffing unbelievers. They preferred to be laughed at, and to be called fools, rather than allow fools to make merry over the jewel which they wore next their heart. It may be, too, that poor men and women often have words put into their mouths that they never said, or interpretations made of their words which they would utterly reject. Here is an instance in point.

A few years ago, a friend of mine made a savage attack upon priests for taking money for pardoning sins. You have denied it again and again, said he. But I can prove it. There is the girl that lives with me; she is a right good girl, if she *is* a Catholic. She dressed to go out last Saturday, and she asked my wife for money. She said she was going to confession, and she wanted to pay her dues. Now, what do you think of *that*? Here is a case happening right before my face and eyes, and how can I *help* believing it? You are an honest fellow, but you are blinded. You don't *know* the villainy of your priests.

I knew the girl in question; she was very intelligent, and



she was a good Catholic. She was an excellent specimen of the Boston Irish Catholic young women, who do the work in families, or otherwise labor hard for their bread. They have done more for the interests of religion in Boston, taking their means into consideration, than all other classes put together. They have built St. Mary's Church; they have built every church in Boston. The charity of the Boston Catholics is proverbial. To be sure, in ages of faith, it would not be regarded as extraordinary; but, in these times, it deserves great credit. And these girls have done more than their share of the good work which has given such a name to Catholic Boston. No one ever called upon them in vain. They will often give more than they can afford; and their generous hearts make them feel half disposed to apologize for giving so little. And, in truth, a girl of this class often gives actually more to pious purposes than some men who are not poor. She thinks that she can afford a dollar. He thinks that it is hard times; and he gives fifty cents. The Catholic young women need no monument. Their monument is a church in every quarter of the city.

Now, I knew that this girl never told such a silly story; so I said to my friend that I would clear up the matter. He was obstinate, and would believe nothing. I went to his house that evening, and told her what I had heard, when her merry laugh settled my doubts, if I had any. Well, said she, these Protestants are knowing enough in worldly matters, but when religion is concerned, they lose their senses.

Well, said I, when you remove the tea things, I will speak to you about it, before *them*.

Very well. But don't be so innocent as to think that it will do them any good. It is very hard to get people to give up a lie, when they love to believe it.

Catharine, said I, when she came up stairs to remove the tray, did you ask Mrs. Jones for money last Saturday?

Yes, I did.

Did you say that you were going to confession, and you wanted to give it to the priest for pardon?

No, sir, I *didn't*.

Why, Catharine! exclaimed Mrs. Jones. Didn't I hear it with my own ears?

No, maa'm, you didn't. You heard me say two very different things, and you jumbled them together, so that they made nonsense. I *did* tell you that I was going to confession.



Some girls are afraid or ashamed to tell their mistresses when they are going on that errand ; but I never was. I wish that I could go every week. No one ought to be afraid or ashamed to do a duty, especially when it is due to God. Going to confession is the same as owning that we are sinners, and stand in need of God's mercy. It is true that I ought to be ashamed to be a sinner, when our Savior has done so much for me ; but I am not afraid to own that I am. So I told you that I was going to confession ; and I did so, because you have a right to know where I spend my time. Afterwards, I asked you for three dollars, and I told you that I wanted it for church purposes. I said those very words, as you will recollect. And it was true, for I wanted to pay the sexton my pew rent, which was almost due. You put those two different stories together, and made it appear that I told a nonsensical lie. And she gave another merry laugh, as she disappeared. Mr. and Mrs. Jones looked quite blank.

I have no doubt that many servant girls are made to tell nonsensical lies in this very way. Here is another very common blunder.

One Monday morning, a fellow-workman came to the shop, and said that he had seen a great show in the Cathedral, the day before. He had seen more than a hundred go up to the priest to get their sins pardoned. I was at church that day, and I asked him if he were not ashamed to tell such a foolish story.

Seeing is believing, said he. I've heard a great many times of it ; but now that I've seen it with my own eyes, I believe it, and you can't get it out of me, any how.

I questioned him about the time and the way in which it was done ; and I found that he had seen several people go to the altar, and receive holy communion. His imagination supplied the rest. He saw them go to the altar ; he saw the priest go to each of them ; he didn't know what it meant at all ; and so they *must* have gone to get their sins pardoned ! Well ! well ! These Protestants, in religious matters, see with any thing but their eyes, and hear with any thing but their ears. They are under a sort of magnetic influence, which transfers the seat of understanding from their brains to their elbows.

My master gave me a nice Bible, one day. John, said he, you know I love you as if you were my own boy. I am giving you what, in my eyes, is better than earthly treasures.



You have shown me that your religion allows you to study the Bible, which is a thing we Protestants don't generally know. Now read it, do! Not for my sake, but for your own. I have no doubt whatever that very good men have lived and died in your Church; — such men as Fenelon, and Kempis, and Cheverus, and your Bishop Fenwick. I heard him preach the day that he called the Catholics together, after the Convent was burned down, and I never heard such a sermon on our duty to forgive and love our enemies. He took for his text the words of *the* Savior on the cross — Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do; and that sublime commandment — But I say unto you, Do good to them that hate you.

I believe that if the Catholics kept still after that shameful riot, if blood was not shed in the city, the praise is due to him. But I think that if you followed the Bible more, it would be a great deal better.

Sir, said I, I will take the book, because it is your gift. But I tell you, that I cannot read it. We are forbidden to read it, precisely because it is *not* the Bible. If it really were, there would be no objection.

What do you mean by *that*?

Here is what I mean. I read in the Bible that an awful punishment awaits him who takes away any thing, or adds any thing, to this book. Now, you Protestants are all liable to be punished, for you have all offended in this. Your Bible is no Bible, because it is not as God gave it to us. You all reject what you call the Apocrypha, which is nevertheless God's word: Your great captain, Luther, called the Epistle of St. James an epistle of straw. Your brethren in Germany are getting rid of the whole Bible very fast. The greater part of them say that it is no more inspired than Shakspeare was, and, in some cases, not so much. One man, who calls himself a Protestant minister, here in Boston, has said in the pulpit that it contains *lies*, and that the writers sometimes *knew* that they were lying.

But you must not charge upon us the wickedness of these Unitarians. We have no part or lot with them.

You think that you have not; but your religion flows from the same principle as theirs. You have drawn one conclusion from it, and they have drawn another. Both are substantially the same; and, as you move from the same principle, you have no right to quarrel with one another's conclusions,



especially as both conclusions really flow from the same premises. All the difference between you is, that *you* have chosen to stop, for the present, at a certain point; and they have chosen to go on. You all are like men who have agreed to go by the same road, only one puts up at a certain tavern, and another likes the next inn best, and so walks onward until he meets it.

What principle is that you are talking about?

The principle of private interpretation. You all start from it, and one of you has quite as good a right to use it as another. That principle can be stated in several ways. Here is a true representation of it. The only rule of faith is the Bible, privately, but honestly interpreted—that is, with a wish to get at the truth. An interpretation of any kind is a *thought* of the mind. Your interpretation of the Bible is a thought of your mind. The Bible is not a *living* witness, who can tell you what he means to say. So your rule of faith is, after all, the *thoughts* of your own mind. Your thoughts are not distinct from *yourself*. So that *you* are *your own* rule of faith. But every one of you is fallible; so you all have a fallible rule of faith, which is an awful error. A rule of faith *must* be infallible, otherwise there can be no such thing as faith. It must be such that the ignorant wayfarer need not err. It is not enough to *think* that we are in the right way; we must be *absolutely* certain of it. We must have a certainty that excludes even the *possibility* of error. Then we *know* precisely what to do. If we do it, we will be saved. If we do it not, we will be eternally damned. In the next place, the *thoughts* of men vary with their minds. So there will be nearly as many rules of faith as there are men. I once heard a man, who is of some repute in the literary world, say that, when he was a Unitarian, there were no two who thought alike in religious matters, excepting himself and another, and *they* disagreed in several particulars. Now, if you had lived through eighteen hundred years, and if you had talked with every practical Catholic in every land, you would have heard but one story, from St. Paul to Bishop Fenwick; from Simon the tanner to our happy-go-lucky Mike; from India to America; from Siberia to Cape Horn. You will hear thousands of millions chanting the same creed. You will hear them make an act of faith, and say, My God, I believe all the truths which Thy Church teaches, *because*



Thou hast revealed them. So that, as your rule of faith *is* your *thoughts*, and as they are your *own self*, it follows that man finds his religion in *himself*. You need not talk about the Spirit of God, for He is a Spirit of Truth, and the truth *must* be ONE. He cannot teach one Bible reader that Christ is *not* God, and teach another that he *is*. He cannot say to one that there is *no* hell, and whisper in the ear of another that there *is*. The Spirit that does this is the Spirit of Lies.

But why *will* you class us with such men? It is not fair.

It *is* fair; and I have told you why. They profess to get their religion from the Bible; so do you. You say that they do not get it thence, and they return the compliment. They pray for light, just as you do. If you wish to save your soul, so do they. You find hell in the Bible; they do not. They read in it that Christ is *not* God; you read that he *is*. Now, their professions are as good as yours. The spirit that guides Hosea Ballou, or Dr. Channing, is no worse than the spirit that teaches you. For it is the spirit of *man*.

Well, then, man finds his own religion in *himself*; and he need not go out of himself to find it, because he need not go out of himself to find his *own thoughts*. Then man is his *own* religion. You Protestants practically own it, for you have hundreds of religions to suit different fancies; and religions change and multiply so fast, that the Dictionary of All Religions, which was sufficiently accurate last year, needs revision in this. Well, then, man is *his own* religion. If this be true, then he finds in himself the object of his religion, of his *worship*. But in *himself*, he finds nothing but *himself*. So the object of man's worship is *himself*. Only *God* can be worshipped. Then *man* is God. We have come to it at last! Protestantism is atheism; it is the worship of Humanity. An idol is set up in the holy place of God!

Much obliged to you for calling me an atheist. It is very charitable in you.

God forbid that I should call you an atheist, for you are not. I merely say that your religion contains principles which must push it to atheism in the long run. But you are not aware of it, because you have contented yourself with developing Protestantism to a certain point, and stopping there, while others have pushed onward. The point of Protestantism at which you have stopped is atheism dressed in clothes which imitate the Christian garment near enough to make many peo



ple contented to wear it. Yours is precisely the teaching of which Christ warned us, and which is calculated, as He said, to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. For the rest, I have only shown you the last tavern on the road you are travelling. You may not live to reach it, or even the next tavern to the one in which you are stopping. It is not to be wondered at if you do not know the road you have to travel.

But how do *you* know the road? Have you travelled it?

No; but I have an infallible teacher, who gives her children a chart of it. She ought to know it, for her enemies have issued from every tavern in it to attack her; but she has always driven them back to their kennels. She knows it as a general knows a conquered country. For the rest, you cannot but feel that my reasoning in showing that Protestantism is atheism disguised, is not mere speculation; because the descent I have been describing is going on in every country where heresy is established. In Germany, the men whose fathers were Lútherans or Calvinists are atheists. It is so in France. It is so in England. You see it before your face here in Boston. All these Unitarian churches were Calvinistic, when you were born. You see your brethren turning Unitarians and Universalists every day, and you own that these are not Christians. Moreover, even Unitarianism is growing too old. Channing, and his disciple, Parker, are reforming out of it the little truth it ever had; and man worship, which is worse than idolatry, is publicly taught in this city. Worse than idolatry; for it is better to have a Fetish, with the Hottentots, than to have no God at all.

But you tried to prove that our religion leads to atheism, because we only follow our private judgment or *thoughts* about religious matters. I let you go on; but I did not think that you would bring atheism out of that. But now, admitting all this to be true, I cannot see that you are better off than we are. What have you but your *thoughts* to guide you in this matter?

My dear sir, if I had no better guide, I would not dare to speak of you Protestants as I have done. I would not dare to assert so confidently that yours is a false church, or to say that there is *no* salvation out of the One Fold. I would not venture to assert the immeasurable superiority of our church over your meeting. If I had no other guide, or if I had simply a fallible one, such language would be insupportably arrogant. My thoughts are no better than yours are. Per-



haps they are worse. It may be that if I trusted to my own thoughts, they would plunge me into atheism sooner than yours would you. No, there lives not the man that can judge his brother on his own authority. Before God we are all poor sinners. But I have an infallible guide in these matters, and I trust to her; for the experience of eighteen centuries shows that she is worthy of unlimited trust. Here is the state of the case: I stand at a point where a hundred roads meet, and every sign-board says, The shortest road to Jerusalem. I want to get there, but I do not know the road. Appended to every sign-board but one there hang printed directions, called Bibles, telling how to travel along the road. But one of the paths has no such directions. In the place of them there stands a guide. Well, I see people entering each of these roads. I see some that went in by one road come out at another, having lost much time and labor without gaining a step. There is plenty of evidence that they who follow the printed directions generally lose their way. On this account knots of people stand at the head of each road disputing about the meaning of the directions. Some interpret them thus, others interpret them so. Meanwhile the guide stands there at his post. He invites them to go by that road; he tells them that printed directions are, at best, unsafe guides, because they cannot explain their own meaning; whereas he is a *living* guide. But they generally neglect him, because they are possessed with the notion that there never was a road to Jerusalem that ever furnished any thing but printed directions. Well, I go to him, and he gives certain evidence that he is a good guide. I see that there is no possibility of eluding the proof he brings to establish the fact that he was put there by the Lord that made the road, expressly to guide travellers to Jerusalem; and he produces the promise of the same Lord, that whoever will be guided by him shall not lose the way. Here is just our case against you. When I travel along that road, I am not following my own *thoughts*. They would have taken me to one of the other roads. I am following an infallible guide. When I say that no one of those roads can lead to Jerusalem, I am not saying a thing I found out myself. I am saying what *he* says after I have found that there is *no* possibility of his making a mistake.

Well, but you have only shifted the difficulty.

How?



Why, you won't trust to your thoughts, but you *will* trust to the thoughts of your infallible guide. Now, this guide means your priests, I suppose. But they are men as well as you are. And what have *they* to trust to but *their* thoughts? Why are *theirs* better than *yours*?

My dear sir, if they had no better guide than their own thoughts, I would not trust them. I would as lief trust Channing as Bishop Fenwick. There is not a member of the Church of God, from the Pope to the beggar, who trusts to his own thoughts in this matter. A human thought is liable to error, whether the Pope think it, or whether you think it. But the teaching Church, which is made up of the bishops in communion with Rome, is an infallible guide. Just like the man at the head of the road, he does not trust to his *own* thoughts when he tells you that his road is the only good one. He tells what the Lord of the road said to him. So the bishops in communion with Rome cannot lead us astray; not because they, as men, are infallible, for they are not; but because Christ commanded them to teach His word, and promised to teach *them* all truth through His Spirit, who would abide in them forever, and who would see that while they were teaching they would never lead souls astray. The Pope is a fallible man in himself. But when he teaches the Church, he relies upon the same promise; and eighteen centuries have shown that the promise was never broken. So here is the whole secret of infallibility. Christ taught the Church; He commanded her to teach all nations in His name, and He promised that she would never teach false doctrine. So you see that we Catholics do *not* trust to our *own* thoughts in religious matters. They are blind leaders of the blind. The assistance of the Holy Ghost ought not to be a new idea to you, because each of you claims it. But falsely, because He *cannot* teach contradictory doctrines. It is one of the proofs of his presence to the Church, that she teaches One doctrine in all times and in all places.

But have your bishops *two* minds thinking at the same time, — one fallible, the other not?

That is a quibble. The thought in the guide's mind, that his is the true road, is a thought of his mind; and if he had no other authority than himself, the thought would be fallible, of course. It is an infallible thought, because it was taught to him by One who knew. If you lived at Jerusalem in the time of Christ, if you sat at His feet, and listened to His word,



the truths communicated to you by him would, in your mind, be your thoughts. Yet you would never have discovered them; you learned them from an infallible teacher. They are your thoughts, inasmuch as you think them; they are His, inasmuch as he told you just what to think. When Simon Peter thought and said that Jesus was the Son of God, our Lord said to him, Thou art blessed, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee! This thought in the mind of St. Peter was an infallible one, for it was taught to him from heaven. Just so a thought in the mind of the Church, in the minds of the bishops met in council, to the effect that Christ is God, is an infallible thought; not because it is the thought of the men there met together, but because Christ taught His Church that truth, and promised that she should teach it unto the end of time. The formal *essence* of the Church, considered as a teaching body, is the presence of the Holy Ghost. Hence Tertullian said that the Church *is* the Holy Ghost. And councils, in declaring the truth to us, say, — It hath seemed good to the *Holy Ghost* and to *us*.

I wish that this infallibility could be proved.

It is proved clearly enough. But a talk about it would lead us from our subject. It is enough to say that, although we cannot find the truth of ourselves, we can find the person who was sent to teach it. Our minds are capable of weighing motives of credibility. In other words, when guides step forward and offer to show us the way to Jerusalem, we ought always to ask them if they were *sent* to do it. If they are not, they are agents of the devil. If they say that they *were* sent, we must ask them to show their credentials, their papers. We can always tell whether these papers are true or forged. If they are true, why, there is our guide. Our own reason is fallible in judging what things were revealed by Christ, and what were not; but there are some things about which we can come to a certainty, that removes the possibility of a doubt. And among those things are the motives of credibility of which I have spoken. But, to leave this subject, let me ask a question. I read in the Missionary Herald, the other day, an argument used by Dr. Judson for the conversion of a pagan. Said he to the pagan, Will you grant that it is possible for Christianity to be true?

Yes, I grant it.

Well, I do *not* grant that your paganism can be. If you die in it, you will be damned. Now, *only* you think that it is



safe for you to remain a pagan, while *both* agree that with us there is a chance. As a prudent man, you ought to become a Christian, even if it were the only motive. All Christians in the world agree that you are lost, if you remain as you are. How do you like Dr. Judson's argument?

I think that it is not a bad one.

Well, I heard you talking with a Universalist, the other day, about hell. You urged him to become a Christian; for, said you, the whole Christian world is against you, and that is a weighty consideration. Now, if there is *no* hell, we are *all* safe. But if there *be* a hell, you will be damned, if you do not repent. The chances are therefore in our favor, and against you. Now, when you proposed that argument, did you think it a sound one?

Certainly I did.

Well, then, see here! not one of your churches *claims* to be infallible — good reason why. The Catholic Church does. Now, I think that the necessity of an infallible guide is clear enough. The chances are against you, if you do not examine her credentials. For you *all* own that there can be salvation found in the Catholic Church. This Church, which claims to be infallible, declares solemnly, as a truth taught her by Christ, that out of her pale there is *no* salvation. Yours is not the safest side.

A few days after, he told me about a split that had occurred in the Bible Society. The society was composed of men of several denominations, and its object was, to send Bibles, printed directions to find the road to Jerusalem, as a means of converting the heathen. I believe it was Dr. Judson, a Baptist missionary in the East Indies, who concluded to translate the Bible into a native language; and when he came to the word *baptize*, he rendered it, to *immerse*, or *dip*. This is one of the six significations of the Greek verb, and it is probably the primary sense. It means to wash; — and people then did not wash by halves, as they do now. This liberty taken by the doctor made the society very mad; and the Baptists, who, of course, sustained the new rendering, formed a society of their own.

How do you baptize? asked my master.

By pouring.

But does not *baptize* mean *immerse*?

I have heard that it does. But it cannot be necessary to do it in that way, because, then, baptism would sometimes be



simply impossible, which is a monstrous thing, for it is necessary to salvation. Water is not always plenty in some countries. In deserts, or in prisons, it is always very scarce. The Church knows precisely what Christ *meant*, when he told us that, unless we are born of water and the Holy Ghost, we cannot go to heaven. She teaches that it can be performed by sprinkling, by pouring, and by immersing. She did formerly immerse. Now, the Latin Church only pours.

But Christ was dipped. Ought we not to do as *he* did?

Yes, if the Church commands or advises you to do so. She is a better judge of these matters than any of us.

But there is the plain language of the Bible.

What does it say?

That he went *into* the water, and came *out* of the water.

That proves nothing. If we are bound, not only to do what he commanded us, but also to do just what he did, and in the *way* he did it, where are we to stop? Why don't you wear a seamless coat? Why do you not go into the desert, and fast forty days, before you are baptized? And, to speak of still weightier matters, why do you not do what he *tells* you to do? Why do you not anoint your head and wash your face, *when* you fast? If a man takes your coat away from you, why do you prosecute him? why do you not give him also your cloak? Why do you swear, even in a hall of justice, when he says, Let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay? If your right eye scandalizes you, why not pluck it out? Why do not your ministers do without money, and have only one coat? For he *commanded* all these things to be done. Why do you break the Sabbath, and keep the first day of the week? For here you break one of the ten commandments. Why do you eat blood puddings, and things strangled, contrary to the express commandment of the apostles? Now, you lay great stress upon a thing you were not commanded, or even *advised*, to do; so much so, that you split from other sects on this point alone. And you neglect the things you were expressly commanded to do. You transgress without a shadow of reason; because nowhere in the Bible are those commandments made of no effect.

A few Spanish pirates had been apprehended, tried, and condemned to die. They were attended by a Spanish priest; and, after receiving the last sacraments, they died penitent. The priest, who heard their confessions, stood near the scaffold, and when the drop fell, he is said to have exclaimed, Spaniards, ascend to heaven!



Do you suppose, asked my master, that they went to heaven?

God knows.

Well, if they really repented, no doubt their chance is good. But if the priest had not been there, what then?

You have just said it. If they were *deprived* of the aid of a priest, and if they really repented, their chance would have been good.

Does confession do any good without repentance?

It does harm.

And true repentance will save a sinner who does not confess?

It *can*.

Then what on earth makes you go to so much trouble, when it will do to go straight to God?

I did not say that, precisely. We can be sorry for sin because we love God, and we can be sorry for it because we are afraid of hell. This last does not remit sin. Confession remedies it. How the penitential grace does so, is not to the present purpose. It is enough that sorrow of this sort cannot open the gates of heaven. The other sorrow can, and always does. But it is necessary to submit the sin to the tribunal of confession. A verdict of not guilty, agreed to in the jury-room, saves the life of the prisoner; but the law requires that the verdict shall be announced in the court, and recorded. The parallel is not exact, but it shows what I mean. For perfect sorrow includes the *intention* of confessing at the first opportunity. You see, then, that forgiveness of sin mainly depends upon sorrow, and a purpose of amendment; and you see how false are the notions which Protestants commonly entertain regarding our doctrine in this matter. Now, if a man have this true sorrow, and if he *cannot* make his confession, he dies a Christian death. The difference between a dying Christian who has this true sorrow, and one who has the other, is simply this: the first is saved without any miracle; and the second, if he be saved, is saved in consequence of a miracle, an extraordinary grace, which changes his sorrow from imperfect to perfect. But sin repented of in either way must be confessed by every man who is not really unable to do so, or it is not forgiven.

True sorrow is the first thing necessary to gain forgiveness. It may be of very different grades; it may be weak, it may be strong, — so strong as to break the heart of the penitent.



as it has done more than once. But it must be *true*; that is, it must come from the *motive* of love. Now, the man who really repents, but simply because he fears hell, has not this true sorrow. Confession is necessary to him; firstly, because it is commanded; and then, because the grace received will make his sorrow, certainly in kind, and perhaps in degree, what it needs to be. The man who repents truly, and because he loves God, must be forgiven under *any* dispensation, for the natural law requires it. But, although Christ could not abolish a precept of the natural law, he could and can annex conditions, which must be fulfilled before the law shall have effect. In the present case, he annexed the condition of confession. Confession is, then, necessary to every sinner who is physically able to comply with the duty. God's minister must pronounce the sentence on earth, before it be ratified in heaven. In the case of the pirates, and of other dying Catholics, the priest does not attend only to hear confessions, as you seem to suppose. The poor soul must receive the viaticum—the last communion, and the sacrament of extreme unction. There are several other duties to be performed, for the pastor who is *sent* never loses sight of a soul from its entrance into the world unto its departure for the next.

Tell me one thing. You say that the sentence of the priest is necessary, that sin may be remitted.

Certainly.

Is the priest infallible?

No.

Well, what becomes of his sentence, if some one comes, and *shams* sorrow—confesses for the sake of a joke? Is the sin remitted?

Of course it is not. But such a case can hardly happen. The penitent commonly comes of his own accord, and accuses himself.

Must *all* sins be confessed?

All grievous ones that are remembered after a fair examination.

Well, if a man keeps back *one*, what then? I want to know precisely how it is that the priest, who sits, as you say, in the place of God, and whose sentence is recorded in heaven, gives absolution either to a man who shams confession, or who keeps back a sin. On the one hand, he is *not* absolved, because he is impenitent. On the other hand, he *is* absolved, because the sentence is pronounced.



Stiffly put. The objection would have more force if the chair of confession were like earthly tribunals, which can bring witnesses, and employ every possible means of ascertaining whether the prisoner be guilty or not. They never rely upon the word of the prisoner. But in confession, it is exactly the reverse. The penitent is his own accuser and witness. I have told you that nothing whatever, not death, if it could be inflicted a thousand times, can open the mouth of a priest, and make him reveal the secrets of confession. Well, and he has no means of knowing, in confession, any thing about the penitent, excepting what he hears then and there. He decides upon what he is told. If the person tells a wilful lie, or if he have no sorrow whatever for his sins, all the sentences in the world would not absolve him from sin.

And that is just my difficulty. What becomes of the sentence which is ratified in heaven?

It is *not* ratified in heaven. Only *that* sentence is ratified which is pronounced upon a repentant sinner. The sentence is always equal to its office, which is, to absolve the truly penitent. Suppose that the jury bring in the prisoner guilty, and the judge declare that he is acquitted. Would this sentence of the judge be worth any thing? Would it have any *effect*?

Certainly not.

Well, bearing in mind that an acquitted prisoner is innocent, and a verdict against him makes him guilty in the eye of the law, I ask whether the judge has not a right — is it not his duty — to pass sentence upon the one found guilty, and to pronounce the acquitted one innocent?

No doubt of it.

And his sentence would have full effect in both cases?

Yes.

Well, his sentence is always equal to its appointed work. So is that of the priest. Its work is to absolve a repentant soul, and it always does it. Before it can have effect, two things must be done by the sinner. He must repent of his sin, and he must confess it sincerely. The performance of these two conditions puts the soul in a state to receive absolution. It is not capable of receiving it, unless these be attended to. So your objection amounts, in the first place, to the false supposition that what the priest says in absolving is written in heaven as a sentence which must have its effect, whether the sinner be penitent or not. It also amounts to a censure upon the priest for not doing that which he was not



sent to do. He was sent to absolve the truly penitent. He always does it. The confessional is not a tribunal of vengeance, but of mercy. It is a place where only repentant sinners have any room, or any right whatever to come. A perfectly innocent soul, or a wilfully impenitent one, has no place in it. Our blessed Savior established it only for those who are guilty, and who are sorry for their sin. He gave only powers to be used there for the benefit of such. It is true that this sacrament can be mocked ; it is true that it can be profaned. But that is true of every other sacrament. Our Lord knew it well when Judas ate of the Body and drank of the Blood. For the rest, a wilfully impenitent sinner has no more business there than a murderer, whose crime is neither known or suspected, has in the prisoner's dock. No judge, jury, or lawyer would know what to do with him. Although he be a murderer, he can neither be tried, sentenced, or acquitted. For there are no witnesses. In every tribunal, there must be a judge, a prisoner, and a witness. If either of these three be wanting, there can be no trial. You agree to that, don't you ?

Certainly.

Well, that is the difficulty in the case we are considering. The sinner must be at once accuser and witness. There is the judge. There is the accuser. But there is no witness ; so there is *no* trial. There is no witness, for a false witness is no witness, even in a court of law, and eminently so in the court of conscience. There is the mockery of a trial, which only brings deeper damnation upon the sinner.

Well, but how do you prove that confession is necessary ? I understand that your Church teaches that it is only a true penitent who is forgiven ; and that it is only God, after all, who pardons ; but it seems to me that it is a useless practice.

It is enough for us that the Church commands it.

Then you own that you have no Scripture authority for the custom ?

Indeed, I do not.

Where is it, then ?

Receive ye the Holy Ghost ; Whose sins ye shall remit, are remitted ; and again, Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound in heaven ; with the rest.

Yes, but that is no proof. This remitting of sin referred to a Jewish custom of declaring a man legally purified.

Wait a moment. There is scarcely a text of Scripture



that cannot be twisted in many ways. Some one has compared it to a fiddle, which can be made to play any tune. The comparison is not very reverent, but it is very apt. The sentence, This is my body, is made up of four words, and those four words have been tortured by heretics into no less than two hundred different meanings. Hence St. Peter was directed to condemn private interpretation, and to give the reason; which is, that the Scriptures are hard to be understood, and are wrested by private interpreters to their own perdition. St. Peter condemns what you are doing now. I do not like to see the Scriptures illtreated, and there are few Protestants who do not illtreat them. Scoffing Protestants — and they are the majority — abuse them by openly mocking them. Your boys learn to do that at school. Serious Protestants abuse them by quoting them flippantly, to justify their religious whims. I do not know which abuse is the most sinful. I do know that both parties wrest them to their own destruction. I know it, because the Church teaches me so.

Thank you for the compliment. But is not its language often clear? St. Paul expressly says, Let a man prove *himself*. And *the* Savior tells us to go directly to *the* Father, and say, Forgive us our *debts*! and St. Paul —

Stop! if you please. What book are you quoting?

Why, the Bible.

Answer one question. Do you admit the infallible authority of the Roman Catholic Church?

God forbid!

Do you think that there is *any thing* which you believe as God's truth, that rests *only* on the authority of this Church, and cannot be proved without it?

No, nothing, nothing!

If there should turn out to be such a thing, would you be willing to submit to her authority?

Perhaps I might think of it. But what *are* you aiming at?

I will show you that you Protestants have no such thing as a Bible; and that among the delusions with which Protestantism abounds, there is no one more hopeless than the notion that you, as Protestants, ever had a Bible, ever will, or ever can have one.

Gracious mercy! how you talk!

Well, let us see if I tell the truth. I do not mean to deny that you are in the habit of passing round a book which you call the Bible. You talk a great deal about it; some of you



cannot say a common sentence without quoting it. You all pretend great reverence for it, which some of you really feel. But the greater part of you abuse it shamefully, as I have shown. Your children make fun of it, your most learned ministers say that it contains *lies*. But withal you pretend to prize it so much, that you make it the foundation of your whole system. I trust you will own that a house which is built upon a sham foundation will tumble.

O, yes. Go ahead!

Well, and you will own, also, that if this book be not the word of God, *your* house is built upon a sham foundation?

All right!

Very good. Now, I beseech you to show that it is really the word of God. You all say that it is, and you ought to have some reason for saying so. The more reason, for your whole *scheme* of religion rests upon the real or supposed fact that this book is God's word. Nay, you have staked your hopes of salvation upon it. You must have *very* weighty reasons, such as remove all possibility of doubt.

So we have. It is the oldest book. It is the wisest book. It is the most beautifully written book. It contains the purest morality. Why, you astonish me with your question. We *know* that it is the word of God.

I have heard those arguments before. Dr. Spring has written a book which says all that can possibly be said by Protestants to prove that the book is divine. He says *nothing* which cannot be found in the most common Catholic treatise on the *general* evidence for a belief in the divine origin of the book. The best argument he brings is drawn from the stern morality of the Bible. No *human* teacher ever would teach the necessity of humbling and overcoming our own selves, as that book tells us to do. No human master could induce men to listen to such lessons, much less to practise them. But such lessons *are* taught, listened to, and reduced to practice.

Well, what more do you want?

A great deal; because, when all this is done, no *practical* end is gained. If we do no more than this, we have, it is true, a book which we can hold in our hands and say, Here is a book which, *taken as a whole*, is the word of God. But we cannot use *any one part* of that book as the word of God. We can reverence it, if we *never* open it. But we can never say of any one part of it what we can say of it *as a whole*.



And so it is of no *use* to us. We can *read* it, it is true. But we cannot read it *as* the word of God.

I cannot see that. If I hold in my hand a book which I can say is the word of God, why cannot I read it as such? Any book can be *read*. A book of the word of God can be read, then. The book we venerate is not made up of leather, paper, and characters. It is made up of words, sentences, and chapters. The whole of any thing is made up of parts. If you can eat a whole apple, of course you can eat part of it. If I have the whole Bible, I have every part. And if the whole Bible be the word of God, of course every part of it is. And upon the whole Bible, and upon every part of it, we build our religion. You have not dug up its foundation yet. In fact, you have owned every thing. You own that we have the whole Bible, and that is all we want.

I owned no such thing. I admitted that we can arrive at the conclusion that the book, *taken as a whole*, contains a part of the word of God. This conclusion would not be an act of faith, but a logical inference. I will show you what you are wondering at. Take any *one* chapter, or any *one* verse, from *any part* of this book; take it from Genesis, or take it from the Epistles. I do not care from whence. Prove that *that* chapter, or *that* verse, is the word of God. I make this offer. If you will do that, and if I, after reflection, or after consultation, cannot disprove it, I will go to meeting with you next Sunday, and thenceforth. Now, you have a chance to convert a Papist. Try! Take *any one* verse you like, and show *any reason* for saying that it was *truly* inspired by God.

Why, of *course* it was. It is in *the book*. The *whole* is God's word. Then *every part* is. A verse is a part of it. Then every verse is God's word. Come, there is a seat all ready for you in my pew. Don't fly off the handle!

No, I won't. Alas! that is the only answer that even the most learned Protestant can give, when he is asked to show that any one verse is inspired. Here is where your argument fails. You say that if the *whole* is the word of God, every *part* of it must be. But none of you can *ever* show that the *whole* really is the word of God. It is one thing to say that a whole book is the word of God, and it is quite another thing to say that the book *contains* the whole, or a part, of the word of God. The book may be *corrupted*. Parts may be *removed*. Things may be *added* to it. Now, if you hold in your hand a book which you have reason to believe *contains*



the word of God, but which has been *corrupted, added to, diminished*, and otherwise abused, and if you have *no* means of knowing *where* the corruptions and additions are, it necessarily follows that *any* chapter, or *any* verse, may be a *corruption*, or an *addition*. Then you *cannot* use *any* chapter, or *any one* verse in it; because you have *no* means of ascertaining whether the chapter or the verse you want to use be the word of God or the word of sinful man. Therefore, to *you* the Bible is a *sealed book*. You Protestants falsely say of us a thing which is true of yourselves. Thieves sometimes raise the cry of Stop thief! against an innocent man, in order to divert suspicion from *themselves*. It is true, then, that you have no means of showing that any one verse of the book you call the Bible is inspired.

But there are learned commentators, men who understand languages.

Oho! You pin your faith upon commentators, do you? men who own that they are liable to err, and in fact *do* err frequently? You rest your hopes of salvation upon the chance that this or that man has studied the Greek and Hebrew grammars well, and has good dictionaries upon his shelves. Sir, sir, *never* accuse the Catholics of pinning their faith to the sleeves of men! If you all do not place your whole hopes of salvation upon *men*, no class of mortals ever did!

But if it is so hard for us to find what is inspired, and what is not, you must be in the same predicament.

I will show you directly why we are not. In the mean time, observe that in the early ages of the Church, this very difficulty beset particular churches. There were many spurious gospels and epistles in circulation. You remember that I showed you a book containing some of *them*, not long ago?

Yes.

Well, every one of these was regarded as canonical in one quarter or another. There were as many different Bibles as there were churches; I had almost said, as there were readers. St. Augustine and St. Jerome testify that there was scarcely a man who knew how to write, that did not copy the book for himself. And mistakes, omissions, and doubtfully written characters, made variations in the book numberless. Then the heretics of those days were mostly subtle Greeks, and they corrupted every copy they could lay their hands upon. Particular churches and fathers quoted, as Scripture, books which were not canonical, and omitted books which were



All this confusion was in the early ages — in times when the original copies were *yet in existence*. St. Jerome did not give us the Vulgate an hour too soon.

But the original copies are now lost, lost centuries ago. If it was difficult for a man to say what was Scripture, and what was not, when the original copies were yet in existence, how frightfully did the mischief increase when those copies were lost, and when there was in the world nothing to be seen by the commentator but a numberless host of books, purporting to be Bibles, of which *scarcely any two were alike*, and of which some were full of additions; others diminished by erasures of verses, chapters, whole books; others corrupted in every page, almost in every sentence! What *was* to be done? Why, the various readings only, if they were gathered together in one library, would give a learned commentator more than he could do to barely examine them, even in his whole lifetime. What was the result of this? Why, the result was, that men who were not dutiful children of the Church, found it *impossible* to say what was Scripture, and what was not. It was impossible for a heretic to say whether *any one* verse of the Bible were the word of God, or the word of man. The Bible became to Protestants a sealed book.

The version which you use is King James's Bible. It is well known that the most learned Protestants own that it is full of corruptions. Ward's Errata enumerates more than a thousand. Moreover, you have *taken away* from the Word. You have set aside whole books of Scripture, because they do not suit you; just as Luther set aside the Epistle of St. James. This is the reason why the Church does not allow us to read the book which you *call* the Bible. It is *not* the word of God. It takes away from His word. It adds to it. It corrupts it. It would be strange if she *did* allow it, when no one of you can take *any* verse and show that it is inspired.

No one of you can show it! If any of your ministers doubt it, let them try. Let them take an easy verse; let them take the seventh verse of the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of John, and show that it was inspired. If they get puzzled, let them go to Andover, and hear one professor say that it *is*, and another that it is *not*. In fact, Cochläus settled that matter for his fellow-Protestants, long ago. If they do not like to touch this verse, let them try any other; it is all the same. I mention that verse, because their attention has been called to it repeatedly. They have wasted more ink



upon it than upon any other verse of the Bible ; so they are prepared for a discussion upon it.

No one of you can take any verse of the Bible, and show whether it is the word of God, or the word of bewildered man. Why, look at it. Luther began by striking out the Epistle of St. James. Then you rejected whole books, because you chose to call them apocryphal. Next you defaced the book with a host of corruptions. Then you stopped for a century or two. At last the art of criticism was taught in the schools. The learned commentators, the men who understood the learned languages, the men upon whose critical knowledge hangs your whole scheme of religion, and with it your hopes of salvation, — men who were *not* avowed atheists, but learned and pious ministers of your congregations, — began to submit your Bible to the new light of criticism. And fine work they have made of it. They took your Bible, defaced and corrupted as it was, and reformed it in the wrong sense. They struck out verses, chapters, books. *Now*, they have found that there is a way to shorten their labor. They deny that the book is inspired at all. They say that it is no more the word of God than is the poetry of Shakspeare or of Schiller. Many of them say that it is not so much. They all agree that it is full of mistakes. They say that some of the authors were *very* ignorant creatures. They will show you that the book contains formal *lies*. And the same language is repeated in Boston. Not in *avowed* infidel circles. No, but in Protestant pulpits. You thought, not long ago, that Abner Kneeland ought to be imprisoned for tossing the Bible across his hall, and calling it a vile book. Your ministers stand up before enlightened congregations, and do worse.

You asked me, just now, in what we Catholics have the advantage in this respect. I will tell you in a word. We can take *any* verse of the Bible, and *know*, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it is the word of God. The Bible only contains a *part* of his word. He gave it to His Church to keep. She is guided by the Holy Ghost in all truth. She is an infallible guide to us and to you. And she is the only one that *can* keep the word of God uncorrupted, because she was authorized by God to do so. Very well ; she puts the book into our hands, and then we know that it is God's word. Here is the only authority that can decide what is inspired and what is not. And so, when you are scattering the word to the four winds, her children never think of doubting after



she has spoken. Where her authority is denied, there *has* always been confusion and hopeless doubt. Where it is owned, there is infallible certainty. You had better own her authority, then.

The fact is, you Protestants *do* own her infallible authority in your acts, while you deny it in words. You are petty dealers, who pretend to trade on your own account, while you are really trading on the credit of an established house. If that house were to fall, the trader would be ruined. If the Church *could* fall, your destruction would be certain. Then you are very foolish when you attack her so savagely ; although I suppose that you know all the time that you cannot succeed ; and the last thing you would do, if you thought you *could* do her harm, would be to attack her ; unless, indeed, you were bent upon suicide. You attack her to throw dust into people's eyes ; to make them think that you are trading upon your own credit. You break the Sabbath, and keep Sunday holy, because you really think that it is lawful. But for this persuasion you have *no* support but that of her infallible authority. You probably think that the Bible is the word of God. I mean you who call yourselves evangelicals. You place confidence in every verse. And in *this* persuasion, also, you have *nothing* to lean upon but her infallible authority. You were wrong, when I asked you whether you admitted it, to say, God forbid ! And in this Bible question, you own her authority in a matter in which she has exerted it with a vigor *greater* than that which she has shown in many dogmas which you deny. There are few questions more obscure and entangled to a human eye than this question, in which you wholly trust to her infallible authority. The question of confession, or of transubstantiation, is nothing to it. If she ever needed her infallible authority, she needed it here. Then, if you admit that authority in one thing, why not in another ? Infallibility is of such a nature that it must be *wholly* present, or *wholly* absent. The Church is neither fallible nor infallible on merely *human* questions, because these were not left for her decision, and she never pretends to decide them. But if she be infallible in deciding upon *any one* revealed truth, — and you see by this time that she must be, — she *must* be infallible in deciding upon *all* of them. For infallibility is the privilege of deciding, with absolute *certainty* and *authority*, what *was* revealed by Christ, and what was *not*. It is clear that no one but Christ could have bestowed such a privilege. And when He



did, He gave it forever, and for all disputed questions in matters of faith. Go, said He, and teach all nations *whatsoever* I have commanded you.

One thing is noticeable. You call *us* benighted Papists for trusting to this infallible authority. Now, I have shown that, in *two* cases at least, you rely upon it *blindly*. And if you do that, you also, in an implicit sense, trust it in *every thing else*. That is, the trust you repose in it, in those cases, flows from a principle that would make you trust it in *every thing else*, if you would carry out the principle fairly. For you know that he who offends the law in one point, offends in all. That is because *one* principle is involved in every breach of the law — the principle of *disobedience*. Very well. The truth is essentially One. It follows, then, that whoever is infallible in deciding upon one portion of the truth, must be so in judging of the whole. And who receives one portion of truth from infallible authority, receives, in an implicit sense, all of it from the same authority. That is, he receives the portion on a principle that ought to make him receive all. Who would have suspected it? You, enlightened evangelical Protestants, turn out to be nothing but blind, benighted Papists, after all! *blinder* than the other Papists, because you trust to infallible authority in cases where it has been exercised with the *greatest* vigor; *blinder* than the other Papists, because, while you admit that authority in its fullest extent every time you work on Saturday, and every time you open the Bible, you stoutly deny it in words.

Curious, isn't it, that Protestantism is atheistical and Popish at the same time? that it should so embrace two opposite poles? For we have seen that it is atheism disguised; that it is a woman pregnant with infidelity, and eight months and three quarters gone; and, at the same time, that Protestants are trading so busily on borrowed credit, are so blindly trustful to the infallible authority of the Church, that they actually outpapist the Papists; so much so, that they ought to be called Popish Papists.

To return, then: there is *no one* verse of the Bible that you can point to, and show whether it is the word of God or the word of man.

I don't think that I shall go to your meeting next Sunday.

And I tell you another thing: I have been with you three years, and I like you well enough to stay thirty years, only I am afraid that I shall never learn this trade. But if I remain



with you three hundred, I cannot consent to your quoting the Bible against me, for you have *no* right to do so, and I shall always protest against it. When you quote a sentence, I shall stop you, and require you to show that the sentence is God's word.

Well, its odd! said my master. First we are atheists Next we are Papists. Finally we are both. What next?

That is because Protestantism is a riddle, a bundle of contradictions. If I ever get to be a Protestant pope, or leader as Channing is, I will move for a change of name. It is a square round society, that is pledged to two-and-two-make-five!

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN GETS DISGUSTED WITH HIS TRADE. — FIREMEN. — MILITARY COMPANIES. — TEA-PARTIES. — APPRENTICES' LIBRARY. — MARY HELPS TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND THE PART WHICH NATURE MEANT FOR HIM.

THE last chapter is a story of disputes about religion. I have not lugged it in by the head and horns; for every one, who is familiar with the mechanics of Boston, knows that in their shops a stray Catholic has little peace, if he be a silent man or boy. If he *be* disposed to talk, he will have quite enough on his hands. Scarcely a day passes that does not witness a dispute, and it often ends in a noisy quarrel, sometimes in a fight. Protestants are often so foul-mouthed, and almost always so unreasonably ignorant, that an irascible Catholic is in a constant fume. I have given an account of a small part of my experience in the last chapter.

I wish that I had been as fond of going to my duties as I was ready to defend them. But I worked with Protestants, and lived with them, while my Catholic life was confined to an hour or two at church on Sundays. Under these circumstances, I became again careless. I saw and heard little to remind me of my Church, unless when a dispute turned up; and disputes about religion never begat any piety in *me*. I don't believe they ever did in any one else. They are *occasions of sin*.

I began to frequent theatres. That is, I thought that I might treat myself to a play, once a month or so. I have little good to say of them. They are pits dug with the



devil's own hands. I do not mean to say that they are necessarily so, for they are not. There is no harm done when a man represents on a stage the person of another, and is helped by dresses, scenery, and music. The theatre *might* be what it is so often falsely called, a school of morals, and of good ones, too. It is very possible that the witnessing certain plays would do no harm. But it is so managed, that it is a school for scandal—deep scandal to souls. A good play will not draw a house unless a worse than naked woman exposes her person in a suggestive dance; unless a lewd song be sung, or an immoral farce be added to the bill. Vile characters are often represented in a way that makes them look quite inviting; and real virtue is not seldom hissed, it is shown in such unfashionable colors. In a word, the little good is so mixed with the bad, and in the ratio of one to ten, that you cannot witness it alone. You must take nine doses of corruption to get one scene of harmless amusement. An innocent representation in a theatre is like an oasis in a great desert—you faint before you reach it. This is especially true in these latter years. There was a time when the so called legitimate drama could draw houses. Now, the public taste has become grossly corrupt. And it is not the least evil of the theatre that it brings you into the very presence of her whose feet lay hold of hell. A man has to risk something who goes after her to her own dwelling. But in a theatre, he can leave his wife or his sister in the box, and go to the galleries, and there is no one to hiss, or to say that he has done a vile deed.

I used to select the plays I wanted to see with some care; but every one who knows any thing about theatres will agree with me that no pains can ward off the evils to which a theatre-goer surely exposes himself. He cannot help seeing and hearing things that are sinful. There is one fact, of which I have thought sometimes, that I cannot understand. More than once I have thought of my prayers in the theatre, and have said them, too. I wonder if it was ever done before? And I wonder what the prayers were worth?

My master set his face against it; and very properly, too. He said that he had no wish whatever to force his religion upon me. But as for theatre-going, my Church discountenanced it as much as his did; so I should not go. He made such a vigorous opposition, that I promised not to go while I remained with him.

By some miracle or other, I escaped a danger that besets



almost every young man in a Boston boarding-house. That was the danger of being enrolled in an engine company. The tubs were served in those days by volunteers, and the young men were what would be called choice spirits. They were generally young tradesmen. They were *good fellows*, in the common acceptation of the term. They were well drilled in the work of putting out a fire. They seemed to know precisely where it was, and they would run by the straightest road to it. When they got there, they behaved like salamanders; they acted as if they were born in places where fire was plenty. They would risk their lives to save property or persons from the flames. In a word, they worked at a fire like generous fellows who were fond of the excitement. After they put it out — and it was not their fault if it were not subdued — they would have a good time.

The excitement which attends the duty of a fireman brought many young men to the engine-house; and when they were in it, there was a charm to keep them there. It was a good rendezvous for evenings, and especially for Sundays, which were spent there by many young men. There were target excursions, balls, suppers, and parties. There were always some prime fellows who would tell a story well, and crack a nice joke. It was a pleasant road to ruin, and many a youth has walked therein.

I was often asked to join them; but I never went to fires, and I was not sure that I would always obey the call at night. Besides, I saw young men every day becoming more and more in love with the tub; and, as their liking for its haunt increased, their taste for work grew less. Many an hour was spent there that ought to have been employed in getting bread to eat for soul and body. The examples I had before my eyes seemed to prove that the engine-house was no place for a man who had the least desire of salvation. I was never in the houses more than twice, and each time it was Sunday. There was quite a gathering at both. In one, I heard nothing good; and in the other, a hog was telling a ribald story that would have disgraced a brothel. In fact, I was convinced that going to an engine-house, in practice, meant — going to the devil.

But, in avoiding Scylla, I struck upon Charybdis; and that was a military company. In Boston, a man must do the state some service, even if he ruin himself in doing it. Every one must be a military man, or an engine man, a militia man, or he must pay a small fine. Now, I eschewed engine-houses



but I was not satisfied to let well-enough alone, and pay my fine.

For I had read of battles !

And I longed, not exactly to follow a chief, but to be one, and lead armed men to —— muster. When I was six years old, I had a nice belt, sword, and feather ; and I remember one artillery election day, when I walked guard, — for the soldier let me pass, — and marched up to the place where the governor and his attendants were sitting. After putting my head in the mouth of a cannon to see where the fire came from, and hearing the touch-master-general say that if I did that again I would have my head blown to the top of the State House, I heard the music play a beautiful air slowly. I was then walking towards the governor.

Presently an officer, who was so stiff with gold and tassels that he could hardly move, started from his post, in front of the company, and began to march up to the governor, very slowly, and very grandly. I thought that I could march as well as he did ; so I threw out my legs at each step, as if I wanted to fall backwards, held my head up, and balanced my sword as he did his pike. He came straight to the front, and I reached the settee as soon as he did. The governor and his attendants laughed so heartily, that I was afraid something would happen to them. I saw nothing to laugh at, neither did the officer ; so we both looked grave.

General, said the governor, is this young officer going to command the company next year ?

I don't know, your excellency, said the general — a fine white-haired soldier. He looks as if he would not wait to be asked twice.

What is your name ? asked the governor.

John O'Brien.

Do you want to be captain of that company yonder ?

I reflected a moment. I'll ask father ; and if he won't let me, I'll enlist.

Well, said he, hold this. And I stood near him, holding the pike, until the cannon roared, the band played, and another officer marched up as grandly as the first, and took the weapon.

The common, on public days, was the boys' paradise, of course. I like to go there now, on such days, and see the little fellows capering as I did in by-gone times. The only



thing that could tempt me to play truant was the sight of a company marching along. It cost a hard struggle to get rid of the temptation; and, to this day, the spectacle has not lost its attraction. I would march after the Brigade Band a mile, and then after the Brass Band another.

Well, I attended the militia training twice, and got heartily tired of what I saw and heard. I told my master that I would be a military man, and walk in the pathway to glory.

It is no place for you, you may depend upon it, said he. You will get into bad company, and perhaps contract bad habits. I was fool enough to join them in my younger days; but, after a while, I saw the folly of it.

Well, I can't help it. I must be a fool, too, and see the folly of it for a year or two. And so I did.

The military school in Boston was no better than the fireman's school. The same sort of boys go to both, and for the same purpose. The main difference is, that one likes the excitement of a fire, while another prefers the excitement of wearing a colored coat, and marching under the admiring eyes of smaller, but not younger boys, after a band of musicians. There is also this difference: the soldiers have fewer meetings; they never assemble on Sundays; and when a meeting takes place on week evenings, it is always for business. So there is one advantage they have over the firemen; the road to ruin is more slowly travelled.

I saw the folly of it in a year or two, but not before I had spent more money than I could afford. A man who can throw away fifty dollars a year, may afford it better than I could. I remember a target excursion, where I came off third best. There were ninety shots fired, and only three hit the board. A tour for *camp duty* was another amusement. Its object was to make us hardy soldiers, ready to endure the fatigues of actual service, if the country should happen to need our strong, protecting arms. Accordingly, we would march a hundred miles or so in the cars, and then endure the privations of a hotel. Sometimes we would sleep a night under our tents. Sleep! no, there was no such thing; only the articles of war *said* that we would sleep. I have often wondered how a drunken soldier could manage to stand in his place, and go through the exercise. It was a mystery to me; and yet it is done. It is like another mystery which I have known to come off at the theatre. An actress would be so drunk that she would have to be *walked* on the stage; but



when she faced the audience, she went through her part tolerably well.

At the time of the Rhode Island rebellion, when patriotism there was hissing hot, and when the democrateses there had got up a clam-bake, and had invited distinguished speakers to come and stir them up, — just as if a meeting of women needed any speakers, — our company was detailed for actual service. Several wanted to be discharged ; but the adjutant-general swore by his whiskers that they should march. I, for one, made my will, leaving my debts to be paid, and six cents, besides my uniform, to pay them with. We were under orders, but we did not march. The reason was, that Dorr only drew his sword, but his legs didn't give his arm time to use it. Moreover, the meeting of the democrateses had ended in clams, tea, and talk. I am very glad we didn't go. I should have hated to meet an army of those democrateses, after they had eaten their clams ; especially if they were all like one of them I happened to meet afterwards, and whom I told of our intended march. She wished that I was *her* son for a quarter of an hour ; just for a quarter of an hour ! She'd take me across her knees, and *spank* me until —.

There is a queer kind of evening party that is very much admired, and often got up by the Protestants of that class to which I belonged. I have seldom seen it among Catholics, unless they be Protestant Catholics, as I was. It is generally got up by women. It goes by the name of a tea party ; but the young women call it a kissing party. The end of the institution is, that twenty or thirty young men and women, who, perhaps, never saw one another before, may meet together in a private house, and kiss one another from eight or nine in the evening to two or three in the morning. The ceremony begins thus : The ladies who give the party are waiting in the parlor at eight o'clock. The first arrival is a bashful young man. It is the first time he ever went to a party, and he has had his hair curled with hot tongs. He has also taken lessons of a friend concerning his demeanor on entrance, and so he puts his left hand under his vest, and bows profoundly thrice. At the third bow, his pantaloons, which are new, and very tight, give him a hint that he has made one bow too many. So he sits down, and wishes that he were at home, only he is too bashful to ask for his hat. The next arrival dooms him to a ten minutes' agony, for it is a young lady whom he never saw before. The hostess leaves the two to amuse themselves,



which he does by looking alternately at the clock and at the door, and thinking that the young lady has fallen in love with him. She amuses herself with watching his motions, which she can safely do, because he never looks her way. By and by, he begins to think that she knows what he is thinking about, and he glows like a live coal. He screws himself to the point of looking at her; but he is so slow about it, and shows so plainly what he is going to do, that she has time to pretend to be watching a bug crawling across the carpet. At last he is relieved by the arrival of the other guests, who make a very formal entrance always, and then sit down and say nothing. Bashful young man happens to sit in a conspicuous chair; so he shows his ease of mind by drumming a tattoo on his knees, and putting his legs in all sorts of positions, each more ungraceful than the last. It always happens at these parties, that they who arrive first do not know one another; and a general introduction, on entering, does not warrant conversation. So they all sit bolt upright, and look at the carpet, without saying a word. It is singular what stress is laid upon an introduction between two parties. They sit side by side for half an hour without exchanging a word, looking as grim as if they were thinking of the best way to poison one another, feeling very miserable, and wishing that the whole concern were at the Red Sea. The hostess steps forward. Miss Tightlace, shall I make you acquainted with Mr. Bedpost? Then the two enemies become warm friends; they make fifty affectionate inquiries concerning one another; and Mr. Bedpost escorts Miss Tightlace home, promising to call again, and goes away thinking that he has been acquainted with her for a hundred years.

More arrivals, and the girls sit on one side like a bed of marygolds and hollyhocks, while the men occupy the other like a line of onions and peppergrass. The party is all here, and the silence is painful. Some try to speak in whispers; but every body looks that way, and they stop. This is the first phase of the party, and it is called — waiting for the ice to be broken. Every eye is fixed upon the carpet. At this stage of the proceedings, a serious Christian would suppose that it was a prayer meeting. The mistake was made once or twice, to my knowledge. A church member sat there, looking as grim as the rest, and thinking that they were all so still because they were expecting some one to begin. He waited a reasonable length of time, and, seeing no one preparing to



begin, he determined to act as leader himself. So he gave two or three monitory coughs, which made every body look at him. Whereupon he put on his most melancholy look ; and, in his "very best double bass tones," he said, Let us pray ! The ice was broken, and a roar of laughter ensued, for every body thought it was a joke upon their silence. *He* didn't ; for after looking about him as if he were taking a last leave of them before they went to the naughty place, he took his hat and disappeared.

Another serious Christian, who very properly disapproved of these parties, went, nevertheless, to one of them, with the intent to break it up. Accordingly, when every body was breathing hard and looking at the carpet, he spoke : Brethren and sisters, shall we meet again in heaven ? Here every brother and sister stared. Shall we —— ?

Stop ! exclaimed a wag. There is always a wag at these parties, who does nothing but make mischief. Stop ! It's out of order to preach before singing. Dear brethren, and especially the sisters, before brother Groansoul preaches, we'll sing the sixty-eleventh tune, any metre —

"O, I'm bound for the kingdom ! will you go to glory with me ?  
Hallelujah, kingdom come.  
If you get there before I do,  
Look out for me, for I'm coming too !"

The disturber sloped.

But the ice is commonly broken this wise : The hostess enters with the cover of a flour bucket. She gives each person his number, beginning with number one ; and then, giving the cover a twist, it spins on its edge while she calls a number — number seven. The number called must jump up and catch the cover before it falls flat. If that is not done, a forfeit is declared, which is paid in kisses. Number seven is the bashful man, and he doesn't understand the game ; so he sits still. Inquiry is made, and all eyes are turned upon him, while he thinks the world is afire, and all the doors locked. He is instructed in the game, and number seven is called again. He rushes to catch the cover, and he fails. A forfeit ! Go to any lady, and ask her what to do. He asks the lady who came in first and fell in love with him. Kiss all the ladies in the room but *me*. One used to the game would begin with *her* ; and she casts a comical look at him, as he goes away without saluting her. He does his work very much as a bear



would in hugging a cat on hot irons ; but he finishes it without tearing more than ten dollars worth of lace, and then sits down, and wonders which girl he will have.

This is the way, and the fun lasts until past midnight, interrupted only by a little wagging of jaws over nuts, apples, and cake. The most extraordinary ways for promoting forfeits are invented, and most laughable modes of executing them are enforced. After four or five hours spent in this fashion, the young women go away quite satisfied ; and why shouldn't they, when each has had kissing enough to last a married woman all her lifetime ?

It is hard to cheat the devil in a more cunning fashion than this, admitting that he *is* cheated by it, which is more than doubtful. I would not let my wife run the gantlet so ; neither would I a sister, if I had one. And if I were not married, the trotting out of my intended in such a fashion would induce me to leave her in the market. It is not innocent amusement. The serious man asked a very proper question, and he did not ask it out of season, either.

I became a member of the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, shortly after my engagement with Mr. Bowen. I received a great deal of benefit from this institution, and a little damage, all my own fault. At that time the society occupied humble rooms in Cornhill. It has since removed to splendid quarters, and seems to be doing well. Its object is, to gather together the apprentices of Boston, and give them opportunities for mental improvement. They would obtain it better by assembling together only apprentices, because there would be no rivalry excepting that of talent ; no difference of condition would enable one to overawe another, or to push him aside. Each apprentice, feeling himself among equals, would gain far more than he would in any other society, where a certain distinction of rank was tacitly acknowledged and maintained. No one could remain a member after the age of twenty-one.

It owned a library of about a thousand volumes. It was not a select library, for books had slowly accumulated by way of donations. Yet there was enough good reading to employ the spare hours of a boy from his fourteenth to his twenty-first year. There was a large shelf for novels, and this shelf was the most visited, and its contents the best thumbed. There were several books of a very bad character ; but they were dry reading, and they were seldom consulted. One of them



was the Age of Reason. It was not called for once in a year, and an incautious librarian removed it without saying any thing. As ill luck would have it, a young infidel asked for it, but it was not forthcoming. He complained to the society, and there was a long debate, in which the merits of Tom Paine were discussed. The consequence was, that the book was read by half the members before three months went by.

The publishers of the Boston papers furnished the society with newspaper reading in abundance.

We had lectures in the winter season. The beginning was an humble one. For a few years our past members, and a few of the eldest active ones, did the work. Occasionally, some distinguished friend would volunteer his services. By and by, the talent enlisted in our behalf increased; and now the course is scarcely second to any in the city.

An elocution class met regularly, and sometimes gave exhibitions before the society at large. The audience was made up of the members, their mothers, sisters, and female friends. But the debates gave more instruction and amusement than any thing else.

A subject would be proposed at a previous meeting, and a committee appointed to manage the debate at the next gathering. I have heard some poor discussions on these occasions, but I have also heard some good ones. It seldom happened that something was not said worth hearing. I have heard worse debates in the assemblies of bearded men. The questions discussed were generally useful ones. But once in a while a queer demand would be proposed for debate — Ought a man to get married when he was young? When this question was proposed for the next wrangle, one got up and moved that the ladies be excluded. This motion was lost, to the satisfaction of every one; and we listened to the funniest debate I ever heard. For there were twelve speakers, some under seventeen, and none over twenty-one.

The society was a very good school for us all. That is, it was the best one then offered to a Boston apprentice. The good done by such associations, when they are well managed, is not to be estimated. It is true that they take little of the boy's time, for two or three evenings in the week are not much. But they absorb a great part of his thoughts, and a boy has a *great many* to spare. If he happens to be an officer of such a society, so much the better; for he will be sure to devote himself to it faithfully, and more than faithfully.



He has the meeting twice a week. He has his book at home to read in the evening. He perhaps has his piece to learn for the elocution class, his part to sustain in the next debate, or some committee business to attend to before the next meeting. In one way or another, the society will engross a fair share of his spare time and thoughts. This helps to keep him from the engine-house, and out of bar-rooms or other vile haunts. A boy of seventeen has a world of curious fancies in his brain; and, if his thoughts do not get a safe direction, he will be likely to go astray. He *will* seek excitement somewhere. If he gets it from a tolerably innocent source, so much the better for his soul and body. Of course, the confessional is the best and safest of all schools. No other can be entirely safe. But, in speaking of merely human means, which may be used by God in keeping a boy from bad company, I rank these societies very high. I am satisfied, in most cases, that a boy's tastes run in a tolerably good direction, when he takes particular pleasure in going to these societies, or in seeking the company of honest females. The boy that does both, as a great many do, is in a pretty fair way, humanly speaking. It is remarkable what a hold these societies get upon the mind of a boy. I have belonged to several; and I was an active member of a musical society for some years. We only met once a week; but I believe that I thought of little else from Sunday morning to Sunday morning. It is a little laughable, too, when I think of it now, what *great* importance a boy attaches to the affairs of his society. The government think, and talk, and look as if they had upon their minds the affairs of an empire. The President thinks that if a procession were got up, he ought to walk by the side of the president of the nation. A breach of the constitution is an enormity only to be equalled by the violation of our American instrument. The members always respect the assemblies too much to appear in them unless dressed in their best, and shaved, if they have beards, which seldom happens. They call one another gentlemen, and they behave in a way that gives them an undoubted right to the name. The courtesy and good feeling always manifest at their meetings might be copied, with great advantage to themselves, by many who have had superior means of self-culture. They might be copied by grave legislative assemblies; yea, by the senate of the nation. The senators are potent fathers; but they are not so grave and reverend as a meeting of Bos-



ton apprentices, assembled to debate whether Jackson did well in removing the deposits. Master mechanics and parents would do well in encouraging their boys to take an active part in such societies; and they ought not to grudge the time and money expended in them. They should only ask whether the society be a good one. They should take it as a starting-point that the boy *will* have excitement, at one rate or another. Then comes the question, Shall he go after it to the engine-house, the grog-shop, and the theatre; or shall he seek it in the halls of these societies? Besides, they make a *man* of a member. To be sure, this is an evil. A boy ought to be a *boy*. The *man* is a man, not so much on account of his stature, his beard, his bass voice, and his wife, as on account of the nature of his thoughts. The sum of these make the *man*. Well, the boyish member of these societies has very *big* thoughts, as I said just now. I remember that this thing caused some astonishment to my master. I was an officer in two or three societies, and I fancied that I and Daniel Webster were two great men. Sometimes, when my good master would give an order, or ask a question, I would be abstracted, and often downright saucy. He never got angry, — I never saw him angry; but one day he asked after the health of my eldest child, and advised me to give him a flogging, if he were saucy. Well, this evil is almost inseparable from active membership in these societies. God forgive me! I have shown it in a far more august presence than that of my master. But I would prefer that my boy be a *man* than an imp of darkness. When I *must* suffer one of two evils, I choose the least.

I was a member of this society about the years 1834, '35. Of my associates who are living, the greater part are master mechanics and tradesmen; at least two are in the legislature; several have entered learned professions. No one has repented of the time spent in our little hall.

There were several Catholics who belonged to the society. As Catholics, they suffered less from their membership than they would have done in any Protestant society of which I have any knowledge. The bad books on the shelves were seldom consulted; sneers at religion were rarely heard; and the subject was not often alluded to in any debate. Boys seldom quarrel among themselves about religion. They rarely mention it, unless when they hear it spoken of by men.

Still, mixed societies *always* hurt a Catholic soul. If they do in no positive way, they will in a negative manner; and



"Friends and Fathers," such men as Deacon Mills and Mr. Willis, prize this negative weapon highly, and seem to think that, on the whole, it is the best one that can be used, in the long run, for the perversion of Catholic children. A Catholic boy very often boards at his master's house, or with Protestants. Then, apart from the confessional, nearly all the Catholic influence that is brought to bear upon the boy is confined to mass and vespers on Sundays. From the end of vespers on Sunday afternoon to the beginning of mass on the next Sunday morning, he breathes nothing but Protestant air. His occupations at the shop, and at his boarding-house, make it necessary. But remember how *much* a boy's mind is occupied with the affairs of any society to which he is attached. This occupation of the mind is a thing of a very great importance. It is just as easy to give it a Catholic pre-occupation as it is to give it a Protestant one. It is easier, in some respects. Your boy's thoughts are, in the main, what will save or damn his soul and body. You can divert them from wicked haunts to the comparatively healthy resorts afforded by societies. You can guide them to the healthier precincts of Catholic associations. The Catholics of Boston will suffer, if they allow any one of their societies to die.

In my time, the Catholic apprentices were not numerous. Now they are. They would form a society by themselves, and so could the Catholic young men engaged in mercantile affairs. The Catholics could have their Apprentices' Library and their Mercantile Institute. The large class of boys who are engaged in stores, without being clerks, could join the apprentices. Two such societies would cost little money; and, if they really were Catholic societies, any sum would be little for their endowment. If parents and guardians only *knew* what a great thing it is, they could start a society in a month, and a promising one too. A rich Catholic could do it easily, and almost every member would be to him a step of a ladder reaching to heaven. There was no Catholic association in Boston in those days. There was one, where many Catholic young men used to assemble, but it was a mixed society; and I believe that this circumstance was the strongest nail in its coffin. It is in this matter as it is in nature. Mix two antagonistical elements together, and there will be a great hissing, and presently you have a third substance, which is unlike the original ones; it is neither fish, or flesh, or good red herring. The Catholics are in danger of



becoming Catholics of the very worst sort; that is, l-i-b-e-r-a-l Catholics. The Protestants, too, become the very *worst* sort of Protestants. I mean liberal Protestants, who, on the whole, rather *like* the Catholic Church. Their *patronizing* tone is exceedingly offensive. I had rather have a ferocious Calvinist curse the Papists by the day together, than have these good-natured friends pat us on the back, and say that we *may* be treated as men and as Christians. Silly, sentimental Catholics think that these persons are very near the Church. No men are farther off.

Now, these men are, of course, as respectable, in a worldly sense, as their Catholic associates. No doubt that some of them are more so. But that is not the point.

The mischief is twofold. In the first place, there is the *negative* influence I have spoken of often at work against the Church. It helps considerably to make young men forget to go to confession. In the next place, a compromise is always made in debates and in lectures. Nothing *really* Catholic is heard there. Nothing *palpably* Protestant is heard. Like the Unitarian minister and the Calvinistic congregation, both parties agree not to hurt one another's feelings. The pledge is kept, so far as the heretic is concerned; because, *as* a Protestant, he has few or no feelings to be hurt. But the Catholic soul is continually exposed to outrage. For these societies pursue *literary* objects. Now, the Protestant has no suspicion that philosophy and the other sciences, political and natural, are truly dependent upon theology, and are her handmaids. He thinks that they are quite independent sciences, and that a man can adopt *any* system concerning them without peril to his soul. He is confirmed in his error when he sees some *liberal* Catholics following the cue given by certain editors, and by Catholics of a doubtful class, who raise a hue and cry against the priests because they obey Christ, and warn their people also against *this* road to damnation. There is *no* science that cannot be studied and used by the agents of the devil for the ruin of souls. One would think that mathematics, being an *exact* science, ought to be an exception to this remark. But it is not so. European professors of very high standing employed *all* their mathematical skill in the service of the Indian books, in which eclipses were calculated that happened before Adam was created by God. And a very celebrated French mathematician once amused himself with expressing the evidences of Christianity in alge-



braical characters ; and he reduced them all to a formula known in algebra as an absurd equation. It may be expressed, in common language, by saying that twice two are equal to five. What science seems, at first sight, to be less connected with theology than physiology, with its kindred branches ? How can a man peril his soul by studying and comparing the remains of men, animals, and plants ? Yet one of the greatest lights of this department, even Professor Agassiz, has been led by *his* observations to conclude that men do not come from a common stock, that they do not descend from one parent. He has published his views often ; and lately he contributed an article to a leading periodical — I believe it was the *Christian Examiner* — which was a disgrace to any Christian writer. The doctrine that all men are descended from the same Adam *belongs* to faith ; it is necessarily connected with the dogmas concerning original sin and its propagation, and, through these, with the whole work of redemption. And an earnest Catholic, of no mean standing either, comes before the public, and defends this doctrine of Agassiz ; and, what is worse, he appears to do it in good faith. All this shows how deeply seated the evil is. Then there is geology, and a knot of kindred studies, which are being every where pressed into the service of heresy and infidelity.

These societies will hear lectures and debates upon scientific matters every season, and Catholics will learn that their Mother is old and crazy, and, in fact, is scarcely equal to the task of giving them a mass and a sermon. When she ventures to say any thing about her rights in the matter of the sciences, they are told that she is behind the age ; that she loves darkness, and opposes progress ; that she talks like an old fool, in short.

These societies will hear a great deal said upon political matters ; and these have now become so interesting, that only one side of the question is listened to with patience in America. A man who ventures to say any thing not in favor of the prevailing mania, is threatened with a mob. Just so, because it *is* a mania. The late godless movements in Europe are admired and praised to the skies. Ay, to the *skies*. For in this matter, as in so many others, hell has stolen the language of heaven. Well, *our* audiences are made to sit and listen to men who call upon them to sympathize with these godless doings ; and whose doctrine, when it is reduced



to its principles, and fairly stated, is not only false, but is heretical and atheistical. And, to mend the matter, we have Irish Catholics, who set up to be public teachers, and who cram heresy and infidelity, in this indirect shape, down the throats of the people, without reflecting that it will produce *direct* evil fruit. God help them! they had better be digging in a canal at fifty cents a day. Food is food, even if it be sometimes unpalatable. Poison is poison, even when it is mixed with honey. Well, flies *will* be caught, until all the flies are dead. You can't make them believe that what looks and tastes like honey will do them any harm.

So these societies will hear historical points mooted very often. But our English historical literature is poisoned. Modern history is a grand conspiracy against the truth, as Guizot says. He never said a truer word in his life. Do you want to see how true it is? Get even an educated Protestant to tell you his ideas of the Catholic Church, and see what work he makes of it! You see that it is no more like the Church, than a snow statue, which a boy is pelting with stones, is like the master who flogged him that morning. Go among Protestants in any country,—select the enlightened ones of New England, if you like,—and you will see the same gross ignorance pervading every mind. What is the cause of it? Why, they have read only the history which is a grand conspiracy against the truth. This conspiracy has been the main stay of Protestantism, so far. And not the least cause of the rapidly approaching ruin of Protestantism is the fact, that its votaries are just beginning to find that they and their fathers have been the victims of atrocious lies.

Then, in these societies, how can there be any *true* discussion? The members are pledged not to hurt one another's feelings; and so they *pretend* to avoid every topic which is Catholic or Protestant. But very many subjects cannot be discussed without saying something which touches faith. What must be done? Must these subjects be interdicted? They *never* are. They are just the topics most commonly dwelt upon; and good reason why. They are the most interesting. What then? Shall the speakers get up and speak their mind, and then sit down, after having said *nothing*? This is sometimes done in speeches from the throne; but it is *never* done in a debating society. There is no help for it. The society will be a shop where heresy and infidelity are sold, wholesale and retail. The founders of the society put upon



the table its cradle and its coffin, and the coffin is underground before the cradle is half worn out.

There is but one remedy, and that is, to make such a society exclusively Catholic. No disrespect is meant to Protestants by their exclusion. They should understand that their active presence is utterly incompatible with the very existence of a Catholic society; that both they and the Catholics will be likely to change, and become mongrels. And they need not urge that their presence is useful, in order that some one may be there to urge *objections* to Catholic truths. They needn't be uneasy. They cannot produce an objection that has not been advanced and refuted a hundred times.

I cannot help mentioning a circumstance which illustrates the difference between Catholic and Protestant taste. Every young man who reads this will remember that in one of our elocution books, there is a debate on the question whether Cæsar was a great man. About twelve speakers take part in it. One of the speeches is of a comical cast, and, in a few expressions, the humor is very broadly expressed. There is another very long and beautifully-written speech. Now, this debate was got up in the Apprentices Library; and every speaker wanted the comic piece. No one wanted to deliver the long speech. The same affair was got up by the Young Catholic Friend Society in its first, and, I am glad to add, its last debate. Every speaker wanted the long piece. No one was willing to speak the comic one. This fact is a significant one, but it would take us out of our way to discuss it. Here is what it means. Ignorant Paddies are more intellectual than enlightened heretics. I am ready to defend that truth at any time. If I do, I will take for my text, *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*

An expression made just now needs explanation. Several years ago, when the Young Catholic Friend Society was in its infancy, some members had an outside talk about the propriety of making the society also a literary club. No one wished to have a Catholic literary society, of the right kind, formed more than I did. But, with a great many others, I believed that if the scheme were adopted, the noble society might, in time, forget its real and paramount object. Besides, there was enterprise enough in the young Catholics to establish and support a separate society. The proper compromise was suggested and adopted; a course of lectures was got up.



This was within the legitimate scope of the institution ; and, what is more to the purpose, it promised to aid the society materially in the attainment of its grand object, and it has.

Its course of lectures began in an humble way, but it became, in a few years, a fixed Boston Catholic fact. This result was to be expected in behalf of an institution which has labored so zealously for the Catholic boys of Boston, and which has done, and is doing, such a vast amount of service. God keep it in being ! for it would leave a very wide gap after it. What a vast amount of *real* work can be done by the united and persevering efforts of a few men gathered together for a holy purpose !

We had Protestant lecturers in the beginning. It was a pity ; but, in those times, it was done for the best. The gentlemen who came forward gave lectures which would have answered very well elsewhere ; and as they really did not know what food was proper for Catholic palates, of course they could not give it. They deserve thanks for their kindness. But it is not to be forgotten that the difficulties which I spoke of a little while ago, *must* necessarily beset a Protestant, who stands before a Catholic audience, and speaks upon almost any topic of general interest. He may be very learned, he may have every intention to please, but it is almost impossible that he will not say things which we cannot safely hear. I do not say these things in a spirit of unthankfulness to men who do not deserve ingratitude for well-meant efforts, but in a spirit of thankfulness to the society for having given us a Catholic course.

God bless the institution, and give it always a sound mind in a sound body ! Only God can say what good it has done.

Three years had failed to make a painter of me. Well, I waited patiently for better things, and they came at last. I was engaged as clerk in a great house in Boston, and then, after trying in so many ways to earn a living, I stepped into the road that was meant for me. I was not sorry to say good-by to the paintbrush, but I was very sorry to part with my master. I had become quite attached to him, and with reason. He had always treated me extremely well. I *never* saw in him any thing that looked like a fault, and that is a great deal to say of any man. He only lacked one thing to make him a pattern of goodness. Alas ! it was the *one* thing needful. For without faith it is impossible to please God.



## CHAPTER IX.

JOHN GETS INTO COMFORTABLE QUARTERS. — FINDS THAT HE CANNOT CONTENT HIMSELF WITH LOOKING AT MARY'S PICTURE. — TELLS HER SO, AND SHE GIVES HIM THE ORIGINAL. — LITTLE JOHNNY'S SPEECH.

I owed my good fortune, under God, to Mary Riley, although I did not know it all, until we were married, seven years afterward. She was sixteen years old, and she was just beginning to earn her living by teaching drawing and music. Her talent soon brought her pupils, and their station of life secured to her a good salary, and an entrance into the houses of wealthy persons. Her extraordinary beauty made her an object of persecution on the part of a flock of lovers. Some of them had nothing but a dice-box and a pair of mustachios. None of these troubled her a second time. Neither did a libertine care to venture near her twice. Then she had others; some with purses without brains, and some with brains without purses. And she had a few offers from men who really deserved a good woman, and who were able to make her the queen of fashion. She managed them all with admirable temper. She never gave any one the slightest encouragement in word or in manner; and while she was very affable, she contrived in some way to make it appear that she was not sought by any one. I suppose it was because she never spoke of her conquests, and never allowed a dangler to come near her. She had a wonderful knack of freezing men whom she did not like, so that they kept a respectful distance. She had not a spice of the coquette in her nature. She was utterly unlike those heartless fools, of both sexes, who love to raise expectations they never mean to gratify. They generally get the reward they deserve. They lose their friends, one by one, till all are gone. They are thoroughly despised by all who know them, and by no one more than by themselves.

I saw Mary often during these three years. She was the idol of her uncle, and she so resolutely insisted upon her privilege of seeing me, that he at last consented to it. But in a



little more than a year, he removed to New York, and he tried hard to get her to go with him; but she steadily refused. Then she procured a quiet corner in a Catholic family, and kept it until I took her away from it. She told me that she expected to see me, but not oftener than once a fortnight, unless some business brought me; and that I was not to invent any business, or think of some, and forget it when I saw her. Then she told me not to select a particular evening for my visits. Finally, she insisted that I should not come near her unless I looked neatly. And so the time passed on.

She consented to go with me occasionally to our societies, but this did not often happen. She always received me pleasantly, — not a word ever passed her lips to make me at all uneasy in her society. In fact, her good sense and admirable temper made her liked by every body. I always felt very happy while I was with her, for she was very frank towards me. She never said any thing, though, that might make me think that she had any idea of being attached to me in any other sense than a sister might be attached to a brother. I often sadly wanted to put her in mind of the time when I called her my little wife, and I tried to do it more than once, but my courage always failed. Besides, I always felt that she was not meant for me, and I was afraid to introduce a subject that would make her say so.

I never had any uneasy feelings in her company, though. When I was with her, she seemed to behave just as if we were accepted lovers, who never talked about the matter.

I used to hear that she was a great favorite in Beacon Street, and several times it was said that she was certainly going to be married to a wealthy man. I saw her once or twice in Washington Street, with a very fashionable-looking gentleman. I could not help *thinking* that I ought to feel very glad that she was going to do so well, but I could not help feeling sad about it. I have none of that romance which bewitched girls and boys get from their bad reading, about the power of unrequited love to break the heart. These persons have their brains completely addled by silly novels and sillier poetry. They generally make miserable husbands and wives, because they are not fit for the common duties of life. I never thought that there was any necessity of dying, if I could not get Mary. To be sure, I loved her well, and it made me sad, at times, to think that my case might be hopeless. But I postponed breaking my heart until she really would be married to another



man, and then I would be governed by circumstances. I, too, would probably marry; fall in love with my wife; beget children; and love them as well as if they were also Mary's. I would always have her to love as a sister, and, next to marrying her, this was the best thing for me. At all events, it was better than breaking my heart, like a fool. It is a pity that boys and girls are allowed to turn their heads by getting such silly notions in them. A human heart is made of tougher stuff. If any thing is cracked in such cases, it is what little brains the disappointed boy or girl ever had.

I visited Mr. Croan often, of course; so did Mary, occasionally. He was full of the notion that we were meant for one another, and he was always talking about her. Whether I went to see him oftener on this account, I cannot say. One day he was full of it, and running over. She had been in the shop, and she had said some very pleasant things about me, which he magnified greatly in telling, I believe.

Mary never alluded, in my presence, to any of her admirers. I would see some pretty box, or trinket, or a nicely-bound book, every time I went to see her, and she would say that they were presents from her pupils. One evening, when I went there, a gentleman was just saying to her, farewell. He looked quite downcast, and she was a little agitated. When he went out, she sat down, and said nothing for a minute, looking very grave all the time. Then she said, I am glad he is gone.

What is the matter? I felt jealous, and I suppose I looked so. She fixed her pretty eyes on mine for a moment, and I thought I could feel their gaze falling upon my heart. Then she smiled.

John, do you feel uneasy because you saw that man here?

I *do*, although I am ashamed of it, because I know that it is none of my business. I said this in the most self-denying tone you ever heard. Then she laughed merrily.

Did I ever make you uneasy for a moment?

God knows that you never did.

Well, John, I will not now. That man is very rich, and he has asked me to marry him. What would you advise me to do? And here there was a comical twinkle in her eye, as if it said, Don't tell me to have him.

In spite of myself, my lip quivered, and my voice would not come. I felt as if all the water in the world would not wet my throat. At last I managed to speak. Mary, do you think



that he would treat you well — as well as you deserve to be treated? although that is not an easy matter.

I have no doubt that he would. He is a very good man, as far as I can judge. I know that he would make a good husband, because he is very kind to his mother. His habits are correct, too. In short, he is fit for any woman.

Then, Mary,— here I tried to swallow what seemed to me to be a string of cannon balls,— you — you had better — you — that is — I —

John, I have *refused* him, point blank. Here the cannon balls changed to sugar-plums.

You have refused him!

Why, yes, John; what are you thinking of? I know that he is a good man — a great deal too good for me. But, in the first place, I am too young to marry. I am in no hurry whatever about it. I do not approve of marrying until one gets to be a woman, and I am not one yet. Besides, I have seen no one in those fine houses whom I would be willing to have. If I have refused the man that came here to-night, I certainly should refuse men who are not so good as he is. Do you feel uneasy now?

O, no! But Mary, I would — and here I stopped.

Well!

How is it that we — that we don't seem to be so free towards one another, as we used to be when we were children? We seem to grow more distant as we grow older.

John, have I ever seemed distant to you?

No, Mary, *no*! It is not *that*! I — I don't know exactly what I want to say, and I am afraid that I have no business to say it. But here is what I mean. See here! And I pulled from my bosom the picture she had given me years before.

She turned beautifully red, and her eyes shone upon me in a way that made me feel a little dizzy.

And this is my answer. See here! She pulled out the medal, and held it up a moment, when she put it back.

Going home I wondered whether my legs *were* legs, or wings.

My master came to me one day, and said that a lady wished to see me. I went down, and it was Mary.

John, said she, you know that this business was never made for you. Now, there is a good chance to change it for the better. A very good post is vacant at the house of Galloway and Co. You know where it is, don't you? Well, go there.



to-day, and ask for young Mr. Galloway. Tell him that your name is John O'Brien. Then hear what he has to say to you.

But how did you find this out, Mary?

O, never mind. I wish that you could get the place, if it were only for my convenience.

For your convenience! How is that?

Why, said she, laughing, can't you guess? I suppose that I *must* endure your company occasionally, but I don't like the smell of turpentine, and you always smell strongly of it. Now, be sure to go in time; and here is another thing. Be sure to say seven Hail Marys on the way.

I went to the office of Galloway, as directed. When I entered, I saw a young man standing at the door. It was the same person who was in Mary's room.

Will you tell me where I will find young Mr. Galloway?

You need not go far, for I am the person. Do you wish to speak to me? Come this way. He passed through a room where five or six men were writing, and led the way into an empty one. Well, sir, what is your business?

My name is John O'Brien. I have heard that you wanted a clerk.

Ah, I understand. Well, sir, were you ever a clerk? Do you know the business?

No, sir.

What sort of characters do you make? Can you write well, and quickly? Here, take this sheet of paper, and copy that letter. And he took a newspaper, and began to read it. I finished the copy, and turned to him.

What, done already? You are quick enough. Let me see it. Very well, very well. Do you understand book-keeping?

I never kept books, sir; that is, not large ones. But I have studied it, and I know how to do it.

See here, then. And he asked me several questions referring to his books on the desk. I answered them correctly, and then he put several cases to me about books that were badly kept. I was lucky enough to satisfy him in all the cases but two. He said that he was not surprised, for they were complicated cases.

So you would like to be our clerk, would you?

If you will take me, sir.

Well, I like your looks. And then you are recommended by one to whom I can refuse nothing. When can you come? to-morrow?



I will ask my master, said I, for he knows nothing about this. I will come back to-morrow, and tell you what he says.

Very well. You can begin your career here on Monday next. That will give you time to settle all your affairs. I shall give you only four hundred dollars the first year; but if we agree, you will get more afterwards. Good afternoon.

It seems that Mary gave lessons to his two sisters, at his house, and he had seen her there. He was bent upon making her his wife, and I have told you how he succeeded. The fact was, his family had selected a wife for him, and it would have been an excellent match, as, in fact, it is; for he has married her, and each is worthy of the other. Now, to say nothing of the fact that Mary did not love him, she knew something of the proposed match, and she was not disposed to be an apple of discord in the family, even if a good husband were the prize. So she refused him, and he behaved like a gentleman; which was the more consoling, as her engagements would not permit her to stop going to the house, and giving lessons, unless for very weighty reasons. So he saw her there occasionally; but he never, by word or sign, renewed the subject. In fact, he seemed determined to make the best of the matter, and think no more about it; and he did not see any necessity for growing pale, and staring the moon out of countenance, and stopping his allowance of victuals, and writing poetry, and sinking into an early grave, and all that. It was a pity he didn't; but then, he was something better than an animal, and he never read novels. So Mary heard him saying to his sisters that such a clerk had gone, and he wondered whether he could get a good young man in his place. She thought of me, and she asked him if he would give the place to a friend of her father, if he could fill it. Of course, he said he would.

I had to change my boarding-place for one nearer the stores. A good one was recommended to me; it was the house of our chief clerk, who was an old man. He had four sons and three daughters, all grown up, and living with him. I found the house as pleasant as it needed to be. The young men and women were well behaved, and they all had a fair share of intelligence. It was a musical family; a son and a daughter were professors, and the rest had good voices. So there was a little singing, and a great deal of pleasant talking, every evening. I soon found myself quite at home.

Sunday came. Mr. O'Brien, where do you go to meeting? I think that we can accommodate you, if you can be suited any



where. I am a Unitarian, and my wife here is a Methodist. Two of my sons and one of my daughters go to the Universalist meeting. One son is a Baptist. The other is just what you see him, nothing at all. We are all going to meeting, and he is going to stay at home, and play the flute. Well, he hasn't got bad habits, that's one comfort. One of my daughters goes to the Orthodox meeting, and the other one is an Episcopalian. Take your choice.

I cannot choose. I am a Catholic. And I went away, laughing at their astonished looks and gestures.

Now, what a family that is! As many religions, almost, in it as there are individuals. It is a thing which you will often see, although not always to this extent. I have often thought of the difference, in this respect, between Catholic and Protestant families. The children of a Catholic parent, when he is not grossly and criminally negligent, seem to take to the Church naturally, as if they had an intuitive knowledge that she is the only mother they have on earth. A Catholic child will sometimes imitate the negligence of his parent in attending to his duties; but apostasy in the children is extremely rare. Almost the only house where it happens is one in which there has taken place one of those unfortunate mixed marriages. Then, if the Catholic party be very negligent, his children may lose their hopes of salvation. But the general rule is, that children grow up, and become men and women, and die, without dreaming of the *possibility* of apostatizing, any more than if such a crime never had an existence. This is the general rule in Catholic countries. Exceptions happen when some *new* heresy disturbs the church, as it did in the sixteenth century, when thousands were seized with the fashionable madness. Exceptions, too, happen at other seasons; but very rarely. From all the specimens I have seen, I believe that the persons who leave the Church are people whom we should be glad to let go. Thousands of nominal Christians there are in the Church, who afflict her, who offend God, who scandalize their brethren. But no one ever left her who was any credit whatever to her. Dean Swift said that he liked to see Papists converted. But the Papists who come over to us, said he, are only weeds which the Pope has pulled out of his garden, and has flung over the fence to us. But these cases of apostasy are very rare. Ten out of a thousand would be a large proportion.

Once a Protestant tried to account for the fact that our



children take to Popery as naturally as ducks do to the water. He said that it was owing to the strict religious education our children receive from their parents. Would to God that parents *were* strict. The reason is, that the children were baptized, and so received the gift of faith. This is a thing that the Protestant cannot understand; and no wonder, for he knows not what faith is. For the rest, the children of true Catholic parents learn their Catechism, and receive what they find there as readily as they would the simplest lesson. And, in truth, the lesson to them *is* simple. They believe unhesitatingly; and, if they do not drive the grace of God from their hearts, unhesitatingly they believe until the end of their lives.

What can be stricter than the training children get from Calvinistic parents? Well, what is the result? The children rarely die in the persuasion of their parents. You will frequently find several religions professed in one house. This is never regarded by Protestants with surprise, and seldom with concern, because change of religious views is so very common that it may fairly be regarded as the general rule, having numerous exceptions. The lack of true faith makes the Protestant community look upon the daily occurrence of these changes with indifference. The presence of faith makes a community of a thousand Catholics regard the one or two apostates with irrepressible horror and concern.

That Sunday evening, I had to stand fire from all the family, excepting the nothingarian. He said I had as good a right to my religion as they had to theirs. The ladies were very eloquent upon our ignorance and superstition. I showed that their objections were made because they were utterly ignorant of the real nature of our religion.

But, said I, I think that we can turn the tables. I have shown that we are not superstitious, unless it be superstitious to obey the commandments of God. But it is not hard to show that you Protestants are guilty of superstitions that ought to make you hide your heads for shame. When you talk about our superstition, you are always careful to go back to old times, and to distant countries. I will take examples from our own times, and from enlightened America. What can be more abjectly superstitious than the opinions and practices of fanatics who arise up so often in your midst? And yet I see you following them in droves. What can be more insanely wicked than the sayings and doings of such



men as Cochrane and Matthias? And you run after them! What more supremely superstitious than the conduct of the Mormons? And you follow them in herds! What more outrageously superstitious than the preaching of that poor fool, Miller, who says that the world is soon going to end? And see how he has made flocks of poor fools in every city, in every village! How he has driven hundreds incurably insane! How he has persuaded hundreds to close their shops, settle their affairs, shut up their houses, put on nightgowns, and be all ready when the crash comes! Talk of superstition! People who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones!

They changed the discourse, and the eldest son asked me how it was that we were such slaves to our priests.

I knew not before that we were. It is a queer kind of slavery where the slave does not know that he is in bondage. You cannot charge it to ignorance, for you have read somewhat, and you know that learning is nowhere so encouraged as it is in Catholic countries. Your greatest men would be third-rate scholars at Rome. Channing is your giant; in the Roman College he would be a pigmy. We obey only God. But He only speaks through His Church. In obeying her, we obey Him. This is enlightened obedience, for it is paid only to God. You Protestants, when you obey any one, obey *man*, and *as man*, which is *real* slavery. And you give your obedience to those whom you call your greatest and wisest; you say that these are your ministers. Then *you* are slaves to your preachers. And the best proof of it is, that they have made all of you really believe a host of atrocious falsehoods concerning the Catholic Church. They have falsified all history to work out the slander, and you blindly believe it, and echo it. Who are the slaves, I wonder?

It is to be noticed, that your slavery to them is an intellectual one; that is, you blindly pin your thoughts about religion upon what you hear them say. There is the difference between you and us. We believe *only* on the authority of God, speaking through His Church. You believe on the authority of your ministers. The utmost liberty you enjoy is that of a change of masters. You can run from meeting to meeting, from master to master. That does not make your slavery less humiliating; because, change your meetings as you will, you are always in bondage to *man*. Don't stare so, for it is true. Put it to the test. There is no medium, you know,



between serving God and serving man. You do not believe because God teaches you ; for no one of your churches pretends to teach in the name, and by the authority, of God. His spirit does not teach you ; for He could never teach the contradictory religions that are professed in this very house, to go no farther. The Bible is as much the property of the Unitarian as it is of the Calvinist. Then the conclusion is evident. Protestants are the slaves of *man*.

I will put it in another way. When we are asked why we believe this or that article, we answer, Because Christ revealed it, and the Church teaches it. When you are asked why you believe in the divinity of Christ, or in the eternity of hell, I hear a storm raised in this very house. One says that Christ is God ; the other denies it. One of you laughs at hell ; the other thinks that there is such a place. Now, the Spirit does not tell you two *such* stories. The Bible is as much hers as it is yours. Then your belief does *not* come from God. Then it is simply *human*. If I ask you why you believe in hell, and ask her why she does not, both will say that you *think* so, and that you cannot change your thoughts. But now be honest. *Where did you get those thoughts ?* Turn over the thing in your mind, and you will find you got them because such a minister *proved* them to be true, and made you see from the Bible how true they were. So it is *true* that Christ is God, and that He is mere man. It is *true* that there is no hell, and it is true that there is. The conclusion is forced upon us. You are abject slaves to your ministers.

But there is a singular thing to be noted. Heresy is full of freaks, and here is one of them. Your ministers are slaves as well as you are. Your *understanding* is in bondage to them ; so you are their slaves. But they are in bondage to your *caprices* ; so they are your slaves. It is their trade to preach, and so they get their bread. But their living depends upon your *caprice*. You may at any moment ruin them in two ways. You can run to another minister, or you may turn him away. In either case, he starves. So he must be careful not to offend you. He must trim the sails of his vessel to suit the winds of your caprice. And he has so many masters and mistresses, that he finds it harder to please them than it would be to cut stone, or to peg boots. Here is a case that has happened not far from Boston, and it is like numberless others. A young minister is very handsome, and has provoking, black, full whiskers. The whiskers hurt the



feelings of the old maids in the congregation, — they make him look so rakish, — and the spinsters say so much, that he cuts them off. Then the *young* maids get mad, and a schism ensues. The young ones have their way, as might be foreseen. The minister has committed an unpardonable sin in hearkening to the old maids, and so other charges are raked up against him, and he is dismissed. In a word, your minister is *your* minister just as long as he suits you. When he does not, he is turned off. Perhaps you do not like his style of praying; perhaps you are not satisfied with his preaching. He may be too ungainly or too graceful. He is too old, or too young. He is too ugly, or too handsome. No matter what it is, get a majority against him, and he *must* go. In every sermon he must weigh every sentence, and anxiously consider whether this or that idea will please his people. If they are infected with the abolitionist mania, or with any other, he *must* go mad with them, or try his luck elsewhere. So he is the *slave* of your caprice.

Odd! isn't it, that *you* should be the slaves of your ministers, who, in turn, are *your* slaves? So the shortest definition of a *Protestant* is — THE SLAVE OF A SLAVE.

What do you think of Popish slavery *now*? You ought to read the Epistles, and especially that of St. Paul to the Hebrews, where you will find what the relations between the pastor and his flock really are.

I said that preaching is the *trade* of your ministers. What we have just seen confirms the fact. It is clear, also, from another consideration.

I hear of their having *calls*; LOUDER calls; LOUDEST calls. You seldom, if ever, see them called from a rich congregation to a poor one; from one where they are comfortable to one where they would be afflicted. The call is from a thousand dollars to fifteen hundred. No city congregation would call a country minister, unless there were something in him quite extraordinary. No country congregation would have the *impudence* to call a fashionable city minister.

I heard no more about Popish slavery and superstition in *that* house.

I had not been long in the store, when my curiosity was excited by our errand boy. His name was Gallagher, and his face was undeniably Irish. He was a very bright little fellow, about twelve years old.



Patrick, what is your father's name ?

My parents are dead.

Ah ! where do you live ?

Warren Street.

Are the people Catholics ?

No, sir, said the boy, coloring deeply.

Well, *you* are a Catholic, are you not ?

I don't know, sir. Sometimes I think I am ; sometimes I believe not.

Good God ! I thought, is this boy passing through the mill that nearly ground me to atoms ? My boy, do you go to church ?

No, sir.

Were you ever at confession ?

No, sir.

How long since your parents died ?

Two years.

And you have not been to church since ?

No, sir.

Have you learned your Catechism ?

I knew a little of it ; but I have forgotten all about it now !

Why don't you go to church ?

They won't let me.

Did you ever ask them to let you go ?

No ; it wasn't any use. They talk so about *Papists* !

Don't you want to go to church ?

I don't know. Sometimes I feel as if I wanted to, but not often. I feel pretty content.

But *why* don't you want to go to church every Sunday ?

I don't know. The Catholics ain't respectable. They're ignorant and superstitious. I don't want to go to a *Paddy* church !

My boy, are you not a *Paddy* ?

No, sir. I was born in Boston.

So was I. But your parents were Irish ? He was silent.

Tell me, my boy, if your father and mother could come back here, and stand before you, would you be *ashamed* of them ?

Or would you run to their arms ? The boy burst into tears.

And if they heard you saying what you said just now, would they not fling you away from them, as if you were a snake ?

Would they not say, Is *this* our boy ? and is it thus he insults God, disgraces his Church, scandalizes our country, and tears



our hearts? It is not *our* boy! Ours was a good little child that would sooner have died than trample so on the tender heart of Christ.

What could *I* do? asked the sobbing boy. I wasn't ten years old when they died. I didn't know any body, scarcely, and nobody cared any thing about me. I took the first chance that was offered to me to earn my living. I was put among Protestants, and I had to live with them. They made me go to meeting, and they have said so much to me that I don't think of going any where else.

Were you willing to go to meeting at first?

Not very. I knew it wasn't right; but I felt kind of curious to see what they did at their meetings. And the people I saw there treated me first rate?

Well, don't you feel sometimes that you really ought to go back to your church?

I used to at first; but now it's only once in a while. I felt pretty bad once, passing by the church, and seeing the boys come out. So you've made me feel very bad; but, somehow, I'm glad you spoke to me about it. I've got almost hardened. You're the first Catholic I've spoken to for more than a year.

Well, now, don't you feel that you must go back?

Yes, a little.

Are you not willing to return?

Yes; but I'm afraid of the folks I live with.

Never mind them. I'll fix all that, and get you a new place to live, if you will go to church next Sunday. What do you say to it?

Well, I will.

Very good. Now, where have you been to meeting all this time?

O, I've been with Mr. Barnum. He's a *real* nice man!

Ah! I see. I understand it now.

This Mr. Barnum is one of the "Friends and Fathers." In a Protestant sense, he is a good Christian. As a man, he is of very unassuming, mild, and winning manners. Children who know him love him well; for he is fond of the company of young persons; he understands their ways thoroughly, and he is always devising something new to make them happy. Now, this man is full of zeal for the perversion of Catholic youth. The means he employs are all of a negative kind. He makes his company, and his chapel, very pleasant to chil-



dren. He never mentions the Church, for good or for evil. He makes them *forget* it. He labors assiduously in directing the tastes of the children in a way that would make them shrink from any contact with Irish people. He knows that the young creatures will hear enough from their companions against the Paddies ; and so, what with the negative means employed by him, and the positive ones used by others, the child becomes an apostate. The calculation is a good one, humanly speaking. Such men as these would not succeed at all, if they were not, according to the world, good men — excellent men. If they were open slanderers, *avowed* enemies of the Church, malicious fabricators of misrepresentations concerning her, they would do no harm to us.

As it is, they succeed, here and there. But final success is *very* rare. Their calculations are good ; but they are based upon the supposition that the Church is a *human* institution, and that human means only are necessary to destroy her. They totally omit the element of baptism, in their enumeration of the obstacles to be overcome in the perversion of a Catholic child. Not knowing its existence, they make no provision against it. And so they are continually meeting with rebuffs, without knowing whence they come. They frequently find that some invisible agent thwarts them, and they wonder what it is. After they have worked over a boy or a girl for years and years, all at once, when the child is apparently Protestant, some accident happens, — the child sees a bishop entering his house, he passes by the church, he sees an old friend, he hears a word of good advice, and the whole Protestant stucco work falls to pieces, — the work of many years is undone in an hour.

My boy, have you lived in the same house all the time ?

Yes, sir.

It is a Protestant house. How came they to pick you up ?  
Deacon Mills got it for me.

Good God ! Is there a Catholic boy or girl in Boston that is in peril, and this man does not know it ? Has not he a peculiar scent for Catholic destitute children ? Is he not at their side as soon as they want help, and does he not lead them away, and tell them that he will make them ladies and gentlemen, that he will educate them, be a father to them, and make them useful members of society ?

Stand forward, "Friends and Fathers !" stand forward ! and see if you are not doing the work of devils !



My story is told. At this time I am speaking of, I was nearly eighteen years of age. A boy thinks that he is a man at that age, and a Boston boy is very sure that *he* is. Then I must stop, because the story is told of a boy.

A few words will end my tale. I have never changed my situation, for I found that it was meant for me. I will explain that word. Every man has a certain path to walk, and God has marked it for him. This path is called his *vocation*, because God has given him a vocation to walk to heaven by that path. In *it*, he will receive those graces which were meant for *him*, and by which he can make his vocation and election sure. This path may be through riches, through poverty; in sickness for one man, in health for another. This one will meet honors and preferments; the other will find worldly disgrace, merited or unmerited. The priesthood was meant for one, the counting-house for another. It is plain that it is very important to *find* this path, because in *it* we may be saved easily; in *any* other, we *may* be saved, yet so as by fire. Well, how shall we find it? Nothing is easier. God marked your path for you: there He is, nearer to you than you are to yourself. Ask Him, and He will *always* tell you.

There is the great mistake which is committed by thousands. Men think that *they* are the architects of their own fortunes; and when they choose their path, the last person to be consulted is God. They *may* stumble into the right one; sometimes they do. God may have mercy upon them, and *lead* them into their path; and he sometimes does. It is true that one may be saved in a path of his own choice. But not by ordinary grace.

I advanced, step by step, in the house, until I won the entire confidence of the heads. I did not steal any thing, and I was pretty exact in transacting their business. At the age of twenty-five, I became chief clerk. Four years afterwards, I was admitted partner in the firm. This was the doing of the younger Galloway, and I believe that it was for Mary's sake. He had been married for some years; and the glorious woman that he married *made* him love her. He couldn't help it. Mary was his dear sister.

Well, I married my wife when I was twenty-five. I had visited Mary regularly, and she always received me with the same bright smile. I certainly never lost the fear of being compelled, at some time, to see her accept one of the many



good offers that were made to her ; and I tried to school myself to the trial. Yet she refused them so constantly, that I would make myself believe that my hope was not entirely vain. She never said a word to me about her admirers, unless she saw that I was disturbed about them, which she would find out as soon as she looked at me ; how, I don't know. Then she would, in some delicate way, set me at ease. You may wonder why I didn't pop the question. The fact is, I was afraid that she would refuse me ; that she would say she never meant to be married ; or that she was going to be a nun ; which was not impossible, for she was a true child of Mary in heaven. Yet I tried several times to lead the conversation to a point which would enable me to ask her the question. But she was so cunning ! She always baffled me in some sweet way, that consoled me. I could not help laughing, sometimes, to see how nicely she would thwart my purpose. But the time came at last. I was made chief clerk. I had two thousand dollars in money, and no debts. I was sitting with her the evening after my promotion, of which I had told her as soon as I entered her room. The news seemed to make her more pleased than I had ever seen her before. After she had done playing an air from Norma, she turned round, and looked very thoughtful. I had been thinking busily too, and I made up my mind that I *must* say something, and say it there and then.

Mary !

Well, John ?

I have been thinking ——

And so have *I*. What have *you* been thinking about ?

I made a desperate effort. Mary, I want to be *married* !

What a roguish twinkle there was in her eye !

Well, John, said she, very composedly, I think that it is time. You are old enough, and you can now support a family, with God's blessing. You had better fall in love with some good girl, and marry her. I believe that you deserve a *very* good woman.

I took the little cross from my breast. Mary, said I, a little girl once gave me this cross, and asked me to keep it for her sake, and she said that she would wear my mother's little medal for mine. I recollect that I called her my little wife. That was sixteen years ago, and I have worn that cross next my heart ever since. And I have loved her always. Not a day passed that I did not think of her. The thought of her



has kept me often out of bad company ; for I was afraid that, if I sought it, *she* might see it in my face. I have seen her grow up, and become very beautiful. Many admirers tried to win her, and I said nothing. I was poor, and I could only offer her a poor home. How *could* I ask her to give up the certainty of having a splendid one? So I prayed that the man of her choice would be good to her, and I tried to be resigned, although it was hard, sometimes. Well, here I am, and I *must* say it. Mary, I *cannot* marry any other woman! I know that she deserves a better man. But if I cannot have *her*, I will have no one! I had rather die ——

Pooh! John. Do not talk so! You have learned that last expression in some novel. Sensible people know well enough that love never broke any heart but a paper one. The heroes and heroines of novels never had flesh and blood. But you are too sensible to imagine that you are one of these *very* soft heroes. Tell me, John; do you really love me?

Mary! Mary!!

Well, well! do not say any thing. And you want me to be your wife?

Do *you* not know it well!

She pulled from her bosom the medal. John, I told a little boy that I would wear this medal for his sake; and I have! I promised, when I was a little girl, to be his little wife; and I would rather be called by that name than by any other, if he will give it to me. I will not say that I will never marry if I cannot have him; but I would rather have *him* than any one else. I have refused many offers, — more than he dreams of, — because I loved him dearly. John, she continued, coming to me, and putting her little hand in mine, you have asked me if I would be your wife. Why, John, dear! I never *meant* to be any thing else! Will *you* be my husband?

So, the question *was* popped!

John, said she, a little after, have I given you any pain during the last ten weary years?

Mary, why do you ask that question? You *know* that you have not.

Havn't you tried, again and again, to say to me what you have said to-night?

Yes, I have. But you always turned it off in some way or other. I could not feel angry with you, you always did it so gently.



Do you know why I did it?

I do not.

Well, it was *hard* to do. I often had to struggle a little to do it. The fact is, John, if you had asked me, I could not have refused you. Tell me; if you could have married me when you were only twenty, you would have done it. Is it not true?

I believe you are right.

So do I. That is just the calculation you men make sometimes. How could you have supported a family? I don't believe in love in a cottage, and all that, because I hate novels. I can't live on looking at a man, though I love him ever so dearly. He and I must have something to eat. And so I kept you off, although my heart plead for you strongly.

Mr. Croan was the happiest man at the wedding, except one.

Readers of this story! My boy, MARY's boy, a curly-headed fellow of five years, asks leave to say one word to every boy and girl that reads my tale. Will you hear him? Yes! Johnny, step forward, and make your bow!

Little boys and girls! You see Protestants every day. You *have* to see them, and go with them. When you grow up, you will have to do the same, because you must earn a living. Now, if you will hear me, I would like to have you do what my father learned *me*. When you go into the street, or into a house, or store, where there are Protestants, make the sign of the cross; and, if you have time, say *one* Hail Mary, and add to it, Queen, conceived without original sin! Help of Christians, pray for *me*! My father told me that I ought to do it for the same reason that makes Catholics take holy water at the door of the church. Little boys and girls, good-by!

THE END.

19 93

















Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date:

JAN

1997



**BOOKKEEPER**

PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, INC.

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Twp., PA 16066  
(412) 779-2111

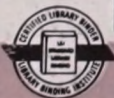
NS



HECKMAN  
BINDERY INC.



DEC 92



N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00022934430

